



The story of Lucca

Janet Ross, Nelly Erichsen

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The Story of Lucca

The Mediæval Town Series

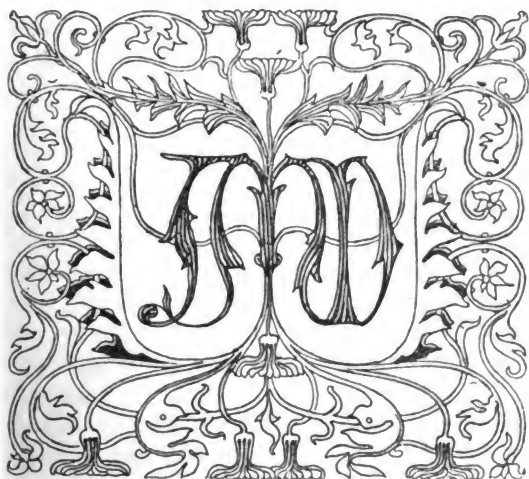
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*The Almighty in Glory, with S.S. Mary Magdalene and Catherine,
by Fra Bartolommeo. Pinacoteca, Lucca*

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The Story of Lucca
by *Fanet Ross and Nelly*
Erichsen. Illustrated by
Nelly Erichsen ♣ ♣



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PREFACE

LUCCA is too little known in England. Most of us connect her chiefly with salad oil, and it cannot be denied that the oil she sends us is good. But there are even better things hidden behind the barrier of walls and trees that shuts her out so effectually from the world.

In history the Republic of Lucca upheld the ideal of liberty, and succeeded in maintaining her independence during an age of tyranny. In architecture she marched side by side with Pisa as the exponent of an individual and decorative form of Romanesque. She has had one sculptor, the graceful Civitali, and though her native painters were few, she has known how to attract great artists from other States. *Æsthetics* have always been subservient to religion in the territory of the Republic, and she has been sought rather as the guardian of a famous crucifix, the *Volto Santo*, than as a fountain-head of the arts. Pilgrims have been more numerous than tourists within her walls. She is not so much great as lovable; a friend rather than a hero, and a friend that one longs to visit again and again.

She should appeal especially to the English, and indeed has always done so to a chosen few. Her greatest saints were British, if not English. S. Frediano and S. Sillao were sons of Irish kings, S.

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Pellegrino was an Englishman. So was the enigmatical S. Richard who lies buried in one of her churches, and King of England, if we may believe his legend. In the eighth century the daughter of a Saxon king founded a convent of nuns in Lucca and never left it till she died. The English pilgrims to the *Volto Santo* were numerous, and two of them, who died in Lucca, left money for oil to be burnt before the holy image. In the thirteenth century there was an English colony in the city, whose craving for strong ale and beef was ministered to by an English innkeeper. After the pilgrims came the merchants, and then the travellers. John Evelyn and Lassels were here in the seventeenth century and were succeeded by an innumerable host, for the Grand Tour was rarely considered complete without a glance at the tiny Republic. In the eighteenth and early in the nineteenth century the gentle charm of Lucca attracted some of the greatest English men and women. Shelley drifted down the Serchio in a boat, Byron rested from his fevered life in a cool green villa at the Bagni di Lucca, Mrs Browning sang of the sword of Castruccio, and Ruskin gazed with delight on the monument of Ilaria in the Duomo.

The authors are indebted to Lucchesi friends for much kindness. To Cavaliere Eugenio Boselli, Librarian of the *Regia Biblioteca*, their thanks are especially due for help bestowed without stint, and long hours spent in showing the treasures of his bookshelves. To Count Cesare Sardi and to Canon Pietro Guidi they are likewise grateful for much valuable information, and to the President of the *Istituto Storico Italiano* for his

Preface

permission to reproduce six drawings from the Chronicle of Giovanni Sercambi.

Among friends at home Principal Lindsay must be specially thanked for his unfailing sympathy and generous help, nor will we forget a friend who has passed away since this little book was first planned, Dr E. Perceval Wright of Trinity College, Dublin, to whose interest and encouragement its existence is largely due.

The first five chapters, dealing with the history of Lucca, are by Mrs Ross, the remaining seven by Miss Erichsen.

JANET ROSS.

NELLY ERICHSEN.

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THE STORY OF LUCCA

CHAPTER

·L V C C A·

ONE

“Andando noi vedemmo in picciol cerchio
Torregiar Lucca a guiza d'un boschetto,
E donnearsi con Arno e con Serchio.
Gentile e tutta, ben tratta a diletto,”

—*Il Dittamondo*, Lib. III. Cap. vi 221.

Fazio degli Uberti.

THERE is a tranquil charm about Lucca the Industrious, embosomed in lush green fields, and girdled by mediæval bastions overshadowed by noble trees, which appeals to most travellers and induces many of them to spend more time in this old-fashioned town than the “few hours” suggested by guide-books. Her inhabitants are friendly, and some years ago beggars were not so numerous as in most Italian cities. The Lucchesi then said, “Oh, they are all foreigners,” adding, with a touch of the scorn and hatred which, dating from very early times still exists between neighbouring towns and villages, “mostly from Pisa.” But

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now the Lucchesi have learned the art, and ply it industriously.

The geographical position of the city is noteworthy. Situated at the base of the Tuscan Apennines in the midst of a well-watered, fertile plain, Lucca is some twenty-six miles distant from the Mediterranean, and only about fifty feet above its level. She once lay by the side of the Serchio as Florence does by the Arno, but the enormous amount of detritus brought down from time to time by the river when in flood, so raised its bed that large embankments had to be made to prevent its waters from overwhelming the city. The course of the Serchio was altered more than once. St Gregory the Great, in his *Dialogues*,¹ tells us that before St Frediano miraculously turned the course of the river, it flowed under the walls of Lucca and often inundated the whole plain, doing much damage. "In the ninth century," writes Repetti, "the Serchio is mentioned as being divided into three branches. The first flowed at the foot of the hill of St Quirico, much as it does at the present time. The central branch bathed the second circuit of the ancient walls of the city on the west, while the third, then called the Auxer and later the Ozzeri, passed to the east of the city and, entering the emissary of the Auxerissola, joined the Arno."² Great embankments were made in 1562, in 1627, and again in 1812.

Lucca, which was one of the minor Etruscan cities, fell under the dominion of the Ligurians about 584 B.C. They remained in possession of the country for some three hundred and fifty years, when the Romans took the city after a long siege. In 218 B.C. Sempronius retreated there before the victorious army of Hannibal, and in 177 B.C. Lucca was declared a Roman colony

¹ Lib. iii. cap. 9.

² *Dizionario della Toscana* (E. Repetti), ii, 888. Firenze, 1833.

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and included in Gallia Cispadana when the Roman Empire was divided into provinces. Plutarch writes that when Julius Cæsar was Proconsul in Lucca many great and illustrious personages went there to pay court to him, and an interview took place in the city, between the chiefs of the popular party. "Pompey, who had gone upon a tour along the coast and through the Mediterranean islands on his corn business, attended without concealment or mystery. Crassus was present, and more than a hundred senators. The talking power of the State was in Rome. The practical and real power was in the Lucca conference. Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus were irresistible when heartily united, and a complete scheme was arranged between them for the government of the Empire."¹ Strabo mentions the Lucchesi as men full of valour and of martial ardour, many of whom were recruited by the Roman Senate as foot and horse soldiers. How extensive the territory of Lucca was is shown by the *Tabula Alimentaria* of Trajan, now in the museum at Parma. From the confines of Velleia and of Parma on the other side of the Apennines it extended to Volterra and the Tuscan Maremma, while the still existing remains of theatres and amphitheatres denote what her riches once were. The origin of her name is fantastically ascribed by Fazio degli Uberti in his *Dittamondo*, written more than five hundred years ago, to the accepted tradition that the pagan inhabitants of the town were the first converts to Christianity in Tuscany, and were baptised by the martyr St Paolino, a disciple of St Peter in the first century :—

" Ma perchè alluminata della fede
Fu prima ch' altra citta di Toscana,
Cambio 'l suo nome, e Luce se le diede " ²—

¹ *Cæsar, A Sketch.* J. A. Froude. London, 1888.

² Being illumined by the true faith Before any other

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while Fabbroni derives it from an oriental word *luka*, a forest, whence the Latin *lucus* and the Etruscan *Lucca*, meaning a city built in the midst of a wood.

When Odovacar invaded Italy in 475, Lucca was deprived of a third of her territory; but after Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, overcame him at Ravenna, the ancient form of government with the old names—consuls, senators, prefects, etc.—was re-established. Though the higher offices were in the hands of the Goths, the lower were filled by Lucchesi. Theodoric's solicitude for the various provinces he ruled over is shown by a letter written by Cassiodorus in his name to a certain Avilfone of Lucca, bidding him remove some dams made for fishing which interfered with the navigation of the Serchio. When, after the death of Theodoric, the Emperor Justinian sent Narses into Italy, and Teias, last of the Gothic kings, fell at the battle of the Sarno, most of the cities of Etruria surrendered. "But," writes Mr Hodgkin, "there was one exception. The garrison of Lucca had pledged themselves to surrender their city within thirteen days if no succour reached them, and had given hostages for the fulfilment of their promise. But when the specified days had passed, being elated by the hope of the speedy arrival of the Alamannic host, they refused to keep their pledge. At this there were loud and angry voices in the Imperial camp, calling for the slaughter of the hostages. But Narses, though chafing at the delay, could not bring himself to kill these men for the fault of their fellows."¹ There was a simulated beheading of the hostages, who at last were sent back to their Gothic friends and persuaded them to surrender. Thus Lucca once more became a city of the Roman Tuscan city, She changed her name, and took to herself that of Light (*Luce*, *Lucca*).

¹ *Italy and her Invaders*, T. Hodgkin, v. 21.

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Empire, and was chosen as the seat of a duke who governed Tuscany in the name of the Emperor.

The first duke, Buono, ruled until Justin, nephew and successor of Justinian, recalled Narses and sent Longinus in his stead, who abolished the provincial dukes, and set up a prefect in every city with the ducal title.

Visigoths, Huns, Vandals, and Ostrogoths had swept over the fair face of Italy, but the Longobards, who invaded Italy under Alboin in 568, remained—"a most foul and stinking race," a pious chronicler calls them—and gave their name to the fertile plain of Lombardy. After conquering Milan Alboin assumed the title of Lord of Italy, and dated the commencement of his reign from that day.

In the middle of the eighth century Lucca was jubilant. The *Volto Santo*, the great crucifix, which can be seen on May 3 (Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross) on September 14 (Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross), on Good Friday, and on the last Friday in November, was brought to the city by her bishop, the Blessed Giovanni.

The following account of the Holy Image is condensed from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, of which the first page is wanting:—

“Day and night he [Nicodemus] reflected on the passion of Our Lord, on the grace of God who had permitted him to take the Son of God from off the Cross with his own hands and lay Him in the tomb of Joseph. He saw the Son of God preaching, walking, and sitting as He taught, or seized as a thief, tormented and crucified; he beheld the change in His loveliness as He hung on the Cross, and the end, when He spake the last word. And thus he remained pondering day and night.

“It is said that Nicodemus, living in the desert out of his fear of the Jews, fell asleep, and Our Saviour sent

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unto him an angel who called out : ‘ Nicodemus, Nicodemus, arise ; ponder no more, but do what God commands.’ And Nicodemus, hearing the call was terrified and exclaimed : ‘ Oh God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, what is this ?’ The angel replied : ‘ Arise, ponder no more, take thy tools, go into the valley of Mount Cedron and fell the finest cedar tree thou canst find. Out of that tree shalt thou fashion the likeness of thy Saviour Jesus Christ.’ Nicodemus arose. Turning to the east, he knelt with bare knees and prayed for grace to fulfil the commands of the angel.

“ Then it is said that Nicodemus went to the valley of Cedron and with great devotion and reverence felled a tall cedar tree and began to work. As he wrought he wondered how the image was to be made, and would say unto himself : ‘ I beheld my Saviour in the temple among the doctors teaching the people, I saw Him driving out those who bought and sold and the usurers, preaching and solving all questions, raising Lazarus from the dead, and pardoning Magdalen. I saw Him too enter Jerusalem, when the children cried out, “ Hosanna, Son of David, blessed be Thy name.” I saw Him crucified, and with these hands lifted Him from the Cross and buried Him.’ When the Holy Image was finished, all save the head, Nicodemus wondered how he was to fashion it in the likeness of the Saviour, and out of what wood. Our Lord, who sees and knows all things, sent unto him sleep.

“ Then it is said that even while sleeping he thought of how the head was to be fashioned, and in his heart he prayed more earnestly than can be described. Our Saviour, seeing his holy thoughts, determined to finish the work with His own hands, and accompanied by His angels descended and fashioned the most precious *Volto Santo* (Holy Face). When Nicodemus awoke and found his work finished, he was more joyful than

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any man on this earth. He knelt and prayed with great reverence and devotion. After some days he bethought himself that the Holy Cross was not in a fit and proper place, and as he pondered sleep overcame him. In a vision he saw in the valley of Mount Cedron a fine, spacious, and secluded cave, where the Jews could never find the Holy Cross. He awoke, took the Cross, and by the help of God set it up in the cave, and made therein a noble tabernacle, and lit many lamps. And day and night he adored it until he died.

“Then it is said that after the death of Nicodemus the Holy Cross was in that cave for many, many years ; none knew about it, all the descendants of Nicodemus being dead. An angel appeared to the good and devout Bishop Subalpino¹ and said : ‘ Bishop Subalpino, arise, and go to Mount Cedron, there shalt thou find a spacious and fine cave. Search therein and thou wilt see a precious image fashioned by divine wisdom. It was made by the saint Nicodemus. For it thou must build a rich tabernacle in the form of a ship, and when well secured launch her into the sea. God wills that it shall no longer be hid, but be revered and honoured, and He will lead it where it pleases Him.’ The bishop at the head of much people went into the valley and with prayer and hymns they searched for the cave, found it, and entering saw the True Cross. The bishop’s joy was unspeakable when he beheld so sweet and rare an image. He carried it to the shore, built a ship adorned with many lamps and other ornaments, placed the Cross within her, and with his own hands made it secure on all sides. And there arose a wind so soft and so laden with sweet odours, that it seemed as though all the spices of the earth had been strewn around, and the ship gently left the shore and entered into the high seas.

¹According to an old chronicle he was a Piedmontese bishop named Gualfredo.

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“Then it is said that when the ship had left the land she met Genoese trading vessels, whose crews, greatly wondering at such a marvel, resolved to capture the ship. Up and down, from one side to another, they followed her. Those sailors who knew how to swim threw themselves into the sea with hooks and ropes, and used every artifice, but the ship always eluded them. At length they came near to the city of Luni, and the bishop, seeing the vain endeavours of the Genoese to capture the tabernacle-ship, called his people and promised absolution to any man who took that ship. Galleys and vessels of all sorts were launched, and the bishop stood on the shore with his people to witness so wonderful a sight. The ship ever eluded them and they could never get near her. There was then in Lucca a bishop named Giovanni, so holy, and through whom God worked such miracles, that he was called Giovanni the Glorious. To him came an angel and said: ‘Bishop Giovanni arise. Call together thy people and go with great devotion to the sea-shore at Luni to receive the gift sent to thee by God. Thou art to take the ship sailing on the sea and the Holy Cross which is therein, and mind to be courteous to the bishop of Luni with that which thou shalt find inside the Cross.’ Next morning Giovanni of Lucca summoned his clergy and his people and told his dream, and they set forth. They saw the vessels trying to take the ship, and Giovanni of Lucca said to the bishop of Luni and his people: ‘Noble gentlemen, I pray of you to be satisfied with what Our Lord has said;’ and he told his dream. The bishop of Luni then begged for one day, during which his people would try to capture the ship. All day and all night the Genoese and the people of Luni tried to take her, but without going far from the port of Luni she ever escaped them, hither and thither, now here, now there. At break of day next morning

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bishop Giovanni went down to the shore and found the sailors worn out. They said to him : ‘ By God, begin your prayers so that we can see this great wonder and what is in it, for we have had enough of it and are tired.’ The bishop caused his people to kneel and he prayed devoutly with many tears. When his prayer was finished a gentle breeze arose, bringing so sweet an odour that all marvelled, and borne by the soft breeze the ship came over the sea. Giovanni of Lucca stretched out his arms with great devotion towards the ship, and with his hand drew her to earth as though she had been a feather. Then he unfastened the boards and in the tabernacle he beheld the Holy Cross and the glorious Face. He caused candles and torches to be brought and examined the Holy Cross. Inside it he found a writing describing how it had been fashioned by Nicodemus, and another describing how Bishop Subalpino had found it in a cave. Then he found a portion of the crown of thorns, part of the vestment of Our Lord, one of the nails with which He had been crucified, a small phial containing His blood, and the sheet in which His Body had been wrapped when laid in the sepulchre, besides other precious relics. Thereupon Giovanni gave to the bishop of Luni the phial containing the precious blood, which he received with great joy. But many of the people were dissatisfied, and debated whether it would not be possible to keep the Holy Cross at Luni.

“Then it is said that hearing this the bishop of Lucca proposed that a handsome four-wheeled waggon should be made, the Holy Cross be placed in it, and that two unbroken steers should be harnessed to the waggon while all prayed that God should guide it to the place chosen by Himself. The people cried with one voice : ‘ We are content.’ The young steers bent their heads to the yoke like old, well-trained oxen,

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and without human guidance, save that Bishop Giovanni and his clergy walked in front, took the road to Lucca. When the people of Lucca saw the precious gift of God approaching they rang the bells and went forth to meet the Bishop with trumpets, fifes, cymbals, and other instruments, singing and praising God. The steers stopped in front of San Martino, which is the principal church of Lucca, and Bishop Giovanni most reverently with his own hands bore the Holy Cross into the church. Then he built a chapel and an altar whereon he set the Holy Cross with many fine ornaments. And this happened in the year seven hundred and forty-two, in the time of Pepin and Charles, illustrious kings.”¹

This chapel, dedicated to St Peter, but called *Domini et Salvatoris*, stood in the centre of the Cathedral Square nearly opposite to the principal door of San Martino, and a special rector, or custodian, was appointed. The crucifix was moved into the cathedral when the chapel was destroyed early in the tenth century. This date is proved by a deed of Bishop Peter in 930, granting to an aged priest a small house near San Martino, adjoining the land on which the chapel of *Domini et Salvatoris* had stood.² Barsocchini tells us that the fame of the *Volto Santo* was already great in the ninth century, and quotes documents of 820, 844, and 845, in which pious donors leave houses and money to its chapel.³ We

¹ *Leggenda del Volto Santo*. L'originale della quale manuscritto esiste nella libreria del Nobile Francesco Maria Fiorentini. Raccolta di scrittura attenenti al Volto Santo di Lucca fatta da me Tommaso Francesco Bernardo patrizio Lucchese. MDCLXXVIII. (Now in the R. Biblioteca Publicca di Lucca.)

² Barsocchini suggests that it was the foundations of this chapel which were laid bare when the aqueduct was built in 1835.

³ *Memorie all' Istoria di Lucca*. Abb. Domenico Barsocchini. T.V.P.I.



[Signor Bertini]

HOW THE VOLTO SANTO CAME TO LUCCA, BY AMICO ASPERTINI
(CHURCH OF S. FREDIANO)

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have also evidence that Lothar II., in 869, Louis III. of Burgundy in 901, and the great Emperor Otho I., in 962, made pilgrimages to the famous relic. An ancient codex in the archiepiscopal archives mentions the gift of *Suataplocus Dux Bohemorum ad honorem Sanctæ Crucis* towards the end of the tenth century. The Norman king of England, William Rufus, swore *par le Saint Voulte de Luques*; so did Earl Godwin. Another proof of the great cult for the *Volto Santo* is the large number of hospices and hospitals for pilgrims existing in Lucca itself and along the roads leading to the city. Many of these pilgrims must have been foreigners as Pope Alexander II., when he rebuilt the cathedral in 1070, and Bishop Rangiero (1090-1112), laid down certain rules concerning the money-changers who had stalls under the portico of San Martino, and instituted a special tribunal for hearing the complaints of the pilgrims and for punishing any money-changer who cheated them. These stalls were personal property, and were sold or bequeathed by the owners to their heirs. In the fourteenth century the fame of the *Volto Santo* was so widely spread that chapels in its honour were erected in many a European cathedral and church—at Avignon (1368), at Venice (1376), in Genoa, Naples, Messina, Palermo, Madrid, Lyons, Bruges, Vienna, Botzen, Wilna, and even in St Thomas' Church in London; while in the sixteenth century Calvin himself had something to say about *Le Saint Vou de Luques, qu'on dit avoit este faicte par les anges*.

Dante alludes to the Holy Image. *Qui non ha loco il Volto Santo*, say the devils in hell (It is useless to appeal here to the Sacred Face). It was said to inspire fear in those who gazed upon it, and legends about it are innumerable. One of the most charming is a Provençal poem of the thirteenth century, a manuscript in the National Library at Turin. After a long

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preamble about Vespasian, the Kings of Greece, Queen Helena, King David, and various other notable personages, it tells how the Cross was fashioned and brought to Lucca. There Jenois, a poor young minstrel on his way to Rome, who had sworn not to break his fast until by singing to his lute he had gained his meal, sang one Sunday to seven hundred men who gave him never a farthing. So he wandered into the chapel and saw the newly arrived crucifix. He noticed that the hands and the feet were pierced with nails, and it seemed to him that blood flowed from the side. Addressing a man, he asked, "Who is this I see so sore afflicted? In what war has he been thus maltreated; is he dead or is he alive?" The man answered: "Friend, you are making fun of me. That was never made of flesh and blood. It is a *Vou* (crucifix) fashioned beyond the seas to show that God was thus maltreated to save the world." When told how Our Lord had suffered, pity seized him, and taking his lute he began to sing before the Holy Face. When the Holy Ghost saw the pity that was in the minstrel's heart, He descended and caused the Holy Image to move and to speak. Lifting one foot free of the nail the Figure extended it and kicked its gold and silver shoe studded with precious stones to Jenois. With joy he received it and exclaimed: "Now I will go and sup." But the bystanders ran and fetched the bishop, who imperiously ordered Jenois to give the shoe back. He obeyed, and placed it on the foot of the Holy Figure, which angrily kicked it off, commanding him to keep it until he had been well paid for it. The bishop then filled the shoe with gold pieces, and as Jenois again approached the Cross the foot of the Holy Figure was raised to receive the shoe, and then once more nailed to the Cross. Whereupon, like a dying man, the Figure bowed its head and became paler than anything

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born of woman, and the Holy Ghost withdrew from the crucifix as the light fades from the setting sun and the waves melt away under the sea. With the money bestowed upon him by God, Jenois gave a dinner to the poor of the city, and when all had eaten and drunk well he distributed what was left in alms and said farewell. Many accompanied him far out of the city, and when they lost sight of him they kissed the earth whereon he had trod. Thinking of God, he arrived at a palace inhabited by infidels, who, after making him sing all day, led him at vesper time into a cellar and asked him whether he believed in One who had allowed Himself to be crucified. "Yes," answered Jenois, "all my thoughts are with Him." So the ruffians tied him to a pillar, beat his white body with thorns, and then struck off his head. If you doubt this, go to Rome, where his body lies encased in shining silver and pure gold.¹

During five long centuries, between Alboin's coming and the accession of Hildebrand (Gregory VII.) to the pontificate in 1073, Italy was overrun by Lombards, Franks, and Germans. Feudal institutions, alien to her ancient civilisation, rooted themselves in the land. The history is blurred and the separate story of our city is hard to read. Dukes of Lucca, dim shadowy figures—Allovisius, Walpertus, Tacipertus, Allone,² Boniface I.—flit across the pages of chroniclers. In the early years of the ninth century emerges Boniface II., a strenuous, stalwart, fighting man, a slayer of

¹ *Le Saint Vou de Luques*. Altfranzösisches Gedicht des XIII Jahrhundert mit einer untersuchung über die Spielmannslegende. Zum ersten male herausgegeben von Wendelin Foerster. Sonderabdruck aus den *Melanges Chabaneau Romanische Forschungen*. Band xxiii. Erlangen, Fr. Junge, 1906. It is fortunate Herr Foerster copied and published this curious poem, for it was terribly injured in the fire which took place in the library at Turin.

² See our *Story of Pisa*, p. 8.

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Saracen rovers and a protector of his fellow-Christians on the islands and on the exposed coast of the mainland. The Emperor Louis I., "le Débonaire," sent him to free Corsica from these Moslem pests. He drove the infidels from the island, followed them to Africa, broke their power in a great battle between Attica and Carthage, and returned to Corsica, where he founded the town which still bears his name, Bonifacio. Then, hearing that Saracens were looting Civita Vecchia, Populonia, and other sea-coast Italian towns, he hastened home, and in a succession of sea-fights swept the sea of the pirate ships.

Under his successors, Dukes of Lucca and Marquesses of Tuscany,¹ Lucca became the foremost city of Northern Italy, and the wealth and power of her lords made the struggle for her possession all the keener. Dukes of Provence and Kings of Italy schemed and fought for her lordship. The direct descendants of Boniface II. perished in the struggle, yet it may be that his blood flowed in the veins of the great Matilda, Countess, Duchess, and Marchioness of Tuscany. She was almost certainly born at or near Lucca, and her ancestors were Lucchesi.

Siegfried "the wealthy" rode forth from Lucca through the northward passes to buy those territories about Reggio which were to form the centre of the vast possessions of his descendants. His son Azzo, or Attone, built the impregnable fortress of Canossa on its hill of dazzling white stone, and made it a sanctuary for Adelaide, the persecuted Queen of Italy. Her story was a romantic one. Her first husband died after

¹ According to Muratori, one man might be Count of his native city, Duke of a province, and Marquess (*i.e.* Lord of the marches or boundaries), if his province marched with a foreign State (*Rerum. Ital. Script.* ix.). We find Counts of Lucca, such as Hillebrand, who ruled as subordinate officials of the successors of Boniface, the Dukes and Marquesses of Tuscany.

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three years of married life, leaving her a young and beautiful widow of nineteen. Berengar II., Marquess of Ivrea, tried to force her into a marriage with his son, and on her refusal imprisoned her in a fortress on the lake of Garda. Escaping in man's clothes, she took refuge with her uncle Azzo, who protected her until she became the wife of Otho I. and brought with her as dowry claims to the kingship of the peninsula. After his death she ruled the Empire for five years during the minority of her son, Otho II., and ten years later she was again appointed regent for her little grandson, Otho III.—the marvellous boy whom his Italian subjects called "the wonder of the world." He spent a summer at Marlia, near Lucca.

Tedaldo, Azzo's successor, favoured by the friendship of the three emperors Otho, became the most powerful of Italian lords. Boniface his son, who succeeded him, and was the father of the Countess Matilda, became Count and Duke and Marquess of Tuscany, and the greatest man in Italy. They were all Lucchesi, and proud of their ancestral city. Though it is impossible to trace their descent, pious biographers would fain believe that they came of the stock of that earlier Boniface who swept the Saracen pirates from the seas and raised Lucca to her proud pre-eminence among the cities of early mediæval Italy.

The third Boniface rivalled the earlier in his magnificence. He wedded Beatrice,¹ daughter of Frederick, Duke of Lorraine; and an old chronicler, in describing the marriage festivities, relates that the streams were made odorous with sweet scents, while the wells were filled with excellent wine of which all were free to drink, the wine being drawn up in silver buckets suspended by silver chains. The wedding

¹ "Stirpe fuit genita regali pulcra

Beatrice Majorum mundi stirpe fuit genita,"
writes Donizzone in his rough-hewn verse.

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guests were regaled with choice viands and solaced with soft music. When they took their departure they were laden with rare gifts, so that the riches and the liberality of Boniface passed into a proverb.

The Emperor Henry III., surnamed "The Black," remained on friendly terms with Boniface until he became jealous of his power. Fiorentini relates a wonderful tale of a present sent to Henry by Boniface, and to it he attributes the change in the Emperor's feelings towards him. "In familiar discourse," he writes, "Henry mentioned that of all condiments he preferred vinegar, only it must be of the best, and complained how difficult it was to get. Boniface determined to gratify him, and as one who cd. not, even in so small a matter, restrain the habitual grandeur of his nature, he studied how to ennoble the offering and render it worthy of both receiver and donor. He ordered a waggon and horses, all fashioned of silver, body, wheels, axles, and barrels to hold the liquid, to be made at Canossa. When finished he harnessed to it living horses and sent it to Piacenza, where Henry then was. The gift was graciously accepted, but after the first surprise, and admiration of the splendour and liberality of Boniface, came the thought of his wealth and power, and thence arose envy and jealousy."¹

Several times the Emperor tried to get Boniface into his clutches, but he was too wary to put his head into the lion's mouth. He was, however, treacherously shot in the dense forest between Mantua and Cremona, by two soldiers with poisoned arrows, in 1052, leaving Beatrice with three young children, Frederick, Matilda and Beatrice, or Beatricio, about whose sex genealogists differ. Matilda, destined to play so great a part in history, was most probably born at Lucca or at the castle of Porcari near by, which her mother had

¹ *Memorie della Gran Contessa Matilda.* F. M. Fiorentini, 2a. ed. in Lucca, MDCCCLVI.

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bought some years before. Feeling that she and her children needed a protector, Beatrice married Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, a year after the death of her first husband, and at the same time affianced her daughter Matilda to his son by a former marriage, Godfrey the Hunchback. This roused the extreme anger of the Emperor, who feared that his authority in Italy would suffer. Gathering together a large force, he crossed the Alps to Mantua. Beatrice, relying on a safe-conduct, her close relationship with the Emperor, and her sex, went with her small boy to salute him. At first he refused to see her, kept her a close prisoner in her own city of Mantua, and treated her with great rigour. The child Frederick, however, died, and his sister Matilda was left sole heiress of her father's large fortune and vast possessions, and was placed for safe custody in the impregnable castle of Canossa. Henry took Beatrice with him to Germany when he recrossed the Alps, but on his death the Empress Agnes, regent for her young son Henry V., set her free.

Duke Godfrey joined with the Empress in supporting Pope Nicholas II. against the anti-pope, John (Benedict X.), but a few years later opposed the election of her candidate, Cadalous (Honorius II.), and succeeded in placing the Bishop of Lucca, Anselmo da Badagio, a man of exemplary life and great learning, on the papal throne as Alexander II. in 1061. The Pope never forgot his beloved Lucca. Many of his bulls and apostolic letters are signed Pontifex of the Universal Church and Bishop of Lucca. Beatrice and her daughter were devoted to him, and it is said that as a girl of fifteen Matilda was present at a battle in Lombardy against the anti-pope. During one of Alexander's visits to Lucca he gave the commune permission to use a leaden seal similar to that of the Republic of Venice, and granted to the canons of the cathedral the privilege of wearing cardinals' hats during

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solemn processions. In 1066 we find the Pope officiating from August until November in the Cathedral of San Martino, which had been restored by him, so it must have been at Lucca that he received the ambassadors of Duke William of Normandy and declared him to be the legitimate successor to the throne of England. He sent the duke a banner as an emblem of victory over Harold, for which William the Conqueror later gave the Pope the embroidered banner he had taken from the Saxon king. In 1068 Alexander was again in Lucca with a great following of prelates and nobles, and presided at various courts of justice with the Countess Beatrice. The following year her husband, Duke Godfrey, died at Verdun, and her daughter, Countess Matilda, was married by proxy to her late husband's son by his first wife, Godfrey the Hunchback, to whom she had been betrothed as a child.¹ The young duke does not seem to have been in any hurry to see his bride, as he only came to Lucca in 1073, and was recalled to Germany almost immediately by his liege lord and friend, the Emperor Henry IV. This great intimacy with Henry, sworn enemy of the Church, was probably one of the principal reasons of Matilda's dislike of her husband. She was left a widow in 1076, and her mother, the Countess Beatrice, died at Pisa in the same year. "Thus," writes Mr Symonds, "the power and honours of the house of Canossa, including Tuscany, Spoleto, and the fairest portions of Lombardy, devolved upon a single woman of the age of thirty at the moment when the fierce quarrel between Pope and Emperor began. . . . She was reared from childhood in habits of austerity and unquestioning piety. Submission to the Church became

¹ There are many conflicting accounts of Matilda's marriage. Readers interested in the Great Countess will find what is known of her in Miss Duff's book, *Matilda of Tuscany*.



PULPIT IN THE PIEVE OF BRANCOLI, WITH TRADITIONAL FIGURE OF
THE COUNTESS MÂTILDA

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for her not merely a rule of conduct, but a passionate enthusiasm. She identified herself with the cause of four successive Popes, protected her idol, the terrible and iron-hearted Hildebrand, in the time of his adversity; remained faithful to his principles after his death; and having served the Holy See with all her force and all that she possessed through all her lifetime, she bequeathed her vast dominions to it on her deathbed.”¹

Henry IV. was no match for Gregory VII. A council was convened in Augsburg for the settlement of matters in dispute between the Empire and the papacy, and in spite of broken health the Pope left Rome late in 1076. Matilda had promised to meet and escort him through Lombardy; a strong body of her Tuscan cavalry formed a body-guard, and Matilda herself met him at Lucca. “After this,” writes Miss Duff, “the accounts of his itinerary are conflicting—some writers say that he went as far north as Vercelli, others that he actually arrived at Mantua. This hypothesis seems the most likely, as he himself says that he was waiting the arrival of the escort promised by the German princes which was to guard him from Mantua over the mountains to Augsburg.” Here he heard, however, that the Emperor was already in Italy, and Matilda prevailed upon him to go with her to Canossa.

“‘I am become a second Rome,’ Canossa is made to exclaim in the language of Matilda’s rhyming chronicler, ‘all honours are mine; I hold at once both pope and king, the princes of Italy and those of Gaul, those of Rome, and those from beyond the Alps!’ The stage was ready; the audience had assembled; and now the three great actors were about to meet. Immediately upon his arrival at Canossa Henry sent for his cousin, the Countess Matilda, and besought her to intercede for him with Gregory. Matilda undertook to plead his cause before the Pontiff. But Gregory

¹ *Sketches in Italy*: “Canossa.” John Addington Symonds.

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was not to be moved so soon to mercy. 'If Henry has in truth repented,' he replied, 'let him lay down crown and sceptre and declare himself unworthy of the name of king.' The only point conceded to the suppliant was that he should be admitted in the garb of a penitent within the precincts of the castle. Leaving his retinue outside the walls, Henry entered the first series of outworks, and was thence conducted to the second, so that between him and the citadel itself there still remained the third of the surrounding bastions. Here he was bidden to wait the Pope's pleasure ; and here, in the midst of that bitter winter weather, while the fierce winds of the Apennines were sweeping sleet upon him in their passage from Monte Pellegrino to the plain, he knelt bare-foot, clothed in sack-cloth, fasting from dawn to eve, for three whole days. On the morning of the fourth day, judging that Gregory was inexorable, and that his suit would not be granted, Henry retired to the Chapel of S. Nicholas, which stood within this second precinct. There he called to his aid the Abbot of Clugny and the Countess, both of whom were his relations. It was on January 25 [1077] when the Emperor-elect was brought, half-dead with cold and misery, into the Pope's presence. There he prostrated himself in the dust, crying aloud for pardon. It is said that Gregory first placed his foot upon Henry's neck, uttering these words of Scripture : *Super aspidem et basilicum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem*, and that then he raised him from the earth and formally pronounced his pardon."¹

Matilda made the celebrated donation of her fiefs to the Holy See in the same year, accepted by Gregory VII. in the name of St Peter, and confirmed by a second deed during the pontificate of Urban II. After the excommunication of Henry IV. the countess entirely ignored his authority. Her public acts are

¹ *Op. cit.*

signed simply : *Matilda Dei Gratia si quid est.* Peace did not last long between the Emperor and the Pope. In 1080 Matilda took up arms in defence of the Church and was beaten near Milan. The Guelphs fled from Lucca, and the Ghibellines turned to the Emperor as their liberator from clerical oppression. Entering the city amid great rejoicings, he forbade the bishops, dukes, marquesses, counts, or any other person to demolish the walls round Lucca, to erect castles within a radius of six miles of the city, to arrest citizens without the intervention of the civil law, or to commit any violent acts which might prevent their peaceful enjoyment of their property. He abrogated all sentences given by Lombard judges, the Pisan *ripatico*, or tax levied on foreign boatmen and sailors, and certain forms of vassalage called *fodero* and *curatura* from Pavia to Rome, *ospizio* or *imperial palagio* in Lucca and her suburbs. This diploma was a guarantee for the liberty of citizens, and exonerated them from the intolerable burden placed on Italian cities whenever an Emperor passed through. Fiorentini declares it to have been the first step towards freedom in the Middle Ages. When Matilda beat the Imperial forces near Sorbara in 1084, and Henry returned to Germany, Lucca and the Tuscan Marquisate again fell under the clerical yoke.

After the death of Gregory VII., Matilda defended the cause of Victor III. against the anti-pope, Guiberto, protected by the Emperor, and used her influence to ensure the election of Urban II. in 1088. In the interests of the Church he persuaded the Countess, a woman of forty-three, to marry a lad of nineteen, Guelph d'Este, son of the Duke of Bavaria, an arch-enemy of the Emperor, from whom, however, she soon separated. She would have done better to listen to handsome, gallant Robert of Normandy, the rebel son of William the Conqueror, who went to Lucca

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in the spring of 1087 to woo the Great Countess. She entertained him royally, but not being backed by papal influence, he failed in his suit.

The secret of her marriage was well kept. When Henry knew of it, foreseeing the disastrous consequences to himself, he came to Italy at the head of a large army and for a time was victorious. After several defeats, Matilda was entreated by her Diet to sue for peace, but a fanatical monk promised her the assistance of Heaven, and she refused to treat with a man under the ban of excommunication. She invited Conrad, the Emperor's son, to rebel against his father, and when soon afterwards he was crowned King of Italy, he confirmed Matilda in all her possessions and named her his vice-regent in Lombardy.¹ She died in 1115, aged sixty-nine. Of her strong castle little remains, but her memory still lingers as a legend in the country round—not as the "Great Countess," but as a powerful witch, whose summons the devil was forced to obey, until one day she sacrilegiously attempted to say mass, when a thunderbolt fell from the sky and reduced her to ashes.

Conrad, son of Frederick, the first Duke of Suabia, became Marquess of Tuscany about 1116. Another Conrad bestowed the castle of Nozzano with its lands on the city of Lucca. Soon afterwards, her republican tendencies becoming more pronounced, she refused to acknowledge Ingelbert, named by the Emperor Marquess of Tuscany, and beat him at Fucecchio. Dearly would the Lucchesi have paid for their rebellion if Henry, Duke of Bavaria, sent to punish

¹ Benvenuto da Imola describes the Great Countess as a learned woman, a rare thing in those days: "*Mathildus autem comitissa, succedens parentibus, omnium majorum claritatem superans, in femineo sexu virtutes et mores viriles gerens facta est famosissima multis in regnis apud multos principes. . . . Fuit etiam literata et magnam librorum habuit copiam. . . . Linguam italicam, germanicam, et gallicam bene novit.*"

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the insolent Italian cities, had not been persuaded to forgive them by the prayers of St Bernard, the abbot, backed by a large sum of money. When Guelph VI. of Este became Marquess of Tuscany, he sold his rights as Marquess, and as heir to Matilda, to the city of Lucca for an annual payment during ninety years of 1000 soldi of gold, and soon afterwards all his domains to his nephew, the Emperor Frederick I. No one appears to have been appointed to govern Tuscany until Henry VI. sent his brother Philip to Lucca, who confirmed the privileges bestowed upon the city, and with him the Marquesses of Tuscany came to an end.



HOW ELEVEN CITIZENS OF LÚCCA WERE BEHEADED

CHAPTER II

THE exact period in which a republican form of government was first established in the Tuscan and Lombard towns is unknown, and the growth was probably gradual.¹ The interregnum which occurred in the course of the dispute between Ardoïn and Henry in the eleventh century gave the citizens an opportunity to elect their own magistrates, of which they no doubt took advantage. The series of internecine wars between Lucca and Pisa which desolated Tuscany for several centuries commenced in 1002. Tradition, however, affirms that the hatred between the two towns dated from the time when Lucca was declared a Roman colony three years after Pisa had been deprived of that honour; and the fact that Lucca was the chosen seat of the Lombard Dukes, and afterwards of the Marquesses of Tuscany, did not make Pisa love her more. War broke out early in the eleventh century, because the Pisans exported corn from the seaboard of Versilia, which belonged to Lucca, to sell to the pirates of Sardinia and Corsica, and fighting continued intermittently until the Emperor Henry II. sent Bishop Gebhard of Ratisbon, the legate in Etruria, to make

¹ *La Storia di Firenze*, Pasquale Villari, 73 ff.

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peace. He met with little success, which shows how far the cities had already emancipated themselves from imperial authority. Towards the end of the century Lucca waged war, not only with Pisa, but also with the nobles who, at various times, had taken possession of portions of her territory. She even became of such importance as to take part, as an independent State, in the first Crusade. The Pope received Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois, at Lucca in 1096, and blessed him and his followers before they embarked in Apulia for the Holy Land.

Consuls are first mentioned in the annals of Lucca in 1088. Five in number, one for each *regione* or parish, they were probably originally nominated by the emperors, or by their representatives, the marquesses of Tuscany, until, in 1162, Frederick I. granted the right of choosing and electing them to the Lucchesi. In return they swore fealty to the Emperor, and promised to aid him with men and money when called upon. The term of office of the consuls was for one year, but, according to Sismondi, they could not propose to the parliament, or popular assembly, any law which had not been first discussed and approved by the Council of *Credenza*, whose duties were to watch over the conduct of the consuls, to superintend the administration of the finances, and to treat with foreign powers. Such laws had finally to be approved by the Senate, consisting of a body of five hundred citizens, one hundred for each gate, or district, of the town. Every citizen above the age of eighteen was eligible, "if not in a condition of abject poverty, engaged in a despicable or vile trade, guilty of disgusting or shameful conduct, or of any deed that might reflect dishonour on so respectable a body." The seal of the consuls bore a horseman with a lance and the vainglorious motto—

"Luca potens sternit
Sibi quæ contraria cernit."

Internecine Wars

The earliest that has come down to us is in yellow wax with the date 1182. The Lucchesi had a most exalted idea of the grandeur and importance of their city. In a treaty signed in Lucca in 1124 between the Bishop of Luni and the Marquess Malespina, she is styled "the glorious, invested with many dignities, the recognised and acknowledged head of the Tuscan Marquessate ever since its foundation."

In 1128 war again broke out between the Lucchesi and the Pisans. The former took the castles of Buggiano and of Aghinolfo, and made the Bishop of Pisa prisoner. Some years later they sided with Siena against the Florentines, who in revenge instigated the Pisans to raid the undefended country round Lucca. Pope Eugenius III., weary of the perpetual strife, summoned Peter, the famous Abbot of Clugny, into Italy, to try and reconcile the enemies, and himself visited Lucca and Pisa on his way to France. The peace made was short-lived, for soon afterwards the two cities fought with such fury that they even disregarded Holy Week. Count Guido Guerra, at the instigation of the Pisans, attacked Lucca, but was beaten with great slaughter, and a truce was arranged for twenty years between Lucca, Florence, Prato, and the Lords of Garfagnana on the one side, Pisa, Siena, Pistoja, and Count Guido Guerra on the other.

When Frederick Barbarossa passed through Lucca on his way to Rome in 1155, he confirmed the ancient privilege of minting money, bestowed on the city by the Lombard kings, and continued by their French and German successors. To Lucca the privilege was important, as of the two coinages then most used in Italy—these of Pavia and of Lucca—the latter was preferred in the States of the Church; Adrian IV. even threatened to excommunicate any Tuscan city which dared to mint money with the effigy of Lucca.

1170 was a year of incessant strife. Genoa allied

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herself with Lucca against Pisa. The castle of Viareggio (built by the Lucchesi in 1172) was taken and retaken twice, while near Bozzano the river ran red with Pisan blood. Frederick I. at last interfered, and a peace was signed at Pavia, Lucca undertaking to raze certain forts on the sea-shore which gave umbrage to the Pisans, while the Pisans promised not to coin money with the effigy of Lucca. Soon afterwards Bologna issued an edict that the money of Lucca should be legal tender in her territory, and sent an embassy to announce this decision to the commune of Lucca, who in token of gratitude ordered that one of the smaller coins, about the value of a British penny, should be called *bolognino*. Some years later Pope Lucius III., who was a Lucchese, commanded that the coinage of Lucca should be used in the States of the Church, and, with the consent of Frederick, in Tuscany, in the Campania, and in Apulia. Lucca was fortunate to have secured the good-will of the Emperor, by whose advice his son Henry VI., King of Italy, granted her the privilege of coining money with the effigy of the Emperor Henry II., and gave her dominion over the country round the city for a radius of six miles, under the immediate supremacy of the Emperor and king, for which she paid an annual tribute of sixty marks in silver. About the same time seven *curie*, or judicial and administrative courts, were instituted, with three consuls to each. The Curia di S. Cristofano judged suits between laymen; the Curia de' Treguani, truce or peace-makers, managed the business of the churches and convents, and decided all questions arising between the clergy and the laity—one of the consuls was always a priest: they also fixed the rent of land. The Curia de' Foretani,¹ as the dwellers outside the city but inside the six-mile radius were

¹ In some parts of Tuscany the peasants still use the word *foranei* for people from another province.

Internecine Wars

called, judged cases between citizens and "foretani," and between the "foretani" themselves. The Curia della Nuova Giustizia specially occupied themselves with questions of succession and inheritance. Cleanliness and the hygiene of the town fell to the care of the Curia de' Gastaldione, one of whose laws prohibited making soap within a mile of the town or of the suburbs, or near a high road; another forbade washerwomen to keep dirty linen for more than six days in summer or ten days in winter. Millers, bakers, butchers, and cheesemongers were under their jurisdiction, and they had the management of the yearly fairs. The Curia de' Mercanti was one of the oldest and most important: Muratori cites a treaty between the Consuls of the Curia de' Mercanti of Lucca and of Modena, made in 1182, by which the latter bound themselves to protect and aid all Lucchesi merchants in Modenese territory for nine years. A treaty was signed in the same year between Lucca and Florence, by which the former undertook to defend the lives and property of Florentines in all places under her jurisdiction. No Florentine was to be sued for debt to a Lucchese until two months' notice had been given to the Consuls of Florence, and the arrest of a debtor was to be done in such a way that scandal and shame should be avoided. For twenty years Lucca engaged to assist Florence in any war within the dioceses of Florence and of Fiesole for twenty days, more especially if against Pistoja. She also promised not to help in rebuilding or restoring, or to buy, any castles in the territory of Florence, and she promised not to put any impediment in the way of a foreigner wishing to go to Florence, unless the said person was an enemy to Lucca.

Whilst Lucca was growing in external power and importance, internal dissensions broke out among her citizens. The nobles fought for the honour of the consulship, and one day quitted the city and attacked

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each others' castles and villages. The more sober-minded burghers took the opportunity to elect new consuls, the gates were closed, and the belligerents banished. In revenge they incited the governor of the castle of Bozzano to revolt, and ravaged the province of Versilia. To put an end to this miniature civil war, Guido degl' Uberti, a Florentine, was elected Prætor of Lucca in 1199. He took and destroyed Bozzano, but three years later the people, suspecting that he had been bribed by the nobles, deposed him, and named their fellow-citizen Inghirami Porcaresi in his stead. He drove the nobles out of the city and they took refuge at Montecatini, a castle near Lucca, where the prætor attacked them, and was beaten after a hard struggle. The Bishop and Lord of Volterra made peace between the two parties, when it was decided to follow the example of other free cities and to create a kind of urban militia, called the Council of the People, composed of citizens of the different parishes, with twelve priors commanded by a Prior at Arms.

When Guido da Peralla was elected prætor in 1208, civil war again broke out because the influential family of the Porcaresi refused to acknowledge him. He expelled them from Lucca and destroyed three of their castles, but was taken prisoner in a skirmish and barbarously put to death. Whereupon the people rose, attacked the Porcaresi Palace, and razed it to the ground. The Emperor Otho IV., who was at Lucca, was so angry that he declared the Porcaresi rebels and confiscated their estates. But to show that his anger did not extend to the city, he gave the commune permission to trade duty free at the great fairs of S. Donnino and of Parma, and confirmed the canons of the cathedral in all their privileges.

Incessant warfare continued between Lucca and Pisa until, in 1228, Gregory IX. induced them to

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make peace. But the Pope incurred the hatred of the Lucchesi by laying claim to the Garfagnana, and sending a legate to take possession of the province. The papal orders were being executed at Loppia when the Lucchesi attacked the village and burnt it to the ground. As a punishment, the Pope excommunicated them, deposed their bishop, and divided the diocese between the Bishops of Luni, Volterra, and Florence. While Lucca was engaged with her allies the Florentines in a war with Siena, Pisa took the opportunity to seize Morecio and Barga. Morecio was easily retaken, but Pistoia went to the assistance of the Pisans at Barga, and the Lucchesi were obliged to ask the Florentines for aid. The walled hill-city was, however, too strong. The Pisans, encouraged by Gregory IX., and helped by some of the nobles of the Garfagnana, were victorious, and Lucca had to cede the Garfagnana to the Pope.

In 1238 the Emperor Frederick II. came to Lucca and was received with great protestations of devotion and a considerable offering in gold and silver. When he went to Pisa the Pisans tried to incite him to raid "the stronghold of the Guelphs," as they called Lucca; whereupon the Lucchesi invited the Emperor to return to their city and offered to give rations and forage to a portion of his troops during the winter. The following year Frederick was again at Lucca, and the Lucchesi, still smarting under their defeat at Barga and the loss of the Garfagnana, undertook to make war in his name on the Pope's representative in the Garfagnana, hoping that eventually the province might fall to them.

Their hopes were realised owing to an incident which occurred during the great festival held in honour of the *Volto Santo* in the cathedral. For many centuries all provinces and towns subject to the commune of Lucca had been bound to send "an

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honest and well-known person with a wax taper," large or small, according to the wealth and importance of the sender, to walk in the procession. Thus under cover of a religious ceremony the Lucchesi exacted an act of vassalage. In 1245 a notary of Castiglione, without having been authorised by his fellow-townsmen, but moved, according to a record in the archives, by devotion, to make a pilgrimage to the miraculous image, walked with a taper in the procession. Many of the nobles of the Garfagnana were furious at again becoming vassals of the commune and determined to punish the notary. He was waylaid in a street near the cathedral, and the hand which had borne the taper was hewn off. Such an insult was not to be endured. The Lucchesi marched into the Garfagnana, expelled the Pope's representative, and the province once more became a portion of Lucca, in spite of various letters laying claim to it written by Innocent IV., to which no attention was paid.

Lucca had hitherto been principally occupied with her own private quarrels, but she was now drawn into the fierce wars between Guelphs and Ghibellines, which for a century and a half laid Italy waste. Many of the Tuscan Guelphs, unable to stand against Manfred's German squadrons, fell in

"The slaughter and great havoc . . .

That coloured Arbia's flood with crimson stain,"¹

in 1260. The remnant was cut to pieces at Montaperto, owing to that "accursed traitor" Bocca degli Abbati. Every house in Lucca and in Florence was in mourning after that disastrous day. "Ghibelline was the cry all through Tuscany," writes Mazzarosa, "save in Lucca." Her gates were opened to the fugitive Guelphs, and a quarter of the city was assigned to them with S. Frediano as their parish church. It soon became manifest that one city could not stand

¹ Hell, canto x., Dante. Cary's translation.

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against so many, so ambassadors were sent to young Conradin in Germany to beg for help. They brought back many promises, and a small cloak given to them by the boy of ten, which was hailed with shouts of delirious joy when shown to the assembled Guelphs in the church of S. Frediano. Seizing their arms, they marched upon Signa, but were beaten back, and the Ghibellines laid waste the territory of Lucca and forced her to acknowledge Manfred as her liege lord.

A change then took place in the government of the city. Ten citizens—five Ghibellines and five Guelphs—were elected every two months for each parish, and were no longer called consuls, but *anziani*, or elders. This continued until 1370, when the city was divided into three divisions instead of five, in each of which three citizens were elected, and one, with the title of Gonfalonier, alternately in each. But when Manfred fell at Benevento the Lucchesi drove out the Ghibellines and elected Guido Guerra, prefect of Tuscany for Charles of Anjou, praetor for six years. Hitherto the Guelph arms had been a red lily, the Ghibelline a red eagle. But Clement IV., to show his appreciation of the help given by Charles of Anjou, bestowed his own arms, a red eagle with a blue serpent in its claws, on the Guelphs, adding a lily on the eagle's head. This coat-of-arms is still to be seen on some of the old houses in Lucca.

After the death of Conradin the remnant of his army took refuge with the Pisans and assisted them in taking Massa and raiding the Lucchese territory. But they were at last beaten, and peace reigned for a few years, until Giovanni Visconti, the great Guelph noble, fled from Pisa to Lucca and persuaded the Lucchesi to join his standard. After his death Ugolino della Gheradesca assumed the command of the Guelph army and led it to victory. In revenge the Pisans burnt his houses and confiscated his lands, but were at last forced

to sign a humiliating peace, and the Guelphs entered Pisa in triumph. The Ghibellines then persuaded Pescia to throw off her allegiance to Lucca and to declare for Rudolph of Hapsburg, King of the Romans, who had long been trying to bring the Tuscan cities once more under the rule of the Empire. The Pisans, however, besieged and took Pescia, forcing Rudolph's vicar to fly. Princivalle del Fiesco was then appointed vicar. He threatened heavy penalties but was laughed to scorn, as he could not enforce his commands. The king, making a virtue of necessity, proposed that the Tuscan cities should purchase their freedom. According to the old chronicler Tolomei, liberty cost Lucca 12,000 golden florins.

In 1278 voices of children were heard in the city and suburbs of Lucca, crying "run to the house of the Fatinelli and to S. Frediano, for S. Zita is dead." Soon the church was so crowded that those who bore the body had difficulty in advancing. All wished to take a last look at the charitable maid. Born of poor parents in the small hill-village of Montesagrati near Lucca, in 1218, she determined when only twelve years old to earn her own living. Taking service with the Fatinelli, who lived near the church of S. Frediano, she won the hearts of her employers by her constant good temper and obedience. But their patience must have often been sorely tried by her excessive devotion, and by her charity to the poor, which led her to give away what was her master's. Thus in a year of famine she gradually emptied a chest of beans, and was sorely perplexed when Fatinelli told her to measure them for sale. By a miracle none were wanting. The pious author of her biography remarks: "This is not quoted as an example to be followed, for it is not allowed to give away what belongs to another, save in some very great necessity, as in this case." Another time, on Christmas Eve, the cold being intense, her



CHURCH OF S. FREDIANO

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master bade her stay at home. When, however, she begged hard to be allowed to go to the midnight mass, he gave her his fur-lined cloak with many injunctions not to lose it. On entering S. Frediano a poor beggar, shuddering with cold, tearfully touched the cloak. Moved with compassion, she took it off, and wrapping it round him, bade him warm himself while she prayed. In vain she searched for him when she left the church. At last, ashamed, and afraid of her master's anger, she went home. Fatinelli upbraided her in no measured terms, when suddenly the beggar stood before them and handed the cloak to Zita, thanking her for her goodness. Before she could speak he vanished. Again one morning the angels who watched over the maiden left her wrapped in ecstasy on her knees in the church, and made and baked the bread. Another time the Madonna herself deigned to accompany Zita, who had tarried till far into the night in a church many miles from Lucca. The heavy city gates opened wide of their own accord to let the wayfarers pass through, and when Zita begged her benefactress to come in and rest, she disappeared.¹

Innumerable are the miracles ascribed to her, and the religious and popular songs written about her. The anniversary of her death (April 27) is a great day in Lucca. An old chronicler describes how she was honoured in 1588: "The servant maids of Lucca, to the number of 840, assembled at the hour of vespers in the chapel of S. Zita, holding lighted tapers or torches. Many ladies joined in the procession; each one had clothed a servant girl in the dress of the saint,

¹ *Vita e Miracoli della Vergine Beata Zita*. Tradotto di Latino in lingua Toscana per Gio. Federighi, da Vico di Lunigiana. Lucca, 1582. The life of S. Zita is charmingly told in *Tuscan Songs* by Francesca Alexander, translated from an Italian poem of 1616.

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and led a poor person by one hand whilst with the other she distributed money to the beggars on the way. And thus a lady, and then a maid, they walked in procession to the edification of all beholders." A pretty custom, which continues to this day, is that of children offering flowers of S. Zita to all who visit her tomb in April, in memory of a miracle, whereby bread, which Zita was carrying in her apron to give to the poor, was turned into flowers when her master asked to see what she was taking out of the house.¹ Her fame must have spread quickly, for Dante, who wrote twenty years after her death, calls a magistrate of Lucca "one of S. Zita's Elders."² It is true that he must have known about her well, as he stayed some time in Lucca, attracted by the charms of Gentucca.³

The disastrous defeat of the Pisan fleet at Meloria by the Genoese in 1284 was hailed with joy by the Ghibelline league in Tuscany, and particularly by Lucca, which, together with Genoa, exhorted Florence to join in crushing their hated neighbour. In October of the same year a defensive and offensive alliance was made between the three republics. Twenty Pisan exiles joined it, among them Ugolino della Gherardesca Count of Donoratico, his sons, and Ugolino, or Nino, Visconti, Judge of Gallura in Sardinia. To sow dissension among the confederates, the Guelph party in Pisa persuaded their fellow-citizens to create Ugolino podestà, and captain of the People. He secretly treated with the Florentine Republic, drove out the Ghibelline leaders, and tried to bribe the Lucchesi by ceding to them Ripafratta, Bientina, and Viareggio. They took the castles, but continued the war. How Ugolino was punished for his treachery is a matter of history. In 1300 the streets of Lucca ran red

¹ *Istoria della Vita di Sta. Zita*, Canonico Almerico Guerra. Parma, 1895.

² Hell, xxi. 37.

³ Purg., xxiv. 43.

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with the blood of her citizens. The Antelminelli and the Ciapparoni, Ghibellines, or as they were then called, Whites, killed a Guelph. The Blacks, or Guelphs, burnt and demolished the houses of the Antelminelli and beheaded an innocent man on the pretext that he was implicated in the murder. Three years later, as Villani writes, "Florence would have been ruined by the dissensions between Whites and Blacks had it not been for the Lucchesi, who at the request of the Commune came with a great force of people and cavaliers and assumed the guidance and guardianship of the city. Such power was given to them that for sixteen days they ruled the place absolutely by the laws of the commune of Lucca. To many a Florentine this seemed evil and an outrage." The Lucchesi must have known how to make themselves feared, for a little later, when the exiled Ghibellines or Whites nearly succeeded in taking Florence by surprise, the Blacks hoisted the banner of Lucca and shouted 'here are the Lucchesi,' whereupon the Whites fled."

Frequent raids were made by the Whites from Pistoia, their headquarters, into the territory of Lucca, until the Florentines joined the Lucchesi, and after a long siege "obnoxious Pistoja" was taken. So elated was the Black, or popular, party, in Lucca by this victory that they took possession of the government and drove the nobles out of the city; with them went riches and credit. The death of Henry VII. at Buonconvento was a heavy blow to the Ghibellines, especially to those of Pisa, who, finding all Tuscany ranged against them, attempted to make peace with Lucca. Negotiations, however, failed, because Bonturo Dati refused to give up Asciano, round whose high tower he hung mirrors, so that when the sun shone the Pisans might see what a strong position they had lost; insolently he added that now the Pisan ladies might forego the use of looking-glasses. The Seigneury

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of Pisa, after being offered to one potentate after another, was at length accepted by Uguccione della Faggiuola, a man of great personal bravery and a good soldier, who soon caused Lucca to rue the scoffing words of Dati. He led the Pisan troops against Lucca, and they set up two poles with mirrors outside the gates of the town. The Paduan chronicler, Albertino Mussato, has preserved for us the distich suspended from them:—

“Or ti specchia, Bontur Dati
Ch’ e’ i Lucchesi hai consigliati:
Lo die di San Frediano
Alle porte di Lucca fu ’l Pisano.”

(Now look at thyself, Bontur Dati,
Who to the Lucchesi gave advice:
On the day of San Frediano
The Pisans were at the gates of Lucca.)

“Therefore,” wrote a Pisan chronicler, “the Lucchesi said—

“‘Ahi Bonturo Dati, che al cor ci hai feruto
Poi che ai Pisani mostrasti lo specchio;
Ma elli ce l’han posto sì presso,
Che mai nel mondo tu non fosse venuto.’”

(Oh, Bonturo Dati, who hast wounded us to the heart
By showing the mirror to the Pisans;
They have now brought it close to us,
Would that thou had’st ne’er been born.)¹

Among the exiled Ghibellines of Lucca who joined Uguccione was Castruccio Castracane, described by Machiavelli as being of more than ordinary stature. “Every part of his body was in proportion to his great height. His appearance was so pleasing and he received every one with such affability that none left him discontented. He wore his hair, of a reddish shade, cut short over his ears, and whatever the weather

¹ *La Poesia Popolare Italiana*. Studi di Alessandro d’Ancona. 2a. edizione accresciuta. Livorno, R. Giusti, 1906.

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might be he always went bare-headed." Before his birth it is said that his mother dreamt she had been delivered of a great flame which burnt up everything near by, and the new-born child was so big that the matrons predicted for him a glorious future. Hatred of the Guelphs he drank in with his mother's milk, for his parents had been exiled when he was only nine. What became of him until he appeared as a lad of twenty in England, where a cousin of his was engaged in trade, is not known. King Edward I. took a fancy to the handsome young Italian, who one day killed a courtier while playing at tennis and fled to Flanders, where he took service in the army. From thence he went to France and fought for Philippe le Bel, proving himself wise in counsel and valiant in battle. After fighting in Lombardy he joined the Lucchesi exiles in Pisa and became the right hand of Uguccone della Faggiuola. An attack on Lucca would have succeeded had not a revolt broken out in Pisa which obliged Uguccone to withdraw his troops, and gave the Lucchesi time to offer the lordship of their town to King Robert for a year. He accepted, and sent a strong force of cavalry to their aid early in 1314. The burghers, however, thought that the Obizzi, who had been chiefly instrumental in summoning King Robert, were becoming too powerful, and called a Parliament of the People, which decided that peace should be made with Pisa. The conditions were favourable to the Ghibellines, as the castles taken from Pisa were to be given up, and the exiles reinstated in their possessions. When the exiles returned to Lucca they clamoured for the fulfilment of the contract. But the treasury was too exhausted to pay the large sums they demanded, and they invited Uguccone to come to their aid. He appeared under the walls of Lucca on July 14. The tocsin was sounded, and the burghers hastened to arm, when they

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discovered that the Ghibellines had hung a sheet from the top of the Veglio tower, fortified their houses, and occupied the campanile of S. Frediano in order to assist the Pisans in storming the gate close by. Forgetting the enemy outside the walls, the Guelphs turned their rage against the returned exiles, and would have exterminated them, but for Uguccione's determined assault. King Robert's Spanish horse fled, the city was sacked, 1400 houses were burnt; the treasure of one million golden florins, confided to the safe keeping of the city by Clement V., was plundered, and the archives and many valuable manuscripts were destroyed. For eight days the unhappy city was given over to all the horrors of war. Three hundred families were driven into exile, who emigrated to Venice, France, Germany, Belgium, and England, taking with them the art of weaving silk, which had been one of the chief sources of the revenue of Lucca. Uguccione placed his partisans at the head of the government, retaining the supreme power in his own hands, and appointed his son Ranieri vicar.

Old documents show how enterprising these Lucchesi were. For their silk they went to Spain, China, India, Asia Minor, and to Georgia, as we know from Marco Polo. By the queer italianised Greek and Oriental names of the various qualities of silk one can generally guess their origin. The well-known *damasco*, or damask, got its name from Damascus, whence the Lucchesi who went to the Crusades brought the art of weaving in that particular way; *ormesino*, now called *ermesino*, is derived from Ormuz; the heavy silk called *baldachino*, from Baldaccio, or Bagdad. Stringent were the laws against any attempts to pass off poor stuff as good. Any weaver who dared to put a white stripe down the edge of an inferior silk in order to make it look like *un panno di garbo* was fined,

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and his silk confiscated and burnt in the Piazza di S. Michele, while he was declared to be a forger and a man to be avoided. Whoever used false metal, cotton, or *filoselle*, in the woof of *baldachino*, was taken before the magistrates, punished, and his silk was confiscated as being a dishonour to the city.

Florence became very uneasy at the growing power of Uguccione, and begged King Robert of Naples and his brother, the Prince of Taranto, to give them aid. Robert sent his youngest brother Peter with the prince to defend the Guelph cause. After raiding the territories of Pistoia, S. Miniato, and Volterra, Uguccione marched with a force of 30,000 foot and 3000 cavalry on Montecatini, where the Florentine army, reinforced by the Guelphs of Tuscany and of the Romagna, was encamped on the banks of the Nievole. He defeated them, and it is said that 30,000 men were left dead on the field. His own son was killed and Castruccio was severely wounded, while Florence, Bologna, Siena, Perugia, and Naples were plunged into mourning. The spoil was immense, as the Florentines had brought with them silken beds, rich carpets, and every kind of luxury. Castruccio Castracane had become so popular in Lucca that Uguccione's jealousy was aroused. He ordered him to be beheaded, and started for Lucca to see that his commands were obeyed. No sooner had he left Pisa than the people rose and proclaimed Gaddo della Gherardesca lord of the city. Uguccione, fond of good living, had stopped at S. Maria, half-way between Lucca and Pisa, where he lost so much time at table that news of the revolt reached Lucca before him. The Lucchesi flew to arms, liberated Castruccio, imprisoned Ranieri della Faggiuola, and then put Uguccione to flight, while Castruccio was proclaimed Lord of Lucca on the very day destined for his execution.

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The Florentines, who had rejoiced at the fall of Uguccione, now found that they had to do with a far more capable and energetic foe in Castruccio, to whom the Ghibellines of Tuscany turned as to their head. Castles and towns gave themselves up to him on the promise of being defended against the Guelphs, and it looked as though Castruccio was soon to become all-powerful. Sarzana elected him lord, and he built the strong fortress of Sarzanello on the heights above the town, while Pontremoli and Fosdinovo were wrested from the Marquess Spinetta Malespina. In order to defend and secure his hold on Lucca he erected a huge rectangular fortress in the south-west corner of the city. Two sides were enclosed by the already existing city walls, and much of the material for the other two he got by demolishing old towers which had become unsafe. Some of them had indeed already fallen and killed many people. Inside the fortress he built the magnificent citadel, the Augusta, which was the residence of the different lords of Lucca until it was destroyed in 1370.

Castruccio's reputation stood so high that Frederick of Austria, the newly elected King of the Romans, begged him to make peace with King Robert and the Guelph party, but the magnificent offers made to him only served to increase his Ghibelline leanings. In 1318 he made a treaty with Matteo Visconti, raised fortifications at Serravalle, which commanded the mountain pass between Lucca and Pistoia, and then turned his arms against Altopascio, which the Florentines had occupied. Many rich Florentine merchants, to whom the privations of a soldier's life were odious, were serving under Raimondo da Cardona, and to induce them to pay heavily for leave of absence the Spanish captain led his army round the pestilential lake of Bientina in the month of September, where many died of fever. Visconti had sent his son Azzo to Lucca to

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aid Castruccio, but he refused to leave the city until his stipend was paid. The money was sent, and next day a battle was fought and won. Cardona was taken prisoner, the *carroccio* of Florence and that of Naples were captured,¹ and it is recorded that not a man escaped to bear the evil tidings to Florence. Marching by Pistoia, where he laid the country waste and took much spoil, Castruccio passed under the walls of Florence on his way to Lucca.

According to some old writers, Castruccio Castracane entered Lucca with all the pomp and pageantry which once was the meed of Roman victors. The procession was opened by men laden with booty and driving before them herds of cattle and sheep. Then came the prisoners in chains, their heads and feet bare, between files of Castruccio's soldiers crowned with ivy. The two *carrocci* followed, drawn backwards, their standards reversed and their bells without tongues. Prisoners of rank, amongst them the lieutenant of Robert of Naples, and Raimondo da Cardona with his little son, in cloth of silver on a pony by his side, rode in front of Castruccio, who, clad in ducal robes of purple and cloth of gold, his red hair crowned with laurel, was in a chariot drawn by four white horses abreast. On either side rode his sons, the ambassadors of friendly States, and the more distinguished knights and captains. Men of the law in their long robes,

¹ The *carroccio* was said to have been invented by Ariberto, the warlike Archbishop of Milan, in imitation of the Ark of the Covenant. It was a huge car on four wheels, painted red, and drawn by six or eight richly caparisoned oxen. On a mast in the centre, crowned with a golden orb, flew the banner over a crucifix. Beneath it was a platform on which stood the guard of the standard and the priests who blessed the army and administered the sacrament to the dying. Every man was bound by oath to defend the *carroccio* with his life, and the Florentine one carried the Martinella, the famous bell of the republic which called the citizens to arms.

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mounted on sober mules, and old warriors on gallant steeds, with servants bearing their banners, joined the procession at the gates of the city, whilst the women saluted Castruccio as the saviour of his country. The city was adorned with festoons of laurel and myrtle, the streets were covered with carpets, and the windows hung with tapestries, damask, and cloth of gold. Young children clothed in white, with wreaths of olive in their hair, carrying banners with the Antelminelli arms, met the conqueror, while the bishop gave him the Holy Cross to kiss and then led the procession to the cathedral. Here Castruccio, prostrating himself in the chapel of the *Volto Santo*, offered a large portion of the booty to the cathedral and thanked God for protecting Lucca. Debtors were released from prison, corn was distributed to the poor, and exiles were pardoned. At a great banquet Castruccio was so gracious to the Florentine prisoners of war that their fellow-citizens, alarmed lest he should win them over to his side, hastened to pay the large ransom demanded for their release.

Before the month was over Castruccio again invaded Florentine territory and took the strong castle of Montemurlo near Pistoia. Pierre de Nancy, a Frenchman who had been taken prisoner at Altopascio and ransomed, was in command of the army of Florence. Having a wholesome dread of meeting Castruccio in open fight, he bribed three of his guards to murder him. The plot was discovered and the assassins were beheaded at Signa. The Arno near Signa flows through a narrow gorge, and Castruccio proposed to construct a huge dam across the river and so drown the hateful Guelph city and the upper Val d'Arno. But the engineers objected that the work would be too costly, so he set fire to the village and withdrew to the hill-fortress of Carmignano. Nancy, anxious to distinguish himself before King Robert of Naples arrived, to whom

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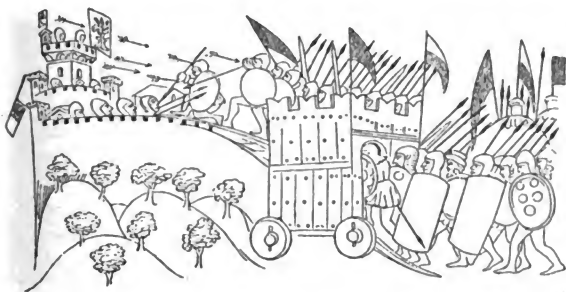
the Florentines had given the lordship of their city for ten years, once more tried to bribe some of Castruccio's men. They, however, laid a trap for him, and he was taken prisoner and beheaded in the piazza of Pistoia. At length the Ghibellines awoke to the necessity of saving Florence. The Pope, King Robert, Siena, Perugia, Bologna, Orvieto, and Faenza sent help, and Castruccio, aware that he could not face so formidable a league, had recourse to diplomacy. He informed the legate that to please his Holiness he was willing to make peace with the Florentines on reasonable conditions, and negotiations dragged on until the fine season had passed.

The Ghibelline leaders resorted to the usual expedient of summoning a foreign potentate into Italy. Knowing that the Pope not only refused to acknowledge Louis V. as King of the Romans, but had excommunicated him, they invited him to come to their aid. He had meanwhile been designated as Emperor, and arrived in Milan in May 1327, where he was crowned with the iron crown. From thence he went to Tuscany, and Castruccio met him not far from Pisa. In spite of her Ghibelline tendencies, she refused to receive the king, principally because she feared to fall under the rule of the great Lucchese. After a month's siege Pisa fell and Castruccio was created Duke of Lucca and Pistoia, of Volterra and of Luni, neither of which had acknowledged the supremacy of Louis, and Vicar of Pisa. Soon afterwards the king left for Rome, and Castruccio, with some misgivings lest the Florentines should attack Lucca during his absence, joined him at Viterbo in January 1328. Preceding Louis to Rome, he called a Parliament of the People on the Campidoglio, "and being by nature marvellously eloquent, spoke with such well-chosen words that the majority consented to receive Louis as King." Entering in triumph, he was crowned by two bishops in despite of the Pope, when he created

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Castruccio Count of the Lateran, a Senator, and Governor of Rome.

Castruccio's fear of Florentine reprisals was realised. They attacked Pistoia and after a hard struggle drove out the Lucchesi, who took refuge in Serravalle and sent in all haste to Rome to recall their duke. Notwithstanding the Emperor's entreaties that he would



HOW THE LUCCHESI BESIEGED THE FLORENTINES

accompany him to Naples, Castruccio started at once. Leaving his troops far behind, he passed through Pisa with only twelve companions, and at the end of May invested Pistoia, blinding and mutilating the wretched inhabitants who attempted to fly from the famine-stricken town. In revenge the Lucchesi prisoners were hung from the walls, and their bodies shot from mortars into his camp. In vain the Florentines, encamped at Prato under Filippo da Sanguineto, attempted to entice Castruccio out of his entrenchments by devastating the territories of Lucca and of Pisa. He knew that the inhabitants of Pistoia were starving, and refused to move. In August the town surrendered, and consternation reigned in Florence when the great Ghibelline leader

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returned to Lucca to prepare for subjugating the whole of Tuscany. But the fatigue he had undergone in the heat of summer brought on a violent fever of which he died on September 3, 1328, at the age of forty-seven, leaving three sons and a daughter under the tutelage of their mother Pina. In obedience to his commands, his death was kept secret for some days in order to allow time for his eldest son Henry to obtain a firm hold of the city and of the army.

After the death of Castruccio Lucca became a mere thing of barter. The Duchess Pina, by dint of entreaties and an offering of money, obtained the Emperor's promise to respect her son's rights, a promise he broke when the republican party in Lucca gave him a larger sum as the price of their liberty. But he made Frederick of Oettingen, an adherent of his own, imperial vicar with supreme power, so Lucca was a republic only in name. Francesco, an uncle of young Enrico Castracane, "wishing," as Sercambi writes, "to make himself the master, besought the aid of Messer Marco Visconti of Milan, and the said Marco sent many Germans who took Lucca and held it for him, driving out Francesco and the other Castracane. And it fell out as Æsop says: the frog and the mouse were fighting, when a hawk came by and seized them both. For Messer Marco had to give up the city to the Germans in lieu of money he owed them." They demanded their arrears of pay from the burghers, but the public treasury was empty and the townfolk were ruined, so the rude German soldiery put Lucca up to auction. Florence, the hated rival, was the first to bid 80,000 florins, but she drew back at the last moment "afraid to deal with men of little faith." The Pisans then offered 60,000 florins, which were accepted and duly paid. But the Germans did not stir from Lucca and the Pisans "remained," as the old saying is, "with their hands full of flies." Again

Internecine Wars

Florence was approached, but her wary burghers refused to treat, and at last Gherardo Spinola, a rich Genoese Ghibelline, became master of Lucca for 60,000 florins. The Emperor named him Imperial Vicar of Tuscany, Lord of Lucca, and Peacemaker. The latter title suited him well. His first acts were to recall the families which had been exiled by Castruccio, to re-establish the ancient order of magistrates, and to try and make peace with Florence. Furious at having missed the rich prize, the Florentines repulsed his advance and continued the war. They aided Pistoia and other strong places in the Val di Nievole in their attempts to set themselves free, but were beaten at Collodi by Spinola. About 1330 Castruccio's sons, with the German mercenaries who had fought under their father, occupied Lucca, but failed in their attempt to gain possession of the Augusta, and were driven out of the city after a severe struggle. Soon afterwards the castle of Montecatini, which the Florentines had besieged for months, capitulated. Several of the Lucchesi nobles, thinking that it was better to be governed by a strong enemy than by a weak and inefficient friend, conspired to deliver Lucca into the hands of Florence. The plot was discovered and two of the ringleaders lost their heads. Laying siege to the city, the Florentines succeeded in cutting off all supplies, and, repaying insult by insult, ran races under the walls as Castruccio had done at Florence. Their offer to grant a safe-conduct to any who wished to see the races was taken advantage of by one of the German companies, which deserted the Lucchesi. A messenger was despatched to John, King of Bohemia, then in Lombardy, to offer him the Seignury of Lucca if he saved her from the Florentines; and in February 1332 his representative crossed the Apennines with 800 German horse, when the Florentines withdrew. Spinola gave up the city, but in vain demanded the

The Story of Lucca

restitution of his 60,000 florins. "So," writes Villani, "the said Messer Gherardo took himself off, grumbling much against King John and against the Lucchesi, and grieving for his money, which he never saw again."



HOW MESSER JOHANNI DELL' AGNELLO BROUGHT HIS WIFE
TO LUCCA

CHAPTER III

EARLY in 1333 Charles, son of the King of Bohemia, arrived in Lucca, and was received with great demonstrations of affection by the people, who had enjoyed the unwonted luxury of nearly a year's peace under his father's rule. But their affection soon turned to hate, as he demanded 40,000 florins, of which the impoverished city could pay little more than half. In August the King joined him, and to obtain more money he signed a promise to recover all the towns and castles which had been wrested from Lucca, to respect her ancient laws and customs, and not to cede the State to any one. Ten days later he not only sold Coreglia and Pietrasanta, but pawned the city and her territory to the brothers Rossi of Parma. So the word of a king became the synonym for a lie in Lucca.

A league, formed of King Robert of Naples, the Visconti of Milan, the Della Scala of Verona, Florence, and some Lombard lords of smaller towns, succeeded in taking from King John of Bohemia all the cities he had conquered, but they soon fell out about the division of the spoil. The Rossi, who held Lucca, came to

The Story of Lucca

terms with Mastino Della Scala, who pretended that he was acting for the league and on behoof of the Florentines. "He broke his word," writes Villani, "like the felon and traitor he was—like a false and disloyal tyrant, who with inordinate and vain greed, and badly advised, conceived that by means of Lucca and of his own prowess he might become lord of all Tuscany." When Florence claimed her share Mastino turned a deaf ear, and even demanded 360,000 florins as an indemnity for his expenses. So eager were the Florentines to become masters of the place that had cost them so much blood and treasure, that they consented to his demand, but when the contract was to be signed Mastino drew back and refused to cede Lucca unless they helped him to conquer Bologna. This they refused to do. The unfortunate Lucchesi made a virtue of necessity, acknowledged Mastino and his heirs as Lords of Lucca, imploring him to lighten the heavy burden of taxation and to use his influence with the Pope to obtain the revocation of the interdict laid upon the city for accepting a bishop nominated by the anti-pope, Pietro da Corvara. The interdict was at last taken off "to the great content of all decent citizens" by Pope Benedict XII., but only on the condition that a chapel was to be erected in the cathedral dedicated to St Benedict, in which a sermon was to be preached every year on the saint's day setting forth the grievous faults committed by the Lucchesi against the Church. Taxes increased and multiplied, money became scarce, while prices rose, and the starving peasants abandoned their homesteads and emigrated to other States. When Parma rebelled against Mastino in 1340 he feared that Lucca might follow suit, and agreed to sell the city to Florence. Whereupon the Pisans mustered what men they could, and with contingents sent by Visconti, Genoa, and the lords of Padua and Mantua, laid siege to Lucca. A body of

The Pisan Yoke

Florentines forced their way through the besieging army and garrisoned the Augusta and the city. They attacked the besiegers but were repulsed. Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, was then engaged by the Florentine Republic, and in 1342 gained a slight advantage over the Pisans on the banks of the Serchio. During the night the river rose, and being in great straits for food he gave up the attempt to succour the garrison. The Florentines, as Villani says, "forgot what Lucan writes of Cæsar. That when he made war he did not say to his armies Go, but Come, and that while such was the practice the Romans were always victorious. The contrary happens to governors and rulers of States when they commit their armies to the care and discretion of foreign hired captains, and do not lead them in person." The Florentine garrison, abandoned and starving, told the Lucchesi to make what terms they could for themselves on condition that they should be allowed to leave the city with arms and baggage, and on July 6, 1342, the arms of Pisa were placed over the gateway of the Augusta and her flag was hoisted on its tower. Little mercy was shown to Lucca. Giovanni dell' Agnello, Doge of Pisa, sent his nephew as governor, who ruled the city with a rod of iron. If three citizens spoke together in the streets they were declared rebels; hostages were demanded for the payment of exorbitant taxes, and many Lucchesi who were fighting in the Pisan ranks against Florence were torn from their homes and sent to garrison Pisa. At length it was decreed that under pain of death every man and woman between the ages of fourteen and seventy was to leave Lucca before a candle, which had been lit at each of the city gates, had burnt out. "Sad it was to see that horde of fugitives hastening away," exclaims an eye-witness. "Some went to the suburbs, others to the villages near by; even those who were known to be favourable to Pisa were cast

out, as the order was peremptory, no exceptions had been made, and they were commanded to incite the others to fly." To add to the misfortunes of the unhappy city the plague of 1362 broke out. "The air," writes Giovanni Sercambi in his delightful illustrated chronicle, "was so contaminated that wherever men went death seized upon them. All thought the end of the world was nigh. This pestilence lasted more than a year in Tuscany; those that remained alive became rich, because what had belonged to the many now came to the few."¹

"Agnello," continues Sercambi, "having become more cruel and vicious, had cast down all the chief citizens of Pisa, especially those who had elected him Doge, and invented new ways of putting them to death; they were in great tribulation as were also the citizens of Lucca. So the Pisans and the Lucchesi implored Messer Carlo the Emperor to come to Tuscany, hoping that he would remove the said Messer Giovanni from the lordship. After much entreaty from them and from the holy Pope Urban the Emperor started from Germany with a great army, and came into Lombardy in July 1368. Messer Giovanni thereupon sent his nephew Gherardo dell' Agnello to the Emperor with a petition he forced the Lucchesi to sign, beseeching him to grant Giovanni, and his sons after him, the title of Imperial Vicar. Gherardo was graciously received, and returned to Lucca with the petition duly signed by the Emperor, which he delivered to the Doge." Sercambi states that Providence turned the heart of Charles IV.

¹ *Le Croniche di Giovanni Sercambi, Lucchese*. Pubblicate sui manoscritti originale a cura di Salvatore Bonghi (i. 98). Sercambi, who was born in Lucca in 1348 and died in 1424, also wrote many *novelle*, most of which Cesare Lucchesini declares are extremely licentious. Twenty were published at Venice in 1815 by Gamba, who praises the simple, vivacious style and the vivid pictures of manners and customs.

The Pisan Yoke

towards the Lucchesi, but another chronicler says that two rich exiled citizens of Lucca offered him 150,000 florins to free their city from the Pisan yoke. "Messer Carlo, Emperor of the Romans and King of Bohemia," writes Sercambi, "sent Marcovaldo, Patriarch of Aquileia, with 800 German horse and many barons, among whom was Gualtieri Duke of Sterlich (Strelitz), who entered Lucca August 24, and Messer Giovanni dell' Agnello, lord of Pisa and Lucca, welcomed him and gave a dinner in S. Romano to the said Patriarch and barons. The feast was prepared and laid out by young Lucchesi citizens with tablecloths, napkins, cups, and knives, of which many were taken away by the said Bohemians. When the Patriarch had dined, ere he mounted the steps out of the cloister of S. Romano to go into the church, Messer Giovanni said to Messer Gualtieri: beg the Patriarch to grant us peace. So Messer Gualtieri spoke to the Patriarch and he turned round and kissed Messer Giovanni on the mouth and then went into the sacristy." ¹

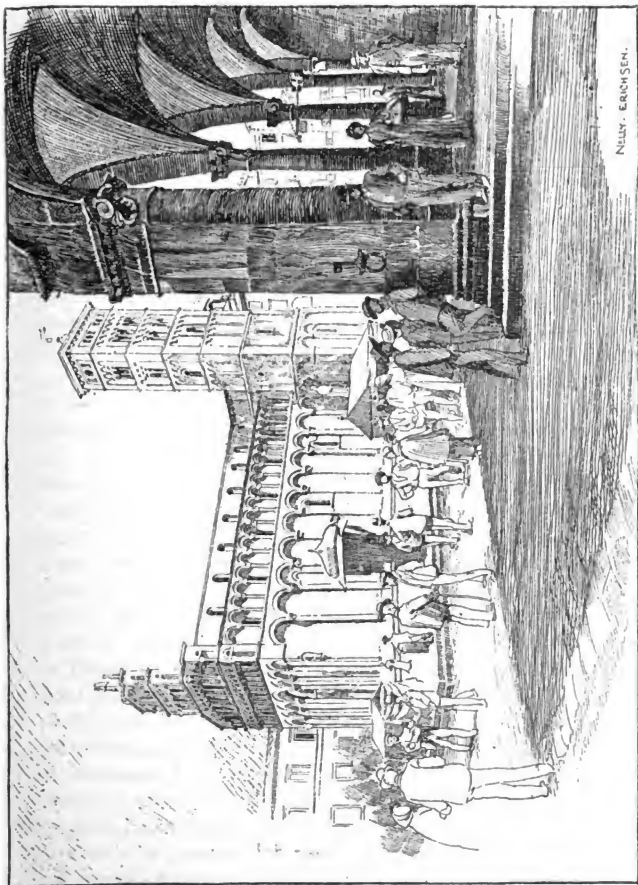
But the kiss was the kiss of Judas, for the Patriarch demanded the keys of the Ghibelline tower and of the gates of Lucca, which Giovanni dell' Agnello gave up against his nephew's advice, and then went back to Pisa. He returned to Lucca on September 4 to receive the Emperor, who, writes Sercambi, "entered Lucca by the Porta San Donati, being met by Messer Giovanni clothed in velvet embroidered with gold. At that moment Antonio da Ghivizzano, one of his followers, came up and said: 'Pisa has risen,' and put a letter into his hand. Messer Giovanni said to him: 'Hasten back and bid Ser Bartolo d' Arezzo to hold Pisa for me.' But some Pisans secretly followed Antonio and beat him to death. Messer Giovanni ordered that the Emperor should be

¹ Sercambi, *op. cit.* i. 138 *et seq.*

conducted to the Augusta in order that he should dismount sooner, but at the corner of the Piazza, seeing his people go towards the citadel, the Emperor commanded: 'To the cathedral' and thus they had to turn back. At the corner of the tavern Messer Giovanni said: 'Shout, Long live the Emperor,' and the cries of Long life to the Emperor were such that even thunder would not have been heard. Having reverently visited the *Volto Santo* the Emperor by Via S. Maria proceeded to the citadel and Messer Giovanni to the palace of S. Michele in the market-place where he had taken up his abode. On reaching S. Michele, Messer Giovanni went on to the portico of the cloister belonging to the church to read the letter Antonio had given to him, and so many of his people crowded round him that the beams of the portico came away from the wall. Messer Giovanni fell and broke his thigh, his nephew was much bruised, Marquess Uppezinghi broke his leg and others were severely hurt. When the news was known in Lucca the people said: 'Now thou hast the bells of S. Michele which thou wouldst have taken to Pisa; God and S. Michele have performed a miracle. Count Tommaso Aiutamichristo of Pisa, hearing that Messer Giovanni had fallen, hastened to the Piazza S. Michele, drew his sword, kissed the hilt, and then rode to Pisa to concert with the Raspanti to kill and undo the said Messer Giovanni and all that belonged to him.'¹

When the Emperor returned from Rome, Sercambi describes how, "giving ear to the request of the holy Pope and of many lords and citizens of Lucca, he donned his imperial robes in the church of S. Michele in the market-place. Seated on a dais in front of the principal entrance to the church, together with the Cardinal Guidone, many barons, princes, and gentle-

¹ Sercambi, *op. cit.* i. 146 *et seq.*



CHURCH OF S. MICHELE

NELLY. ERICHSEN.

men, he received the Elders of Lucca and many venerable citizens. They prayed His Imperial Majesty that it might please him to preserve the liberty of the city, subject always to the Empire, and to concede this by special privilege and grace. Acceding to their prayer, the said Emperor confirmed anew the liberty of Lucca and granted unto her high privileges. He ordered that after his departure the aforesaid Elders and their successors, by imperial privilege and as vicars of the Empire, should make laws, legitimize bastards and act as did the counts of the Empire.”¹ These honours had to be paid for. Sercambi tells us that before the Emperor left he demanded much money, so that the liberty of Lucca cost her citizens 500,000 florins.

So great was the joy of the Lucchesi at escaping from the hated Pisan yoke that they did not perceive that they had only changed masters until the imperial vicar, Cardinal Guido de Montfort, interfered in the election of magistrates, promulgated laws, and inflicted heavy fines. They turned for help to Bernabo Visconti, but the Florentines sent to warn the Cardinal and proposed, as Ammirato tells us, “that he should free himself from a troublesome position, besides gaining great credit with man and God, and something to his own advantage at the same time, inasmuch as they were willing to pay him 25,000 florins on behalf of the Lucchesi for their liberty.” The Cardinal took the money and handed over the city to the elders, appointing them, in March 1370, imperial vicars in his stead. “But,” continues Ammirato, “inasmuch as there was not one Lucchese left alive who had ever looked liberty in the face, the Florentines, besides lending them money for their deliverance, sent several of their discreet and notable citizens, who had been for a long time at the head of affairs in their own govern-

¹ Sercambi, *op. cit.* i. 173.

Republican Government and Peace

ment, to help them, so long accustomed to servitude, in the management of their new liberty.”¹

One of the first acts of the republican government was to destroy Castruccio's citadel, the Augusta, of which no trace remains. Then it was decided to divide the city into three *terzieri*, or divisions, named after the churches of S. Paolo, S. Salvatore, and S. Martino. Ten citizens, whose term of office was to last for two months, during which time they lived in the Communal Palace, were appointed elders, one of whom was chosen Gonfalonier of Justice. Twelve companies, or *Gonfalon*i, four for each *terziere*, were instituted for the defence of the city. The Council of the People, which formerly consisted of fifty members, was reduced to twenty-six, who with the elders ruled the city, and 180 citizens formed the General Council. The State of Lucca then consisted of 277 communes. It was strictly prohibited to insult a fellow-citizen by saying “Thou art a Guelph” or “Thou art a Ghibelline,” and sumptuary laws against undue luxury in dress were enacted. Roads were improved, bridges were built, and great embankments were thrown up to prevent the Serchio from devastating the country. The endeavours of some of the nobles to exclude the people from the higher offices of the Republic were frustrated chiefly by the patriotism of one of their own order, Francesco Guinigi, who induced the council to vote that the elders should be elected from all ranks of citizens. In 1372 Lucca and Pisa signed a five years' peace. Both were alarmed at the number of wandering bands of condottieri, and by a report that Galeazzo Visconti, that masterful, unscrupulous tyrant, was engaging mercenaries for an attack on Lucca. Strong walls were built round the city, including the suburbs, and the little town of Camajore near Viareggio was fortified.

¹ Scipione Ammirato, Book xiii. Gonf. 468.

The Story of Lucca

An alliance was made with Florence against the common enemy, and at the suggestion of Francesco Guinigi a "Preserver of Liberty" was appointed to superintend the defence of the State.

In 1383 the plague again broke out with extreme virulence in Lucca, and the city was well-nigh deserted. Once more Guinigi came forward. Placing himself at the head of the government, he shamed the chief citizens into returning to aid the poor. After his death the Forteguerra, Ronghi, Moriconi, and other nobles succeeded in abolishing the office of Preserver of Liberty, and Bartolomeo Forteguerra became all-powerful.

On 24th December 1386 Pope Urban VI. visited Lucca, where he sojourned for many months. Sercambi writes that "he was received by the Elders dressed in scarlet, and certain other citizens. They honoured him with a baldachin above his head, and with instruments, singing, and ringing of bells, whilst all the clergy accompanied our Bishop Johanni singing the *Te Deum Laudamus*. It is impossible to describe the joy caused by the coming of so great a personage. After being conducted through the city and having visited the *Volto Santo* the said Pope took up his residence at the bishop's palace. That same night the Holy Father celebrated the midnight mass in S. Martino and afterwards gave to the Gonfalonier, as the representative of the Commune of Lucca and therefore the most worthy recipient, a cap of beaver lined with grey squirrel, with an eagle embroidered in pearls thereon, a sword with a gilt handle and hilt, the scabbard being of crimson velvet, suspended to a broad girdle of silk covered with silver eagles. When the said Gonfalonier Forteguerra, his time of service having expired, left the palace, he took with him the sword, the girdle and the cap, to his house; thus shewing but small honour to the Commune, inasmuch

Republican Government and Peace

as the gift was made to the Gonfalonier, as the most important person of the Commune, and not to him personally. It also shewed great presumption and conceit, nevertheless he took them. On Christmas morning the Holy Father said high mass in the church of S. Martino and bestowed many indulgences and pardons. The joy and the pride felt by every citizen at the great honour done to Lucca in these days, it is impossible to recount. On Candlemas day the Pope gave blessed candles in the bishop's palace to a great multitude, throwing them down from the portico to the people and to the mob below. On the following Sunday, there being many barons and gentlemen in the city of Lucca, among them a renowned baron, ambassador from the Emperor, the Pope, after saying mass in S. Martino, gave to the said baron, out of respect to the Emperor, a golden rose well adorned with branches and leaves of gold. The baron caused the rose to be carried about the city of Lucca with musicians and many horsemen, and held high festival. And the citizens of Lucca were greatly consoled and rejoiced at this feast and magnificence, and at the sight of so many dignitaries, and barons, and of such splendour in their city, and thanked God heartily for it. I am constrained, these not being things to pass over, to narrate how on Palm Sunday the said Pope, having blessed the palm and olive branches and being in the portico of the bishopric where men do enter the church, gave with his own hands to every cardinal, lord, prince, baron and prelate, and to those Elders of Lucca who were there, palm and olive branches; afterwards he threw palm and olive branches to the people and the multitude in the cloisters, so that all might have such a branch for ever, and he blessed every person."¹

A few years after the Pope's visit, civil war again

¹ Sercambi, *op. cit.* i. 253 *et seq.*

broke out in Lucca. The Guinigi and their partisans, who had long chafed under their exclusion from office, met their antagonists in the Piazza S. Michele and after a fierce struggle defeated them. Forcing open the door of the Communal Palace the mob seized the trembling Gonfalonier and in spite of the entreaties and menaces of Lazzaro Guinigi killed him, and threw the corpse out of the window. Drunk with excitement and passion, the people sought in vain for Bartolomeo Forteguerra. His hiding-place was only discovered a few days later, when the prætor condemned him to death without even the semblance of a trial. On his way to execution the mob seized him at the corner of the Loggia of S. Michele and tore him to pieces.

The Republic of Lucca, of which Lazzaro Guinigi was now the moving spirit, was kept in a state of continual apprehension owing to the inroads of roving bands of mercenaries and the malevolence of Ser Jacopo d' Appiano, the new Lord of Pisa, supported by that stormy petrel Galeazzo Visconti, who ended by buying Pisa from Jacopo's son and successor. An embassy, with Lazzaro Guinigi at its head, went to compliment Visconti, and was received with such unwonted honour that the suspicions of the Florentines were aroused and they tried to murder Guinigi on his homeward journey. What they failed to do was accomplished by Guinigi's brother Antonio, to whom he had refused the hand of his ward in favour of their younger brother Paolo. The assassins tried in vain to rouse the populace, and when young Paoli Guinigi emerged from the palace carrying the *Gonfalone di Giustizia*, they were captured and beheaded.

In 1399 the plague again broke out in Lucca and was rendered more virulent owing to one of those curious waves of religious fervour so often seen in the Middle Ages. Hundreds of people clothed in white

The Bianchi

linen robes which reached down to their feet, whence their name, *Bianchi*, and capuses with two holes for their eyes, walked in procession from one town to another singing hymns and lauds.¹ Each procession lasted nine days, during which the *Bianchi* slept in churches upon straw, or in the open fields, the luxury of a bed being considered sinful. They did not change their dress or eat meat, and on Saturdays their only food was dry bread and water. Chastity was strictly enjoined, and bad language strictly prohibited. In his chronicle, Sercambi gives many of the lauds and prayers, and tells of the miracles that took place during the processions. Hundreds of men and women, many of them of gentle birth, followed the Cross. In vain did Bishop Nicola command his flock to stay at home. In vain the elders of the city forbade the processions and closed the gates of the city. When the crucifix started, and orders were given to stop it by force, men and women cried aloud *Misericordia, misericordia et pacie*, and by sheer weight of numbers bore down all opposition. Then the elders determined, "in order that Lucca might not be left without Lucchesi," that from August 15th until August 23rd, the *Bianchi*, after hearing mass in one of the principal churches, should go in procession round and about the city, and the bishop commanded them to return to their houses at sundown. The fame of these processions spread abroad. From Pisa came 800 penitents, 450 from Barga, 700 from Val di Nievole, and many hundreds from the villages round about. To all were distributed bread, wine, cheese, and fruit, for the love of God. *Bianchi* from other cities came pouring into Lucca, so that on the eve of the festival of the Holy Cross (September 14th) there were 25,000 strangers clothed in white who all fed at the expense of the city. Great praise was given in Tuscany and in Lombardy,

¹ Their favourite hymn was *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*.

The Story of Lucca

for what the commune of Lucca had done. S. Antonino describes this wonderful movement. "The multitude," he says, "donned outer robes in the shape of white shirts extending down to the feet; with capuses such as monks wear; with which they veiled their faces, holes being left for the eyes only for the purpose of seeing. All, male and female, went about



HOW THE "BIANCHI" WENT IN PROCESSIONS TO LUCCA

in vestments of this kind; all save the nuns and such recluses as are not permitted to leave the convents. Long lines of these *Dealbati* (the Latin word for *Bianchi*) journeyed to the neighbouring towns with unbelievable ardour of devotion; marching in procession, two by two; exclaiming with supplicating wail, *Peace and Pity* (*Pax et Misericordia*) and singing lauds and hymns in Latin or in the vulgar tongue; especially that Sequence which is ascribed to Gregory [Pope Gregory XI., one of many reputed authors of this Sequence]—

"Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius,"

and the following verses. A wonderful thing and scarcely believable had we not seen it with our eyes.

The Bianchi

“Their pilgrimage usually lasted nine or ten days ; during which time those who could, fasted, and the others sustained themselves on bread and water. Strangers were unanimously ‘made free’ of towns where formerly they had to pay for the privilege. No one during that time attempted to cheat, no one to oppress strangers. Enemies silently made truces. Many a peace was made in diverse places between those who had been deadly enemies for long. People went constantly to the confessional and to Holy Communion. Whenever people journeyed to other towns, or strangers came to their city, they everywhere received hearty welcome and gracious hospitality. Food was furnished without payment, to even a thousand men, out of the common good. This movement lasted for two or three months or more.

“Although it is impossible to say how the movement arose no one can deny that it is a work of God. Some have said that it had its beginning in Spain ; others in Scotia [Scotia might mean Ireland as well as Scotland], some in England, some in France. It is said that it began in the following way :—the blessed Virgin Mary is reported to have appeared to some peasant, and to have revealed to him that Her Son was distressed with the world because of its wickedness. Hence the movement to placate and reconcile Him. But there is no certainty in this.

“First of all the Lucchesi, men and women, to the number of about three thousand, donned these white robes and came to Florence. The men, nobles and commoners, marched first and the women followed, their faces veiled with the capuse, singing ; for whom and for those who had first come to Lucca, food was provided out of the common good.”¹

So many of the principal inhabitants of Lucca had

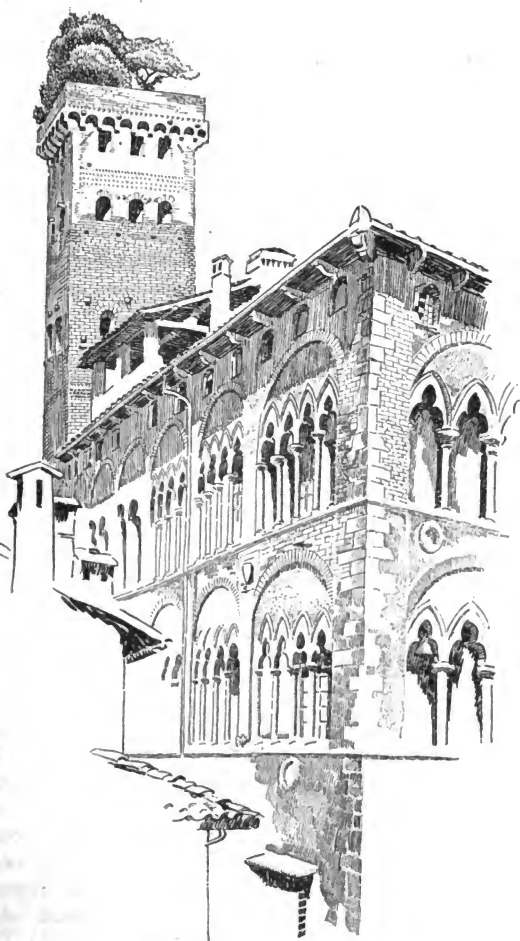
¹From the *Chronica* of Bishop Antonino, tit. xxii. cap. iii. § 32.

The Story of Lucca

fled the city on account of the plague that government was at a standstill. Giovanni Sercambi, whose chronicle has been already quoted, then determined that the weak and kindly Paolo Guinigi should be lord of Lucca. A man of low birth, clever, courageous and resourceful, Sercambi owed everything to the Guinigi. Together with the great jurist Tommaso da Ghivizzano he proposed that a Balìa, or council of twelve citizens, should be created for a year, and was himself elected Gonfalonier for September and October in lieu of the one who had fled. He sent to Visconti's captain at Pisa and asked him to hold a squadron of lancers in readiness to despatch to Lucca at any moment, and on October 14, at daybreak, Paolo Guinigi rode into the Piazza at the head of his adherents and of Visconti's lancers. Sercambi then summoned the Balìa and proclaimed him Captain and Defender of the People. A moment's silence and hesitation ensued, and then to the sound of clashing arms and shouts of "Eviva Paolo," Guinigi appeared at the door of the council chamber and received the baton of command and the banner of the people. His first acts were to send an ambassador to thank Visconti for his assistance and to solicit the continuance of his friendship, to annul all sentences of exile, and then, like Castruccio before him, he built a palace-fortress in the city.

Great rejoicings took place in Lucca to welcome the beautiful Ilaria del Caretto, Paolo Guinigi's second wife. Political prisoners were set at liberty and exiles were pardoned. The affections of his subjects were gained by his inspection of the Lucchese territory, during which he paid special attention to its agriculture. He is credited with the introduction of the Spanish chestnut, but erroneously, as the fruit is mentioned as an important article of food in Lucca nearly a hundred years earlier.

Ilaria, immortalised in the beautiful tomb by Jacopo



PALAZZO GUINIGI

The Story of Lucca

della Quercia in S. Martino, died after the birth of a daughter, and in 1407 Paolo married a third wife, Piacentina, daughter of Rodolfo da Varano. In January the following year Gregory XII. with eleven cardinals, the son of the King of Portugal, and ambassadors from Venice, Bologna, and Florence, arrived in Lucca in order to meet the anti-pope, Benedict XIII. who was at Sarzana. Gregory took up his abode in the bishop's palace, the prince and ambassadors were lodged in the houses of the principal citizens and an old chronicler writes: "The magnificent Paolo sent honourable presents to all of comfits, wax, barley, flesh, fish, and abundance of partridges." The Pope evidently enjoyed himself at Lucca, as he turned a deaf ear to the strong language of the Florentine Republic. They sent an embassy to exhort him to lose no further time in putting an end to the schism, adding that the Florentine people did not intend to permit matters to remain as they were. Meanwhile several cardinals, angry at Gregory's breach of faith in adding new members to the Sacred College, left Lucca for Pisa with the intention of holding a Council independently of either Pope. Gregory departed in July, to the great joy of Guinigi, who about the same time made an alliance with Ladislaus, King of Naples. His favourite policy of steering a middle course stood him in good stead when Louis II., Duke of Anjou, came to Italy to claim the crown of Sicily and Naples. Being received with great courtesy by Paolo, he refused to enter into any hostile combination against him, although he was an ally of King Ladislaus. By the mediation of Paolo a peace was signed at Lucca in 1413 between Florence and Genoa, and in the same year Sigismund, King of the Romans, bestowed on him and his descendants the title of Vicar of the Holy Roman Empire. This gave him the rank of a sovereign prince, and as such he was invited by the Council of Constance

Aristocratic Government in Lucca

to aid in putting an end to the schism which afflicted the Church. The Venetian Republic also created him and his heirs nobles and senators of Venice, a highly esteemed honour in those days. A few years later Paolo's third wife died, and he married Jacopa, daughter of the Lord of Rimini.

The peace and prosperity Lucca had enjoyed for some years came to an end in 1429, when the condottiere Niccolò Fortebraccio, on the pretext that a sum promised to his uncle Braccio some years before had not been paid, suddenly invaded her territory on his return from suppressing a revolt against the Florentine Republic at Volterra. "His soldiery came and went," writes Cavalcanti, "even as ants go forth and return laden with spoil. Nought was heard in all the country but the ringing of bells calling the people to arms. All the villages resounded with the shouts of men, the screams of women and the cries of children, while the gentle beasts complained with terrified lowing."¹ In hot haste an embassy was sent to beg the Signory of Florence to recall their captain. But they answered that he was no longer in their service, and that they dared not interfere with so dangerous a man. Not many days passed ere Florence threw off the mask, declared war on Lucca and sent commissaries to the front. Paolo Guinigi concentrated all his energies on the defence of the city, while the enemy burnt villages and maltreated the inhabitants. The quarters of the Florentine commissaries were filled with booty, bought at nominal prices from the soldiers. Rumours of these disgraceful proceedings reached Florence; the commissaries were recalled and those named in their stead received strict orders to invest Lucca but to leave the country people in peace.

"At that time," writes Machiavelli, "there was in Florence a most excellent architect called Filippo di

¹ *Istorie Fiorentine*, Gio. Cavalcanti, i. 299.

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Ser Brunellesco, of whose works our city is full. He demonstrated how Lucca, considering the relative levels of the city and of the bed of the river, could be flooded, and so convinced the Ten [of war] that they commanded the work to be done. Nothing came of it save disaster to our camp and security to the enemy ; for the Lucchesi, by means of an embankment raised the ground on the side to which the Serchio was to be conducted, and then one night cut the bank of the canal made for deviating its waters. So finding an impediment on the side of Lucca and an opening in the opposite embankment, the river flowed over the whole plain, and our men not only could not take the town, but had to retire." For months thousands of peasants had worked day and night to divert the stream, but as an old chronicler remarks : " It was a childish scheme. Time, labour and money were all thrown away, and nothing came of it save disgrace and loss." The Lucchesi opposed practice to theory, and knew better how to manage their headstrong river. Paolo, aware that he would be again attacked, warned Visconti that if he did not send him assistance he would be forced to sell Lucca to the Florentines. So pretending to dismiss Count Francesco Sforza from his service, the Duke sent him to Lucca. Fortebraccio was beaten, and the Florentine commissaries hastily raised the siege and withdrew into Pisan territory. Machiavelli tells us that when the Florentines knew that Sforza was marching on Pescia " they had recourse to the remedies which had so often saved them. Knowing that when force is insufficient with mercenary troops corruption will attain the desired solution, they offered the Count money, and perceiving that no more was to be extracted from the Lucchesi he willingly accepted it from those who could pay." For 60,000 ducats he agreed to foment a rising in Lucca against Paolo Guinigi and to summon Ladislaus, Paolo's eldest son,

Republican Government re-established

to join him with his cavalry for an attack on the enemy. After Ladislaus left Lucca, Pietro Cenami and Giovanni da Ghivizzano entered the palace, and forced their way into Paolo's room. Starting from his sleep he asked what was the matter. Thou art a tyrant and must die, was the reply. No longer shalt thou be our lord, thou hast led us to ruin and henceforward we intend to govern ourselves. So be it, answered Paolo, but as I have not shed the blood of a citizen during my reign, spare mine now. Cenami, reflecting that Paolo alive might be of more account than Paolo dead, granted his prayer. By a preconcerted signal from one of the towers of the city Sforza was informed of the success of the conspiracy, and immediately seized Ladislaus and disarmed his followers. Next morning, August 15 (1430) he entered Lucca in triumph and demanded 12,000 golden florins for liberating the city, while his troops gutted the Guinigi palace. Paolo was sent to Visconti, who imprisoned him in the castle of Pavia, where he soon afterwards died of a broken heart.

The Lucchesi at once re-established the ancient form of government. A *Balia* of twelve citizens, with Cenami as Gonfalonier of Justice was appointed for two months. They took possession of the citadel, engaged troops, confirmed Sforza in his position as Captain, sent to notify the change of government to the Pope and other Italian states, and messengers to the Duke of Milan to ask for help. But Sforza played them false. The Florentines presented him with 50,000 florins and under the pretext that forage could no longer be found for his horses he withdrew towards Parma. Ambassadors were then despatched to Florence to beg her to withdraw her army and make peace with a sister Republic. On the plea that several fortresses were still in the hands of the Duke of Milan and that the Lucchesi had never

been able to defend their liberty, a deaf ear was turned to these prayers, and the army before Lucca was reinforced. In their distress the Lucchesi turned to Visconti, who as Cavalcanti writes: "gave ear to the piteous prayers of the people of Lucca, moved not so much by charity or pity as by the desire to rule. He commanded Niccolò Piccinino to succour the beleaguered city and the great man, perfect master of the art [of war] obeyed, and selected about 1000 able horsemen, all good fighters, and a sufficient number of his best infantry. With these chosen troops he unfurled his banner to the wind and rode across the plain of Serrazana towards Tuscany at a good gallop. Proceeding under this bold leader the soldiers were astonished by a marvellous miracle, and even more afraid than astonished by the terrible darkness caused by so marvellous a prodigy. Behind them they beheld a long line of crows, broad as well as long, which filled the whole sky and by the movement of their wings caused the plants of the earth to bend as though stirred by a breeze. The great multitude cast such a shadow that the light of the sun was hidden from the troopers. They halted in doubt, for as a crow is said to be a messenger of evil, they inferred that such infinite numbers must augur infinite ill. Then turning their eyes towards Piombino they beheld a far larger number of those messengers of evil rapidly approaching, and above the soldiers the two feathered hosts met in great and mortal combat. The fight was so furious that innumerable quantities of either army fell dead to the earth. Some with broken legs, others with broken wings, others again with entrails torn out by the puncture of strong bills. Many sacks could have been filled with the dead and the wounded. Among the troopers were many who dismounted, perchance with the intent to say not only we saw,

Rout of the Florentines

but we touched, this marvel. And after the battle had lasted several hours those that came from the direction of the Lombard lands took possession of the sky and headed towards the sea-board of Piombino. So rapid was their flight that the eyes of men could not follow them. The valiant Captain turned the thoughts of his followers from fear to the hope of a glorious victory, saying in a loud voice: Oh, men strong in battle, defenders of justice, chastisers of the wicked, rejoice, for this is a sign that the divine intelligences promise you victory. Advance, for we shall be victors in the battle. As you have seen the long line which came up behind us cover the sky and pass towards where our enemies are, thus shall we swoop down upon those iniquitous hordes. With these words he restored the courage of his men, and they advanced into the territory of Lucca.”¹

On December 2, 1430, he arrived in pouring rain at S. Pietro, a village on the banks of the Serchio, two miles from Lucca. The bridge was guarded by the enemy, and the river in full flood. The rain, however, ceased and the river rapidly subsided, so that at nightfall Piccinino was able to ford the stream. He utterly routed the Florentines, and their commanders fled with the two commissaries; fifteen thousand horsemen, the flower of the army, were made prisoner, and large booty was taken. In the evening Niccolò Piccinino entered Lucca amid the frantic joy of the inhabitants who had been besieged for thirteen months. “The citizens,” continues Cavalcanti, “were jubilant. Tables were spread at every door, fine wines, excellent dishes, and refreshments of all sorts were offered to the soldiery, and they were solaced with various perfumes. Widows, married women, and maidens, went dancing

¹ *Istorie Fiorentine, op. cit., i. 376-377.*

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in front of the Captain and singing songs of praise. The bells of the city rang out joyful peals, hymns of thanksgiving were sung by the priests, and everywhere was feasting, gaiety and joyfulness. The best masters of painting were chosen to depict the gallant man, in order that he might be ever present to the eyes of the living and remembered by those to come." Reconquering the Lunigiana and other portions of the State of Lucca from the Florentines, and devastating part of the Pisan territory, Piccinino pushed on as far as Volterra, when he was recalled by Visconti who was hard pressed by the Venetians. Meanwhile Lucca made a league against Florence with Siena, Genoa and the Duke of Milan, to whom, as a testimony of her gratitude, knowing his great love for ancient books, she presented two of her most valuable codices, one containing three Decades of Livy, the other the Decretals of Gratian.



HOW THE LUCCHESI WENT TO PISA AND TOOK MANY
BUFFALOES AND PRISONERS

CHAPTER IV

IN 1432 the Florentines made another unsuccessful attempt to seize Lucca. Even during the sojourn of the Emperor Sigismund in the city they overran and devastated the Lucchese territory, and one of his barons was killed in a skirmish. Cavalcanti describes Sigismund as being "well-made, with rather a broad face, brilliant and piercing eyes, a long, thick, and straight beard. Sometimes he wore a cap, but often he would go bareheaded, his hair flowing over his shoulders. He dressed richly, but not too much so, and he showed himself to the people at Siena every day. When he rode out he sometimes met a woman, beautiful and of fine presence, whom he saw with pleasure on account of the good name she bore. The Emperor would bow so low to her that several times she was able to place a garland of greenery upon his head. Though to many the gift seemed small, Sigismund valued it much, not for the cost, but for the virtue of the donor."¹ At last the Pope intervened, and in April 1433 peace was signed between the Duke of Milan, Siena, Lucca and Genoa on the one side, Venice and Florence on the other. It lasted only three years, for the Genoese rebelled

¹ *Istorie Fiorentine*, Giovanni Cavalcanti, i. 485.

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against Visconti, made an alliance with Florence and Venice, and by way of celebrating their freedom, took Lavenza, Massa Carrara and Pietrasanta. The Lucchesi were preparing to march against the aggressors when Niccolò Piccinino, sent by Visconti to attack the Florentines, appeared upon the scene. The elders of Lucca found themselves in an awkward position. By refusing to allow him to traverse Lucca they would be guilty of gross ingratitude towards his master the duke; whilst Florence would declare war if they treated him as a friend. They decided on the latter course, whereupon Count Francesco Sforza was sent by the Florentines with a large force and obtained a brilliant victory over Piccinino near Barga. The Venetians meanwhile had attacked Visconti who recalled Piccinino to Lombardy and the Florentines, seeing, as Machiavelli writes: "that the only man they feared was engaged with the Venetians, and that the Lucchesi could not complain, inasmuch as they had received the enemy of Florence in their territory," determined once more to try and seize the hated city. Sforza started in May 1437, destroyed crops, burnt villas, raided cattle, took many villages and at length encamped before Lucca. Jacopo Burlamacchi contrived to slip through the besieging force and obtained Visconti's promise to send help in spite of his war with Venice. Piccinino crossed the Apennines and raided the Florentine territory, while the duke for the third time held out hopes to Sforza that he would give him his daughter Bianca in marriage, provided he withdrew from the siege of Lucca. At the same time he advised the Lucchesi to accept any terms that might be offered by the Florentines. Their terms were hard. Lucca was constrained to cede a great part of her territory outside and two strong places inside the six miles radius round the city, but three years later a treaty of peace was concluded between

New Constitution drawn up

the two republics and Lucca regained possession of what belonged to her. This unwonted generosity on the part of Florence was probably due to the success of Visconti's arms against her ally Venice, and to the fear that the Lucchesi would seize the opportunity to try and win back her lost towns by force. Anyhow peace and good-will for a time succeeded to the bitter hatred which had lasted for nearly two centuries between the two republics.

For the better protection of their liberty the Lucchesi drew up a new constitution called *Statutum de Regimine palatii dominorum Antianorum*. Public lectures were given on civil law, while Greek and Latin were ordered to be taught by competent men. War and plague had so decimated the city that country artisans were commanded to establish themselves within the walls, every peasant who had more than four sons was obliged to make one of them learn a trade and dwell in Lucca, whilst bachelors in the service of the State were threatened with the loss of their employment if they did not marry.

With the exception of an abortive attempt on the part of Ladislaus Guinigi to gain possession of the city, quiet reigned until Charles VIII. came into Italy to conquer the kingdom of Naples. In November 1494 he entered Lucca, and like other sovereigns immediately requested the burghers to lend him money. They offered him 40,000 ducats as a gift, and he held out hopes that he would restore to them Pietrasanta, which had been taken from them by Genoa, then by the Florentines from Genoa, and which Piero de' Medici had ceded to the king together with Pisa, Motrone, Ripafratta and Leghorn. When Charles left Italy, in spite of his promises to the Florentines, he gave Pisa to the Pisans, Sarzana to Genoa, and Pietrasanta to Lucca. "It is a miserable thing to have to relate," writes Guicciardini,

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“that the Genoese, the Sienese, and the Lucchesi, who so short a time ago trembled before us, should now without fear or respect for our power tear us to pieces and lord it over us ; not by means of their own strength or knowledge, but by using as their instrument the King of France ; a king, who careless of the convention solemnly held by him in Florence, perfidiously sold us and gave our dominions to our enemies.” When the Florentines attempted to reconquer Pisa, Lucca secretly gave her what help she dared. The war continued with varying fortune until in 1505 the Florentine troops suffered an ignominious defeat under the very walls of Pisa, when they made proposals of peace which were scornfully rejected. With the object of assisting Pisa a league was made between Siena, Genoa and Lucca for a year, and the Florentines retaliated by breaking off all intercourse with Lucca. Finally they overran and devastated her territory. The Lucchesi in their alarm created a *Balia* of twenty-four citizens, and in January 1509 two of them went as ambassadors to Florence and a treaty of peace was made which the Florentines respected until they had conquered Pisa. They then tried to obtain possession of Pietrasanta, and Lucca appealed to Maximilian I. who was in need of money. For 9,000 golden florins he confirmed everything his predecessors had bestowed on the Lucchesi and declared all cessions of territory they had made to Florence to be null and void.

The growing power of Florence and the election of Giovanni de' Medici to the papal chair was a direct menace to Lucca, and the alarm of her citizens was increased when in 1515 Leo X. met Francis I. at Bologna. They knew that the Pope was endeavouring to obtain the consent of the King of France to unite Siena and Lucca with Florence under the rule of his brother Giuliano de' Medici, and after Giuliano's early

The Nobles obtain Supreme Power

death under that of his nephew Lorenzo, the Duke of Urbino. But Lorenzo died in 1519 and three years later the Emperor graciously accepted a gift of 10,000 florins and confirmed the privileges enjoyed by Lucca as an Imperial city. Meanwhile the nobles had gradually possessed themselves of supreme power, the people were discontented, food was dear, and the silk trade was languishing. The Senate promulgated laws as to the weaving of silk which exasperated the people. Owners of only one loom were forbidden to work for their own account and only allowed to accept orders from duly qualified persons, while the daily wage of a weaver was fixed at a lower rate than had hitherto been customary. The excuse given for these arbitrary laws was that for immediate gain the poorer weavers had made an inferior quality of goods and thus ruined the reputation of the Lucchese silk; the people, however, declared that the laws were not made for the public good but for the private gain of the nobles, most of whom were engaged in the silk trade. Things came to a climax on April 20, 1531, when according to old custom the young men celebrated with songs the incoming of spring. Instead of singing May songs, they paraded the city with a ragged black flag, armed, and beating drums. The nobles contemptuously called it the revolution "degli Straccioni," or of the Ragged Fellows, but two days later the revolution became serious and the obnoxious laws were repealed. Emboldened by success and joined by other craftsmen, the weavers now demanded that the number of senators should be increased by thirty, to be chosen from their ranks, and that no man should fill more than two offices. This was agreed to, but murders and robberies still continued in the once tranquil city, and at length the senators secretly planned to summon an armed force from the small dependent town of Camajore. This became known and added fuel to the flame. Some of

their palaces were attacked and sacked, work was at a standstill, and finally the mob besieged the municipal palace. The church bells rang out to call well-intentioned citizens under the banners of their respective quarters of the city in aid of the senators; but they would have accomplished little had not a priest, relying on the immunity accorded to his habit, walked through the ranks of the besiegers and hastened to Monte S. Quirico. Martino Buonvisi, one of the chief nobles of Lucca, had retired there after the attack on his palace, and now collecting his retainers he rode hard for Lucca. Friends were waiting at nightfall to open the gates of the city, the insurgents were routed, their leaders were beheaded or exiled, and tranquility once more reigned in the city.

In 1536 Charles V. was in Lucca, and one of her historians notes with pride that as the Emperor rode round the walls he exclaimed: "This is not the small town that has been described to me, but one so strong that if well-furnished with men and provisions a large army would be needed to reduce it." Six years later the Emperor was again at Lucca to meet Paul III. "Immense was the concourse of great and noble people," exclaims an eye-witness. "The Dukes of Florence and of Ferrara, the Duke of Alva and the Viceroy of Naples, and sixteen Cardinals in attendance on the Pope." Paul received the Emperor first in the cathedral, and next day they were closeted together for some hours in the archiepiscopal palace. The Emperor was lodged in the Diodati palace, and during his visit the mistress of the house gave birth to a son, who was christened by the Pope, whilst Charles V. stood sponsor. Not many years afterwards the boy who entered life under such august auspices was a wanderer on the face of the earth, his parents being among the Reformers who fled for their lives to Geneva in 1555. His son was Giovanni Diodati, Oriental scholar and

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Professor of Hebrew at the University of Geneva, whose translation of the Bible into Italian is well-known. The Lutheran movement in Lucca seems not to have excited much attention, so that a few words about it, and about the men to whom it was chiefly due, may be of interest. The rich Lucchesi silk-merchants who had houses in Lyons, where the Reformation had struck root, and in Geneva, which was in open rebellion against her bishop, and her liege lord the Duke of Savoy, were the first to spread Lutheran ideas in their native town early in the sixteenth century. This is shown by a decree promulgated by the Elders in 1525, prohibiting the introduction of Lutheran books into Lucca under penalty of a fine of fifty ducats.¹ This movement continued for forty or more years until extinguished by the fires of the Inquisition.

The arrival in 1541 of Peter Martyr Vermiglio as prior of the monastery of S. Frediano gave a strong impetus to the spread of Lutheranism in Lucca. Born in Florence in 1500, he was left with a small pittance by his father, who had been an adherent of Savonarola and objected to his son becoming an Augustinian friar. But Peter Vermiglio studied to such purpose that at twenty-six he was made a doctor of divinity and preached in the principal Italian cities, besides lecturing on philosophy at Parma and Bologna. When prior of S. Pietro ad Ara at Naples he read Martin Bucer's²

¹ *Archivio Storico Italiano*, x. 62, Appendix.

² A learned German Dominican friar, born in 1491, and whose name, Kuhhorn, was thus latinised. The tracts of Erasmus, and of Luther, whom he met at Worms in 1521, led him to adopt their opinions, but he seems to have wavered between the views of Luther and of Zwingli. He incurred the anger of the Emperor, Charles V., by refusing to sign the agreement called the *Interim*. Flying to England he stayed with Cranmer until appointed to lecture on theology at Cambridge, where he was made a doctor of divinity. He died in 1551, and three years later, under Queen Mary, his body was dug up and burned. For the following account

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Commentaries on the Gospels and the Psalms, and Zwingli's Treatise on True and False Religion.

of the burning of Bucer's body, I am indebted to the kindness of Professor Alex. Macalister of Cambridge University. "They sent for the Vice-Chancellor to know in what redines he had set thynges for the taking uppe and brenning of Bucer and Fagius, who, answering that provision was made for all thys, accordingly they sent with him Marshall the Notary, and they first took othe of Ands. Smith, Keir-Sawyer, and Keir-Adams in St Myhellis" (Fagius was burned in St Michael's, and these witnesses were for the identification of the corpse), "and the lyke othe they took at St Marye's" (where Bucer was buried) "of R. Smyth, Will. Hassel Alderman, and J. Capper Sexton. Smith the Maior of ye town which should be their executioner commanded certaine of his townesmen to wait upon him with harnesse by which the dead bodyes were garded, and being bound with ropes and layed upon men's shoulders, for they were enclosed in chestes, Bucer in the same that he was buried, were borne into the middle of ye Market Sted with a great trayne of people following them. This place was prepared before, and a greate poste was set faste in the grounde to bynde the carcasses to, and a greate heape of woode was layde ready to burn them withal. When they came thither the chestes were set up on end wyth ye dead bodyes in them and fastened on both sydes with stakes and bound to the poste with a large yron chayne as if they had bene alive. Fyre being forthwithe put to. As soon as it began to flame rounde aboute a greate sorte of bookes that were condemned wyth theym were caste into the same. There was that day gathered into the towne a greate multitude of country folke (for it was market day) who, seyinge men borne to execution, and learning by enquire that they were dead before, partly detested and abhorred the extreme crueltye of the Commissioners toward the rotten carcasses, and partly laughed at theyr folly." In 1560, by order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Queen Elizabeth (Archbishop Parker, Bishop Grindall and Dr Haddon), the Vice-Chancellor was ordered to restore Bucer and Fagius to the dignities which they had possessed. Of course their ashes could not be collected, but by a Grace of the Senate, July 22, 1560, the degrees and titles which the deceased had enjoyed were restored to them, and all acts and proceedings against them or their doctrines were rescinded.—*Annals of Cambridge* by Cooper, vol. ii. p. 118.

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These had a powerful influence on him which was increased by his friendship with such men as the Pronotary Carnesecchi, one of the first martyrs in the cause of the Reformed religion, Benedetto Cusano, Flaminio the poet, Juan Valdez,¹ and Bernardino Ochino, of whom Cardinal Bembo said, "it seemed to me that I never beheld a holier man."² Peter Martyr Vermiglio then began to interpret the Gospels in a manner highly displeasing to the Curia, but he had powerful friends in Rome and was appointed Prior of S. Frediano in Lucca, an important office as it conferred episcopal authority over a large part of the city. Here, aided by his friends, he founded a school. Among the teachers were Paolo Lacisio of Verona (afterwards Professor of Greek at Stras-

¹ A Spaniard who followed Charles V. to Naples and became secretary to the Viceroy. In Germany he had made the acquaintance of Luther and become imbued with the Reformed doctrines. He aided in establishing a society for the study of the Scriptures at Naples, one of whose members was Peter Martyr Vermiglio.

² Born in 1487, he became a Capuchin and was elected General of his Order on account of his austere life and great eloquence as a preacher. His faith in the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church was shaken by his intimacy with Valdez and with Peter Martyr. In Venice he preached doctrines akin to those of the Reformers and had to fly from the Inquisition in 1541. Calvin received him hospitably at Geneva, but owing to the sceptical tendency of his mind, the freedom of his opinions, and his controversial asperity, considerable friction arose between him and the leaders of the Reformation. He was pastor of the Italian exiles in Geneva from 1542 until 1544, and then at Augsburg, until in 1547 he went to England with Peter Martyr Vermiglio. When Mary came to the throne he left, and was appointed minister at Zurich to an Italian congregation of exiles from the Ticino. His adoption of some of the views of the Socinian heresy and the publication of his *XXX Dialogi* caused a complete separation between him and the leaders of the Reformation. Ochino died in poverty in Moravia in 1565.

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burg); Count Celso Martinengo (who became pastor of the Italian Protestant Church at Geneva); Emanuele Tremelli (a Jew who had been converted by Cardinal Pole); Marc' Antonio Flaminio the poet (who took refuge in England); Girolamo Zanchi of Bergamo (one of the ten monks who followed Peter Martyr into exile and became Professor of Sacred Literature and of Philosophy at the University of Strasburg); and Celio Secondo Curione (a Piedmontese of noble birth, afterwards Professor of Eloquence at Basle, and an intimate friend of Melancthon). Peter Martyr expounded the Epistles of S. Paul in Italian, and his lectures were attended by numbers of the principal citizens of Lucca, many of whom became Lutherans like himself.

The attention of Cardinal Guidiccione, Bishop of Lucca, was aroused, and he wrote from Rome to the senator: "Here it is reported from diverse sources, that the pestiferous errors of that condemned sect, the Lutherans, have multiplied in our city. Although they appeared to have died out, it is evident they only slept in order to awake refreshed. It is my duty, being of the city, holding the rank and office I do, knowing that God is being insulted and that our city is in peril, and how dangerous delay may be, to advise our Holy Father to intervene. But being certain that such intervention cannot take place without grave disaster and shame to our city I think it best to write first to Your Excellencies to advise you of the evil repute of our said city, and to beg you to take steps to cure the evil while still possible; assuring you that if you do not do this, and quickly, measures will be taken by others in a manner most displeasing to yourselves. Till now we thought, as I told our Lord the Pope, that the evil had only attacked a few pedants and women. But on hearing of the meetings held in S. Agostino, of the doctrines taught there and pub-

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lished, and perceiving that no spiritual or temporal remedy is applied by those in authority, we can only suppose that this is done with their knowledge and approval. Therefore, again I beg Y.E. to take steps to turn the evil odour spread by this abomination into a sweet fragrance, to drive out those friars, authors and abettors, of these pestiferous errors, and to put in their place persons who will bear good fruit. A proper remedy might be to punish some of that sect, but Y.E. ought to know the malady, and the necessary medicines better than I do. I remind Y.E. that the longer the evil is allowed to exist, the greater it will become and the more difficult to eradicate, so that what the doctor is not able to do the surgeon will have to accomplish.”¹

The Pope had good reason for alarm and anger. Lutheran doctrines, but slightly veiled, were being preached in Ferrara and in Modena. Bologna, Padua, and Vicenza, showed signs of accepting the new teaching, and more than three thousand teachers professed the Lutheran faith. In Venice a Florentine republican, Bruccioli, who had conspired against Cardinal Giulio de' Medici (afterwards Clement VII.), was translating the Bible into Italian. In the preface he strongly advocated that the people should read the Scripture and say their prayers in their own tongue.² “At that time,” writes P. A. Bandino, “no one could pass for an accomplished man or a good courtier who did not profess some erroneous or heretical opinions about the dogmas of the Church.”³ Paul III. took

¹ *Archivio Storico Italiano*, documents in Appendix, tom. x. p. 163.

² The first edition was published in 1532 in one vol. without notes. Others followed in 1542 and 1546 in seven vols. with notes in the Protestant sense.

³ *Vita di Paolo IV.* Carraciolo MS. Brit. Museum. See also *History of the Popes*, Leopold Ranke, translated by Mrs Austin, i. 74.

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counsel with Cardinal Caraffa and with Alvarez de Toledo, Cardinal of Burgos, and the Papal Bull establishing the Inquisition in Italy was published July 21, 1542. An Augustinian friar was seized at Lucca by command of the Pope and imprisoned, and a meeting of the Order was called at Genoa which Peter Martyr was invited to attend. But his friends, fearing lest he should share the fate of the friar, advised him to fly. He went to Strasburg where he was appointed Professor of Theology, and within a year eighteen monks from his convent at Lucca followed him into exile and joined the Reformed Church. In 1547 Peter Martyr Vermiglio went to England with Bernardino Ochino on the invitation of Archbishop Cranmer, who assigned to each of them a yearly pension of forty marks; in the same year he was made a Regius Professor at Oxford, and Ochino a Canon of Canterbury. In January 1551 Peter Martyr was installed as a Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, "when," writes Anthony Wood, "he continually received very opprobrious language from the Roman Catholics, as well scholars as laics, and often had his windows broken." All the most learned men of the University were his friends, Bishop Hooper and Miles Coverdale attended his lectures, and he was on intimate terms with Bishops Latimer and Ridley.¹

The Cardinal-Bishop seems to have been satisfied with driving Peter Martyr and three or four of his friends into exile. Other members of the infant Church continued to worship God in secret until "fresh accusations were made against the Republic of Lucca for tolerating the diffusion of Lutheran doctrines instead of energetically repressing them, and for permitting books in which those doctrines were taught to circulate without let or hindrance, a thing which created much

¹ *The Life and Times of Paleario*, M. Young. Bell Dalby, London, 1860.

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indignation. These complaints and accusations were promulgated not only in Rome but also in Lucca, where protests were laid before the bishop and the canons of the cathedral. The senate, seeing that active measures had become necessary to wipe out the stain, awoke from their inertia (in which they could no longer remain without peril to themselves) and issued stringent orders against holding meetings for the discussion of religious subjects or corresponding with heretics. All heretical books were forbidden, and a special office was instituted to watch over all delinquents, with the understanding that a veil should be drawn over the past and only the future be liable to attack. But the Ordinary, who had already commenced several trials, did not agree to this and refused to stay his proceedings. The Pope was appealed to ; he approved of the decree, and consented that no one should be molested for past errors.”¹ Meanwhile the families who had fled to Switzerland and to France on account of religion were declared rebels, and their property was confiscated. The senate had been informed by someone in the confidence of Charles V. that if this heresy was not eradicated the Republic of Lucca would probably be incorporated with the Duchy of Tuscany, but assurances of great vigilance regarding all religious matters and an offering of 4000 golden scudi turned away the wrath of the Emperor. Not long afterwards the discovery that the Gonfalonier, Francesco Burlamacchi, was plotting to unite Pisa, Siena and Florence, with Lucca in one Republic, and to restore the Church to its primitive purity by depriving the clergy of their property and the Pope of his temporal dominions, burst like a bomb among his fellow-senators. Burlamacchi, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Plutarch, was imbued with ideas of liberty and of the ancient importance of his native city. No doubt he acquired a passionate longing for

¹ *Archivio Storico Italiano*, tom. x. p. 429.

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the regeneration of the papacy from his uncle Filippo Burlamacchi, better known as Fra Pacifico, the ardent disciple of Savonarola who wrote the first life of the great friar.¹ This longing took a more definite form when Martin Luther published his celebrated Ninety Theses against the sale of indulgences in 1515. When the plot was revealed to the senate of Lucca, Burlamacchi was imprisoned and cruelly tortured in order to make him denounce his associates. By the Emperor's command he was sent to Milan, and after two years of rigorous imprisonment was beheaded with other political prisoners in 1548. A few months before the discovery of the plot Aonio Paleario had been appointed Professor of Eloquence at the University of Lucca on the recommendation of the Cardinals Bembo and Sadoletto, both of whom, unfortunately for him, died soon afterwards.

Paleario, born at Veroli in the Roman Campagna about 1502, lost his parents whilst still a lad. A good classical scholar and a student of philosophy, he adopted law as his profession, but was profoundly influenced by the great religious movement of the Reformation. In 1530 we find him at Siena, where his defence of Antonio Bellanti established his fame as an orator. He married, and bought Ceciniano, a villa which once belonged to Aula Cecina between Colle and Volterra. But he continued to occupy himself with theology, which involved him in a quarrel with a monk who was preaching at Colle. He accused Paleario of intruding into the province of the priesthood by daring to inquire into the doctrines of the Scriptures, and raised such a storm against him that his application for the chair of philology at Siena was rejected. Four years passed ere he went to Lucca, where he met Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, who was on his way to the Emperor's court at Nuremberg to protest in the name

¹ *Lucques et les Burlamacchi*. Charles Eynard, Paris, 1848.

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of the Neapolitans against the establishment of the Inquisition in their city. This journey cost him his principality and the town of Salerno her University, which was never re-opened.

Paleario's reputation as a man of letters stood high. His style, especially in Italian, was considered equal to that of Bembo, an acknowledged master. He defends the use of the Tuscan tongue in a letter to Bartolommeo Ricci, tutor to the young sons of Ercole II., Duke of Ferrara. "I do confess that I take great pleasure in the language at present commonly used in Tuscany, both on account of its beauty and elegance, and because it does not differ much from the language of Italy in which we were born and brought up, and which we have, as it were, drunk in with our mother's milk. What would I give, dear Ricci, if nature had relieved us from the trouble we daily take to learn languages. . . . I may also tell you that in my Latin and Greek interpretations I do not use the Latin tongue, in order not to be too curbed or restrained. I now use the Tuscan language, I do not say Italian, for I do not approve of all the dialects. As in Greece the Attic dialect was admirably adapted to oratory, so in Italy the Tuscan is peculiarly suited both for speaking and writing." In 1549 a decree of the tribunal of the Inquisition ordered that every citizen of Lucca, under pain of severe penalties, was to attend the services of the Roman Catholic Church, and Bishop-Cardinal Guidiccioni was named Chief Commissioner for the extirpation of heresy in his diocese. But owing to the remonstrances of Senator Arnolfini, who had many relations in the Sacred College, the introduction of the Inquisition into Lucca was delayed, until Cardinal Caraffa, whose hatred of the Reformed religion amounted almost to a frenzy, became Pope. *Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis* was the favourite saying of Paul V. and the Grand Inquisitor Michele Ghislieri,

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who succeeded him as Pius V., was his willing coadjutor. Many Lucchesi Lutherans were imprisoned and tortured, others saved their lives by denying their faith, or by flight.¹ On January 9, 1562, the Senate of Lucca passed a decree forbidding all citizens of Lucca who had fallen into heresy from settling in France, Flanders, Brabant, or Spain. They sent spies to find out the settlements already formed, and offered a reward of 300 *écus* to anyone who could prove that he had slain a Lucchese heretic in any of the above-mentioned countries. France took the Lucchesi in French territory under her protection, and remonstrated with Lucca against the edict. On March 6, 1596, Berne wrote to thank the King of France, and on the same day addressed a letter to the Senate of Lucca asking them to withdraw their edict, threatening reprisals if they refused. The Senate of Geneva, where the largest number of the Lucchesi Lutherans had taken refuge, also wrote a strong letter to that of Lucca.²

¹ *Aonio Paleario, ou la Réforme en Italie.* Jules Bonnet.

² As a curiosity, I give the letter. *Corpus Reformatorum*, xlvii. 303-4.

“Le Senat de Geneve a celui de Lucques.

“Magnificques Seigneurs, six mois sont passez que aulcungs de vos citoyens se sont retirez en ceste nostre cite pour la cause que scavez et qui vous est notoire, lesquelz nous avons receuz par amitye et benignement. Et apres que avons cosnu leur vie bonne et mœurs honestes nous les avons receu pour habitans. Et depuis avons fait aulcungs diceulx bourgeois pour jouyr et participer avec nous de tous les privileges commoditez et prerogatives de ceste notre cite et habitans dicelle. Or toutesfoys nous avons entendu que despuys le moys de Janver dernier passe vous avez fait ung edict nouveau contre aulcung deulx, declarez par vous rebelles, par lequel promectez loyer et salaire de troy cens escutz avec aultres choses a celuy ou ceulx qui tueront aulcungs deceulz non seulement en vostre pays et territoire mais aussy au pays d'Italie, France, Flandres et Espagne. Ce qui nous vient a desplaisir et nous contriste grandement

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Paleario left Lucca in 1555 to fill the chair of eloquence at Milan; but when Pius V. became Pope he was summoned to Rome, accused of heresy on account of a Latin oration delivered twenty-five years before, imprisoned, and tortured. On July 8, 1570, he was hanged and his remains were burnt. It is remarkable that towards the end of his life he prophetically wrote, "It is hardly possible for a man to be a Christian and to die in his bed."¹

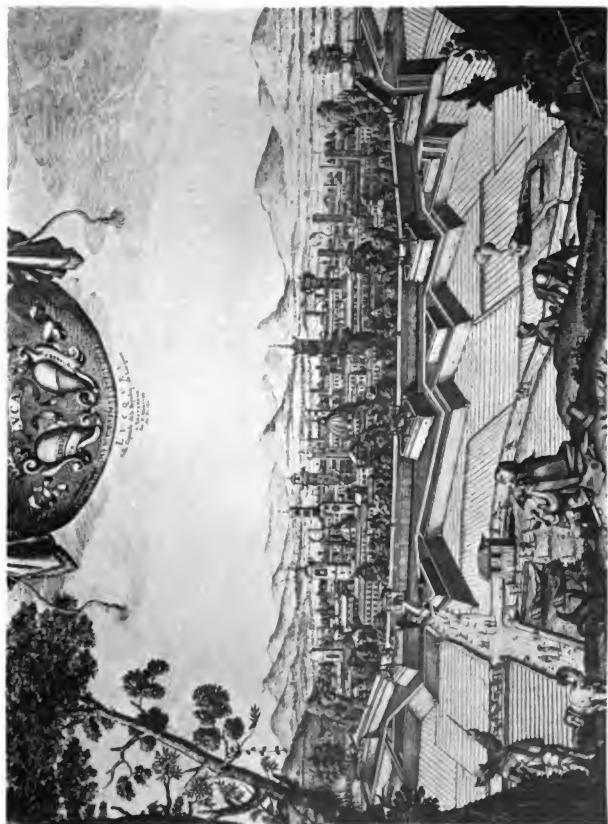
comme chose contraire a la protection et sauvegarde en laquelle nous les avons receu dautant que eulz ayant par vous este privez de vostre civilite et par nous faictz et receuz en nostre subjection, par le moyen de vostre edict sommes grevez en nostre liberte par ce quilz sont privez du moyen de traffique et commerce en pays qui ne sont de vostre subjection. A ces causes nous envoions le present porteur ung de nos hommes vous prians affectueusement que attendu les choses susdictes il vous plaise revoquer ung edict afin de maintenir et conserver l'amitye qui a este de long temps entre nous a vostre grand profit et utilite joinct aussy quil est necessaire et utile pour la liberte de la vostre et nostre republique quil y ayt mutuelle affection et convenance en toutes actions civiles et commerces. En ce faisant comme nous esperons que ferez, nous ferez chose agreable. Et le semblable ferons pour vous quand l'occasion sy presentera. Aultrement nous ne pouvons faire sinon conserver nostre liberte et pourveoir a la seurete et indemnite de noz subjectz a laquelle nous sommes obligez. Comme nous ferons en temps et lieu par les moyens que droict et raison les porteront selon que vous mesmes porrez juger. Prians le Seigneur conserver vostre seigneurie. Donne ce xxvii de Fevrier 1562."

¹ *Aonii Palearii Opera* (ed. Wetsen, 1696), 91.

CHAPTER V

AFTER the fall of Siena in 1555, Lucca was the only Republic left in Tuscany. Her nobles professed to fear that the influx of strangers from other cities might introduce ideas and customs foreign to the old order of things: the *Governo Largo*, or popular government, introduced after the "Ragged Revolution," had always been odious to them. So, in 1558, the Gonfalonier, Martino Bernadini, proposed the abolition of the law that the child of a foreigner, or of a peasant, born in Lucca, became by right a citizen of the town and eligible for all public offices. The law which did away with these rights, called *Martiniana* after its framer, passed, notwithstanding the opposition of those who had settled in Lucca and had relied on the assurance that their sons would eventually participate in the government. Some seventy years later, the *Governo Stretto*, or aristocratic form of government, was intensified by a law that members of the Senate should be exclusively chosen from the noble families then in existence, whose names and coats-of-arms were inscribed in a *Libro d'Oro*, which is still in the archives of Lucca.

All internal dissensions paled before the plague of 1631, when 10,000 people died in the town, and 15,000 in the province of Lucca. Special hospitals were opened, doctors were summoned from Bologna to replace those who had succumbed to the malady, and trade was at a standstill. Some seventeen years later, the plague broke out with still greater severity. The mortality among the poorer classes was terrible, as



LUCCA ABOUT THE END OF THE 17TH CENTURY, FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE
CIVIC LIBRARY, LUCCA

The Pretender James Stuart, in Lucca

drought had caused scarcity of food. In the midst of all this misery it is recorded that the Senate found time to think of such trivialities as bestowing the title of "Most Excellent," instead of "Most Illustrious," on the Gonfalonier; of "Excellency" on the two elders who accompanied him on solemn occasions, as well as the right of having a baldachin over their chairs. The Gonfalonier's hat was also changed to a ducal cap, "in order to increase his dignity and majesty." The rule of the elders was most despotic. We find one of their order condemned to the galleys for ten years for corresponding on private business with a minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and two others were beheaded for saying that it would not be difficult to walk in the footsteps of Paolo Guinigi, and seize the lordship of Lucca. But, with the exception of small disputes with neighbouring States, and with the Vatican about the law of mortmain, there is nothing to record about the Republic until it incurred the wrath of England for receiving the Pretender, James Stuart, and his wife Maria Clementina, with royal honours in 1721. In July, the little city of Lucca was in a flutter of excitement over the arrival of the Countess of Cornwall, as the wife of the Pretender called herself. She only stayed one night at the inn della Campana, which still exists under the same name, and left next morning for the baths of Lucca, where her husband joined her some days later. The Republic placed the Casa Buonvisi (now Villa Webb) at their disposal, and sent the Senator Spada and his wife to the baths of Lucca with minute instructions to attend to their comfort. The price of eatables was ordered not to be raised, and Spada had full powers to imprison without trial anyone who concealed or refused to sell them provisions. He was charged to frequent the ante-chamber of H.M., to discover his tastes, and to see that he was well served.

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When James and Clementina left the baths in September, they stayed for a few days in Lucca, at Palazzo Mansi. Festivities were given in their honour, and, in a public address, they were styled their majesties the king and queen. When they went to pray before the *Volto Santo*, the Chapter of S. Martino received them in state, and they were sumptuously entertained at the expense of the Republic. In addition to this, the Pretender's manifesto, circulated in England, was dated from Lucca, and had been printed there.

Great was the consternation when it was rumoured that the Honourable Malewort (under which name English readers will not easily recognise Molesworth), the English ambassador to Turin and Florence, who was also accredited to Lucca, had said that a question had arisen of prohibiting the entry into England of the olive oil and the manufactures of Lucca. The Honourable John Molesworth, who evidently was not lacking in humour, gave the little Republic a terrible fright. She excused herself lamely, and apologised most humbly, so the export of olive oil and manufactures to England went on as before.¹ In 1789 the French Revolution set Europe in a blaze, and little Lucca suffered like other States. In vain the Senate tried to satisfy the demands for money made by both France and Austria. They were at last reduced to melt down the gold and silver plate belonging to the palace, and to appeal to the citizens to melt down theirs in order to send money to General Berthier, who in return promised to respect the independence of the Republic. In January 1799 General Sérurier entered Lucca and demanded the immediate payment of 5000 sequins, a loan of 2,000,000 francs, rations for his

¹ *Giacomo III Stuardo e la sua Reale Consorte Maria Sobieski a Lucca ed ai Bagni di Lucca. Sui documenti dell' Archivio di Stato in Lucca: Francesco Acton. Lucca: Tipografia Giusti, 1903.*

Democratic Constitution of Napoleon

troops, and cloth for their uniforms, under pain of abolishing the aristocratic government and of seizing the possessions of the nobles in payment of the sum demanded. Soon afterwards Sérrurier called the Senate together and thus addressed them: "I have summoned you, O citizens, here to-day to execute the orders received from the Commander-in-Chief. He commands me, by a letter from the *Directoire Exécutif* of France, of which he sends me a copy, to satisfy the desires of the inhabitants of the Republic of Lucca for an entirely democratic constitution, and to form this provisionally of members known for their attachment to republican maxims and for their strength of character. Man is born free, and demands to be reinstated in all his rights. There is therefore no longer a privileged class. Every one is equal. I have selected those citizens who are to rule provisionally, and hope my choice may meet with your approbation." The Martiniana law, all privileges and titles, were abolished; a legislative body of twenty-four Seniors and forty-eight Juniors, and an executive body called the *Directoire*, of five members, was instituted; and five ministers, of finance, foreign affairs, home office, justice, and war, were appointed. Thus fell the aristocratic form of government in Lucca, which had lasted two hundred and forty-three years. The democrats were jubilant; a tree of liberty was set up on the Piazza S. Michele; all the coats-of-arms and emblems of the nobles were torn down or effaced, and the ancient motto of the Republic, *Libertas*, was shorn of its last letter and became *Libertà*. Some of the new laws were, however, good. A few of the numerous monasteries and convents were suppressed, and their incomes devoted to the amelioration of the hospital of S. Luca and of the *Quarconia*, or poorhouse. The canons of the cathedral were deprived of sovereign jurisdiction over various communes, including the power of life and

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death, granted to them in 1186 by the Emperor Henry. Torture for the purpose of extracting confession in criminal cases was abolished. Liberty was conceded to the press. Monks and nuns were invited to quit their convents and demand secularisation from their spiritual superiors; they, however, apparently did not take advantage of the permission. "But," writes Mazzarosa, "the swearing, the contempt shown for religion, the *decolletée* dress and certain dances, never before seen in the well-conducted city of Lucca, indulged in by the loose women who had followed the troops, were shocking examples for our youth."¹ When General Macdonald and his army passed through Lucca on their way to Trebbia at the end of May, more money was demanded, and a tax was levied on all windows in town and country. After two months he returned with the remains of his beaten troops, and the Lucchesi hoped that their troubles were at an end. Their joy was boundless when they heard of the arrival of the Austrians in Florence. Death to the Jacobins was the cry, the tree of liberty was torn down and burnt, together with the new coat-of-arms, and the first detachment of Austrian soldiers who entered the town were hailed as saviours. Rejoicing became almost delirious when the taxes imposed by the French were remitted, but soon turned to profound discontent when it was known that the bronze cannon, the pride of Lucca, many of which were highly ornamented, and all the small arms in the city, had been requisitioned on the pretext that Lucca was an open town and could not be defended. The ancient armour in the public armoury was also taken, and the expense of transport had to be borne by Lucca. Soldiers had to be fed and lodged, and taxes were imposed on everything taxable. Prayers and remonstrances were in vain, and the

¹ *Storia di Lucca* (Marchese A. Mazzarosa), tom. ii. p. 184.

The Austrians in Lucca

Lucchesi were in despair when it became known that a heavy subsidy was to be paid by all the Italian States no longer under the dominion of France, of which their share was a half a million of florins. The government drew up a statement showing that in twenty-eight months the small state of Lucca had paid to the two belligerents the enormous sum of 6,708,352 francs, and could raise no more.

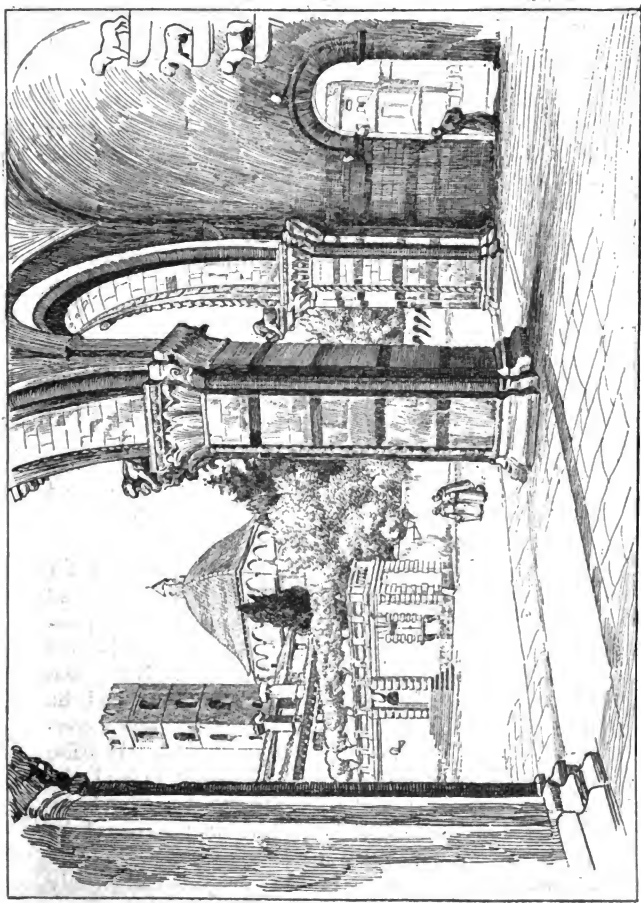
The battle of Marengo in June 1800 again changed the course of events. A proclamation announced the immediate arrival of General Launay "to free Lucca from servitude," while General Massena wrote from Genoa promising ample protection. This was followed by an order that the ex-nobles were to pay a million francs, one-half within twenty-four hours, the rest in ten days. As the money was not forthcoming a military prefect was sent, who quartered soldiers on the debtors, ordered the sale of their furniture, put a tax on the richer plebeians, seized the possessions of the confraternities and sequestered the public moneys, besides imposing an almost prohibitive tax on the export of oil and silk.

On the morning of September 9, the people of Lucca heard with astonishment that the French were to evacuate the town "for military purposes," General Launay having been hastily summoned to Bologna to reinforce the right wing of the republican army. The civic guard was called out and kept order in the town, but the peasants, exasperated by all they had suffered, harassed the march of the French across the Apennines and killed several soldiers in the narrow defiles. On September 13, Lucca was occupied by a detachment of Austrian and Tuscan troops, who set up a new government, and for three short weeks the Lucchesi enjoyed the delight of shouting "Death to the Jacobins," and then, crestfallen, witnessed the departure of the Austrians and the arrival of the

The Story of Lucca

French. By Murat's orders an immediate payment of 150,000 francs was demanded, besides 30,000 francs a month, and rations for a thousand soldiers who were quartered on the town. The First Consul in Paris was appealed to, and whether from an innate love of republics, however small, or from a desire to show his magnanimity, he appointed a Lucchese, Saliceti, as his representative in Lucca, withdrew the garrison, and remitted all contributions. The government, presided over by Saliceti, was to consist of three hundred citizens, two-thirds to be chosen from the chief landowners, one-third from the principal merchants, men of letters, and artists. Schools were established, trade began to revive, and the Lucchesi were flattered by the appointment of a *chargé d'affaires*, M. Derville Malechard, who presented his letter of credit in September 1803. The envoy extraordinary of the little Republic of Lucca to Paris, Giuseppe Belluomini, was treated by Napoleon, even after he became Emperor, as the representative of a friendly power. The Emperor's reply to the congratulations of the government of Lucca on his assumption of the imperial dignity filled them with pride and hope for the future. "Dear and good friends," he wrote, "I am sensible of the assurance you give me in your letter of June 7, of your interest in the events which have established my family in the hereditary government of this Empire. I am firmly resolved to use the power, with which Divine Providence has deigned to invest me, for the maintenance and improvement of the ties which bind together the two States. In accrediting my envoy to Lucca I charged him to repeat to you the assurance of my esteem and of my immutable sentiments."

A cloud soon rose on the tranquil horizon. In May 1805 it was known that the Emperor had remarked that things were not going on well in Lucca.



LOOKING FROM THE PORCH OF THE DUOMO TOWARDS THE BAPTISTERY

This was soon followed by the arrival of Belluomini, who brought Napoleon's orders that, as the actual constitution was no longer adapted to the happiness and well-being of the Lucchesi, they were to present a petition to H.M. the Emperor to bestow a new constitution on their country under the rule of a prince of his family. Registers were opened to all the parishes and communes, and those who did not sign were understood to be in favour of the change. The signatures were few: one priest wrote an emphatic No, and the plebiscite was declared to have been unanimous. The Lucchesi had not long to wait for their prince. On June 12, Felice Baciocchi, Prince of Piombino, husband of the Emperor's sister Élise, was declared to have been designated by the universal desire of the people of Lucca as the man best fitted to become their ruler, and on July 14 he and his wife made their solemn entry into the city.

The real ruler was Élise Buonaparte. Extremely intelligent and endowed with considerable mental and bodily activity, she at once turned her attention to the reform of the civil and penal laws, to providing for the suffering poor, and to the institution of schools for their children. The water-supply of the town was bad and inadequate, the streets were dirty and in some quarters too narrow for traffic, while the country roads were deplorably bad. Much of the plain round Lucca was constantly flooded for want of proper drainage, and the river, whose bed lay high above the fields, was a constant menace to the whole country. Fortunately Élise had by her side a clever and an honest man, Luigi Matteuci, head of the home department, who knew the needs of his country and was the chief adviser of the Princess. Money was wanted to carry out all these schemes, and Élise knew that her subjects had already been taxed to the uttermost. Struck by the great number of convents and monasteries in Lucca in pro-

Élise Buonaparte rules Lucca

portion to the population, she found that the fifteen monasteries and seventeen convents, of which all but seven belonged to the mendicant Orders, were possessed of very large revenues. The Pope was asked to sanction the removal of some of the religious bodies to other convents or monasteries, the buildings thus vacated to be used as schools and hospitals, and their incomes applied to educational and charitable purposes. Negotiations were already advanced when Napoloen intimated that he did not approve of such half-measures, and when he added Massa and Carrara with part of the Garfagnana to the principality in 1806, he insisted on the *Concordat*, as established between France and Rome, being introduced into the Principality of Lucca. Pius VII. exhorted the Princess not to lay sacrilegious hands on what belonged to the Church, and public opinion went with him. Élise, partly from good nature, partly from a desire not to offend the strong religious sentiments of the Lucchesi, attempted to preserve several convents by charging their nuns with the education of poor girls, and allotted some of the monasteries as places of refuge for such monks as had been driven out of their own buildings. The Emperor, however, sent peremptory commands that not only all convents, monasteries, chapters, seminaries, benefices, and confraternities should be swept away, but that all legacies to the Church should form part of the State revenue. "It is time to have done with all this," he wrote to his sister; "I desire that all religious Orders should be suppressed." The result of these measures was extreme misery, as the amount assigned for pensions to the monks and nuns was totally inadequate. All the estates of the Church, which amounted to nearly one-third of the territory of Lucca, were declared national property, and a fund of over £800,000 was created under the name of *Demanio*. Part of this was used to endow hospitals and schools, part for the purchase of the villa of Marlia. The

The Story of Lucca

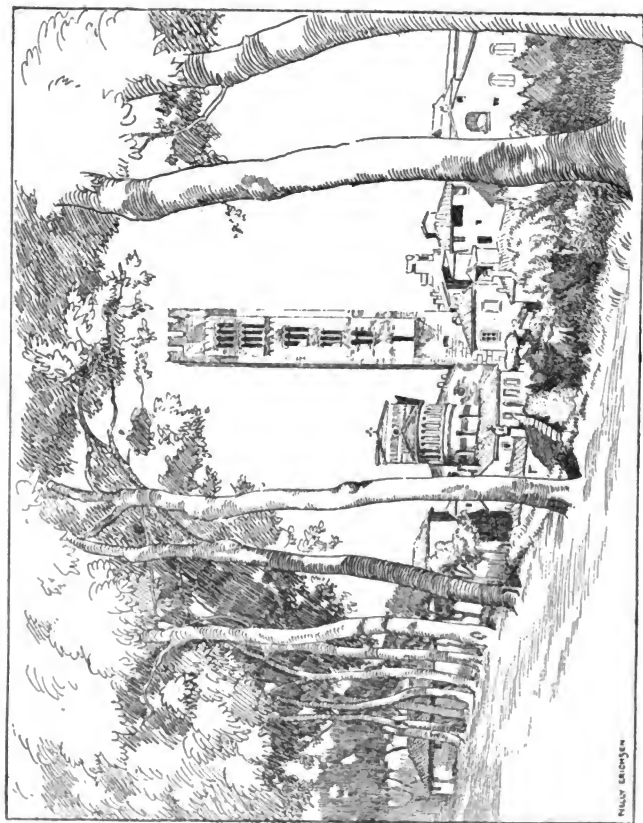
Emperor also insisted upon the adoption of the *Code Napoléon*. This was a real boon to the country, and did away with the farrago of Roman and local municipal laws which had hitherto prevailed. The French coinage, weights, and measures, were also introduced.

Besides enlarging and re-modelling the hospitals, Élise turned her attention to the prisons. Like others in Italy they were small, insanitary, and ill-ventilated. Innocent and guilty, condemned and uncondemned, were herded together under the rule of gaolers whose least fault was brutality. The convent of S. Giorgio was arranged as a prison, and the inmates were instructed in various handicrafts. The convent of S. Domenico became a school for girls, mistresses were brought from France, and Élise took a personal interest in the well-being of the pupils. A school for the daughters of the poor was established in S. Niccola and endowed with funds to enable them to receive a good education at small cost to their parents. The Princess also took a strong interest in vaccination: she ordered that all who had not had smallpox and all newly-born children were to be vaccinated, while anyone who practised inoculation was liable to a severe penalty. Élise's popularity in Lucca became firmly established when she obtained from her brother the Emperor the exemption of her subjects from conscription, on the condition that she was to keep a battalion of soldiers at Piombino. The Lucchesi sincerely mourned her departure for Florence on April 1, 1809, after her nomination as Grand Duchess of Tuscany. They saw her again for a few hours when, fallen from her high estate, she fled from Florence to Lucca, and with tears streaming down her cheeks said good-bye to her ladies and left Italy for ever.

In 1817 the Bourbons of Parma were created Dukes of Lucca, their own duchy having been assigned to Napoleon's wife for her life. The Regent, Maria

Incorporated into United Italy

Luisa, and her son Carlo Lodovico after her, did much for the material well-being of the country. The river Serchio was hemmed in by high dykes, good roads were made, bridges were erected, and the great aqueduct, which supplies the city with excellent water, was built. In 1847 the Duke ceded Lucca to the Grand Duke Leopoldo II. of Tuscany, and in 1860 she was incorporated with United Italy.



S. FREDIANO FROM THE RAMPANTS

WILSON & GARDNER

CHAPTER VI

A First Impression of Lucca

“ . . . the green forest-walk on the wall—
With the Apennine blue through the trees ;
 . . . the palaces, churches and all
The great pictures that burn out of these.”

E. B. BROWNING,

The Sword of Castruccio Castracane.

[ITALY is pre-eminently a land of cities. Hardly one among them, from the Apennines to the Ionian Sea, but has its individual charm. Some appeal to us by their past, some by their beauty ; some sit aloft and demand our allegiance, others by their modest reticence compel our love. Among the latter is Lucca, and the love she excites is a gentle and benign influence, irradiating both from her history and her outward aspect. Her history has been told in the preceding pages : it remains to give some account of her appearance.

Lucca still masquerades “in the guise of a forest,” as she did in the fourteenth century, when Fazio degli Uberti described her. She is a city of the plains, and lies hidden within the perfect circuit of her walls. Nothing is visible above their fantastic curtains and bastions, scarps and counterscarps, save thick-set forest trees whose waving boughs ever and again disclose a tantalising glimpse of rugged towers. This hint of mystery is alluring, and it is a little in the spirit of the questing prince in *La Belle au Bois Dormant* that we pass through the frowning Porta S. Pietro into the

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quiet streets. And we can very well carry on the mood, for does there not lie a sleeping princess hidden away in a great and fair building, Madonna Ilaria del Caretto, in some sort the tutelary goddess of the city? Only the sleep she sleeps is a deeper one than that of the fairy king's daughter, and she is not to be so lightly awakened. Jacopo della Quercia took care of that when he fashioned this perfect image of the long sleep of death. But she is a princess, and she sleeps, and has she not her court of silent attendants, like her fairy prototype, in the sweet creations of Civitali's chisel that lie about her in quiet nooks of the Duomo.

In every Italian city one's feet lead one instinctively to the Duomo, and here in Lucca it lies but a little way from the gate. The outside is like nothing so much as the page of a child's picture-book, storied all over with the simple imaginings of the early Middle Ages. Inside it is a little bare, but graceful and sympathetic, redeemed from coldness by the flames of its eastern windows. It strikes the imagination rather as a beautiful background to our sleeping princess than as a thing apart. For eleven centuries it has been the guardian of the *Volto Santo*, that crucifix whose sanctity was so great that it alone could bind the conscience of the Red King of England. From the eighth to the fourteenth century, when its star paled before the growing popularity of the Holy House of Loreto, it attracted as many pilgrims as Compostella or Canterbury. Even now it has not a few devotees, and the gorgeous little chapel Civitali made for it is constantly surrounded by kneeling figures.

Behind the Duomo, nestling against the wall of the archbishop's palace, lies the exquisite little Gothic church of *S. Maria delle Rose*. The trailing sprays of roses that are carved all over its singular exterior recall the fairy-tale mood, and look as if they had escaped from the bower of the Sleeping Beauty.



[*Edme Alinari*]

TOMB OF ILARIA DEL CARRETTO, BY JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA

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SS. Giovanni and Reparata, the ancient Baptistery, is one of the most picturesque features of this part of the city. Seen through the arches of the atrium of the Duomo, its red-tiled dome and rude campanile mingling with the trees of the palace at its side make a charming picture. Here S. Frediano baptised his first converts, and a font almost belonging to his day is still to be seen, with a mosaic pavement of great age, many feet below the level of the existing church.

Hence we pass through the little *Piazza del Giglio* into the spacious *Piazza Napoleone*, whose orderly ranks of trees, coldly correct statue of the Duchess Marie Louise, and dignified palace all bear the unmistakable stamp of the first years of the nineteenth century. The *Palazzo Provinciale*, as it is now called, is in reality an Ammanati structure, but was planed down into *Empire* formality by Élise Baciocchi when she made it the seat of her mimic court, at once the delight and despair of Lucca. Leading from this oasis, labyrinthine streets wind in every direction. On the map they have a spuriously rectangular appearance; in reality they are bewildering in the extreme. Narrow and illogical in their course, baffling the topographer, they turn and double back upon themselves and lead apparently nowhere. But it does not matter much to one whose business is to explore, for all these elfin ways end in something interesting or beautiful. And deliverance is never very far off. Though often unseen, the ramparts are always close at hand, for the city covers but a little space, and the wearied searcher for this or that church can surely reach it by following their clear if not expeditious course. The *campanili* are visible from this vantage ground, and all one has to do is to pick out the desired one and make as straight a dive in its direction as possible.

But without involving ourselves in this chaos of

ways we can from the *Piazza Napoleone* easily reach the ancient Forum of Roman Lucca, now the *Piazza S. Michele*, where the scanty excavations hitherto undertaken have been successful enough to show that many memorials of imperial days are buried beneath its pavement. There is nothing Roman in the present aspect of the piazza. A busy market-place, it almost always resounds with the robust voices of the Tuscan farmers who encumber it with their sample sacks of beans and grain. The crowd is always dense under the loggia of *Palazzo Pretorio*, a fine cinquecento building, in republican days the residence of the Podestà, and it is necessary to shoulder one's way through the compact mass of men and sacks and little booths to the centre of the square. This is dominated by the church of *S. Michele in Foro*, one of the most typical—we had almost said the most absurd—of Pisan Romanesque basilicas, with a delightfully outrageous façade twice as high almost as the gable it pretends to cover. It is overlaid with a perfect frenzy of decoration, once lovely in every detail, but now only a lifeless copy of originals scattered to the winds. In the solemn and nobly proportioned interior is a good picture by Filippino.

At this point we are near the centre of the city, and by bearing steadily to the north-east we arrive suddenly at another great basilica standing just within the walls, *S. Frediano*. This spendidly simple and impressive structure, with a campanile that is both massive and soaring, was built in the twelfth century, on the site of a church founded in the seventh in honour of Lucca's greatest saint, the Irishman Finnian of Moville, or *S. Frediano*. Within, under the high altar, his body lies, vested in episcopal state. His pretty and symbolical legend is commemorated on the walls of one of the chapels by the clumsy but

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individual hand of Amico Aspertini, and we see the merciful saint trailing his tiny rake behind him, followed by the destroying river Serchio, obedient as a little dog. Quite a company of delightful if shadowy personalities belongs to this church. Most nebulous and provokingly illusive is that strange King Richard of England, or of Scotland, whose bones are said to lie under another altar. A very will-o'-the-wisp, he vanishes from the grasp of the student just at the moment when, after vainly following track after track that seem to lead to historic fact, success seems sure. He has exercised the minds of all the great travellers, from Evelyn and Lassels down to Cardinal Newman, and many of them accept him without question. The lively *Président de Brosses* on the other hand sweeps him away with a gesture of disdain:¹ “À San-Frediano, le tombeau d'un prétendu Saint Richard, roi d'Angleterre, quoique assurément il n'y en ait jamais eu de ce nom ni saint, ni enterré à Lucques.” Then there is dear little Zita, one of the humblest of the saints, very human and lovable, and never forgotten in Lucca. The little kitchen-maid has a very cold, gorgeous chapel, in which one can't help fearing she must feel a little forlorn, and perhaps longs for her warm kitchen. The church has undergone many architectural shocks, the high altar and apse having been turned from the east to the west, so that when the sun is low in the afternoon the vast pillared width of the interior is suffused with a golden shine from the windows of the apse. After plunging through the fair that for ever encumbers the piazza in front of the basilica, it is well to look back. The waving draperies of red and yellow kerchiefs and cheap under-garments festooned about the stalls, frame in the bare façade

¹ *Le Président de Brosses en Italie* (Paris, 1861), vol. i. 317.

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with the great glittering mosaic picture that is practically its only ornament. Opposite to it, on the farther side of *Via Fillungo*—the “long thread” that winds clue-like almost from end to end of the city—Imperial Rome suddenly asserts herself in one of those masses of indestructible masonry reared by strong hands for brutal uses. The arena of the ancient *Amphitheatre*, which from its size and magnificence argues the importance of Roman Luca, is now usurped by butchers and greengrocers, and is closely packed by little green booths in rows. Its massive outer arches are built into the surrounding houses and almost concealed. A strange place it is, and one that can look very uncanny in the twilight of a grey scirocco day. By winding round its outer walls and following the tortuous little streets to the east, the church of *S. Pietro in Somaldi* is reached. A typical Pisan Romanesque church, it has an effective black and white marble façade with boldly outstanding lions between arch and lintel of the central door, and a campanile oddly patched with red brick. A little to the eastward lies the great church and monastery of *S. Francesco*, a lofty, gaunt and dignified pile, with an unusually slender campanile. It has served many purposes during a long period of secularisation, and a distinguished Florentine professor, then an enthusiastic volunteer in the wars of the *Risorgimento*, remembers sleeping there together with his entire regiment. As a military magazine it was for years so encumbered with sacks and bales that even the Lucchesi almost forgot to think of it as the resting-place of their greatest hero. But now we can once more read the touching epitaph of Castruccio Castracane, the *Gran Capitano*, “the splendour of Lucca and the ornament of Tuscany,” as it runs. “While I lived even I had faults, but I repented of them,” it makes the hero exclaim,



DOORWAY, CHURCH OF S. MARIA FORISPORTAM (12TH CENTURY)

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Here, too, is the casket containing the heart of Nino Visconti, Judge of Gallura, nephew of ill-fated Ugolino and Dante's friend. And here of late some interesting frescoes have been discovered, in which the hands of Benozzo Gozzoli and Cosimo Rosselli seem to be striving.

Just opposite, in the rather deserted region between this church and the walls, is the *Quarquonia* or almshouse, a very interesting, red-brick Gothic building. Though somewhat obscured by the prosaic additions necessary for its present purpose, it is easy to imagine how charming it must have looked when Paolo Guinigi, tired of being pent up in his palace in the narrow hot streets, built it for his country villa. It was surrounded by costly and magnificent gardens, adorned with fountains and statues, and stood in the open country outside the walls of those days. Of the gardens nothing now remains but a sorry little cabbage patch at the back of the villa. Not far from here is a palace that has had the good fortune, as its name implies, to preserve its garden, *Palazzo Bottino al Giardino*. It belonged originally to the well-known Buonvisi family, of whom, in speaking of the noble merchants of Lucca, Montaigne says: "*Les Buonvisi y sont les plus riches.*" They were even more celebrated for their culture than for their wealth. In the sixteenth century this palace of theirs was the meeting-place of the wits and poets of Tuscany, out of which charmed circle grew later the *Accademia degli Oscuri*, which still upholds the standard of learning in Lucca.

All down *Via dei Fossi* there is a rushing stream of water, once the moat that flowed under the eastern wall of the city. The old wall is no longer visible, but one of its gates, *Porta S. Gervasio*, with two massive round towers, rises above the houses a little farther down the street. Although no longer crowned with lions as when Cyriac of Ancona described

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it in 1442, it is wonderfully perfect still, and helps to show us what the thirteenth century walls of Lucca were like. The great gates with their flanking towers, portcullises, and drawbridges; the battlemented wall broken at intervals by small round towers, when reflected in the clear waters of this moat, must have formed a stately picture.

Returning to the *Palazzo Bottini*, we shall find opposite to its fine rusticated garden gate the humble little nuns' church of the *SS. Trinita*, in which is Civitali's sweetest Madonna, a wonderful study of simple maternity. If shade and rest be needed after so long a ramble, both may be found in the Botanical Garden, an oasis of green wedged into an angle of the wall close at hand.

Nearer still is the church of *S. Maria Forisportam*, an unusually good example of the typical basilican church of the twelfth century, with a really noble façade in which are set fragments of Roman sculpture. The interior is beautiful too, and has a very charming fourteenth-century picture, a *Death and Assumption of the Virgin* by Puccinelli, one of the few native artists Lucca has to boast of.

The antique column outside in the piazza, once the winning-post of races run through the city, and the old tower at the corner, one of the few survivors of the time when Lucca rivalled or surpassed Pisa in the number of such tall shafts, lend a touch of picturesqueness to the surroundings of the church.

Hereabouts the skyline begins to be cut by a strangely attractive and fairylike vision, nothing less than a grove of tufty ilex trees growing on the summit of a tower, and it is impossible to think of anything else until this is hunted down. It is not far from *Piazza S. Maria Forisportam*, and proves to be the tower of *Palazzo Guinigi*, one of the most remarkable among the dwelling-places of the great mediæval

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families of Italy. Though more of a palace than a fortress, defence is likewise provided for. Life was too uncertain when it was planned to neglect that wholly, but magnificence was the first object considered. Built of glowing red brick, with Gothic windows that are almost Venetian in character, it forms a splendid mass of colour with its crown of living green. Judging by the the charming little illustrations to Sercambi's *Chronicle* and other old pictures of Lucca, the fashion of growing trees upon the towers seems to have been common here. In the days of the great Paolo Guinigi this palace, now so bare, was filled with the richest of furniture, with jewels and hangings, and with a library the very description of whose vanished volumes thrills one with delight. Another great storehouse of precious books is not far off. These fortunately still exist in the *Palazzo Guidiccione*, where the State Archives have their home, a rich collection of documents relating to the history of Lucca. This quarter of the city, indeed, abounds in books, and only a few minutes' walk separates the archives from the *Regia Biblioteca* near *S. Maria in Corteorlandini*.

The circuit is now almost complete. In this western side of the town where we find ourselves, the two most arresting buildings are the churches of *S. Paolino* and *S. Romano*. Both of them are inclined to be hideous architecturally, but the first preserves the memory of Paolinus, the apostle and first Bishop of Lucca, a saint whose relics attracted almost as many pilgrims in the early centuries of Christianity as did the *Volto Santo* later. Among them can be noted *S. Frediano* himself, who, as Poggio¹ tells us, came expressly to Lucca to visit the ancient graves of the martyrs in the Basilica of *S. Paulino* called *Celletta dei Santi*.

¹ *Saggio di Storia Eccles.* ciii., n. i.

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S. Romano, whose internal hideousness is the result of a mistaken rococo enthusiasm, was originally another red-brick Gothic pile of the austere type of *S. Francesco*. It is now with some self-conquest that one braves the meretricious horrors that are plastered all over its walls and ceiling, and the chill damp of its atmosphere, in order to find the exquisite relief of *S. Romano*, by *Civitali*, hidden away behind the high altar.

A first impression of Lucca would be incomplete without a visit to the church of the *SS. Crocifisso dei Bianchi*. Here the crucifix is preserved that was borne aloft by the White Penitents as they passed through the city on their way from Spain—a strange procession of eighteen hundred men and women, all possessed with a burning passion for self-mortification, and all, according to *Sercambi*, among the greatest, most beautiful, and wealthiest personages in Tuscany.

Behind the apse of *S. Romano* a door in the wall admits one into the courtyard of the *Palazzo Provinciale*, which serves many purposes now, among others that of affording hospitality to the *Pinacoteca*, not a picture-gallery of the first rank, but illustrating fully the local history of painting and sculpture, and possessed of a few treasures. Other private collections of pictures, furniture, and tapestries exist, but we cannot stop to consider them now, for the ramparts are green and the sun is high. The grass is ripe for the scythe on the bastions, and there is a perfect bewilderment of bee orchis and little black irises running like a fringe along the roadsides. On the elm trees is the delicate tracery of blossom through which the sharply defined snow-peaks of the Apuan Alps rear themselves against the sky. The ultimate charm of Lucca is an outdoor one, and every day is apt to begin and end with this circuit of the walls. And the eye carries the thoughts out beyond the city across what only a few years ago was a green plain

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like the Roman Campagna, but which begins to take on the air of a straggling factory suburb, into the hills and the hidden villages that lie in their recesses. From Ripafratta in the south-west, the gate that led through the Pisan hills into the territory of the hated neighbour, to Viareggio in the west, chief city on the tiny seaboard of the Republic; to the double wall of mountains marching towards the north—the Apuan Alps, with outlines grand enough for mightier ranges, and aerial hints of the more massive Apennines behind, separated from them by the rushing torrents of the Lima and the Serchio—to where, just above the clashing encounter of the two waters, lies Bagni di Lucca. Down again to the tame and fruitful plain on the east, with the mulberry trees of Pescia, and the great bell of Altopascio still booming in its guardian *campanile*. The whole territory of the Republic of Lucca lies open to the imagination, and the city is meaningless without taking it into account. *Lucca l' Industriosa* has stamped her characteristics too deeply into the nature of her sons for any mere political changes to efface them. Everywhere in what is now the province of Lucca, and once was the State, there is still to be found a decent order, a quiet prosperity, steady faith, and unceasing toil. Perhaps these are not qualities that make for picturesqueness. There is nothing enthralling or bewitching about them, but the affection they compel is deep and enduring. One figures Lucca to oneself as a sweet old Quaker lady whose sober draperies are of soft rich texture, and whose quiet soul is strong with discipline and faith in the unseen.

There is, however, another side to the Lucca of to-day that must necessarily form part of any stranger's first impressions, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say a logical outcome of the qualities at which we have just hinted. Besides their industry, the

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Lucchesi have always been noted for their commercial enterprise. An old story tells us that when Columbus landed in America he was met on the shore by a *stucchinaio* or image-seller from Lucca who hastened to offer the explorer his wares. This is the spirit that has led them everywhere, has sent them out far and wide, from the Middle Ages onwards, to found great commercial houses in London and in Paris, in Lyons, in Antwerp, and Louvaine. We find the monks of Glastonbury Abbey in debt to a Lucca oil-merchant at one moment, while their brethren at Bath Abbey were in the same predicament a little later. The Lucchesi lent money to necessitous kings, they knit up solid personal relations, founded on respect for their great qualities as merchant-princes and as men of culture, with the most chosen spirits of Europe. It is to his friend Antonio Buonvisi, a merchant of Lucca, that Sir Thomas More is indebted for the very cloak that covers him as he goes to his glorious death, and to Antonio that he writes one of the last and most touching of his letters from the Tower. They went to the first painters in the world for their own and their wives' portraits, at least Giovanni Arnolfini did, whose portrait by Van Eyck is one of the glories of the National Gallery.

The same thing is going on still, only it is now to America that these brave adventurers turn their eyes, rather than to Europe, both North and South America, and it is a curious but common experience among the little outlying towns and villages round Lucca to find the greater part of the male population talking fluent English with a racy element of the slang of the Western States, or a hybrid dialect compounded of Spanish or Portuguese and their own Lucchese. They go out with empty hands, accept any work, learn with quick adaptability the newest methods in some trade or manufactory. Every penny is saved, every hint is remembered. At the end of five or perhaps ten years

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they come home, they buy a piece of land, if possible with the water that creates electric power, build an imposing factory chimney and a silk or jute mill, or whatever it may be, and continue to thrive. And so it is that in a city once so quiet that the vivacious Alfieri left it in 1766, within twenty-four hours, exclaiming in disgust, "*Un Giorno a Lucca mi parve un Secolo*," the whirring of machinery is heard upon the ramparts, and the wild singing of factory girls. The sedate tripping of quiet citizens in the narrow streets is interrupted by the swift purposeful rush of countless girls and women obeying the hoarse voice of the factory syrens that overpower even the loud bells of the Duomo or S. Romano. The girls look strong and neat and self-respecting. Even in the earliest hours of the morning their hair is exquisitely dressed, and their clothes arranged with a thrifty appropriateness that one could wish to see in Manchester or Stockport. They carry substantial-looking dinner baskets, and are protected by admirable factory laws.

But nevertheless the old inhabitants of Lucca are not dead. However much the electric trams rattle through the street, and the menacing factory chimneys wave their plumes of sable smoke and defile the white faces of the churches, the old world is still alive. For those of us who love it better than this new *charivari* it will always survive. That crowd approaching the Duomo is either a regiment returning to barracks or it is the triumphant citizens of the eighth century escorting the *Volto Santo* into the city. Those shadowy figures stealing along in the shade, are they beggars or are they the dim forms of half-forgotten saints, whose relics lie in the churches around? Choose. If we will we can catch a fleeting glimpse of Dante and of pretty Gentucca at the window, for whose sake he forgot Beatrice all one summer day. There goes

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Castruccio in his pride, stalking bareheaded as he was wont, the sun lighting his golden hair. Here is rich Paolo, his head bowed low, leading the sad train that follows dead Ilaria to her rest. Do not waste your pity on him. He will marry again ere she is cold in the grave. Better watch old John Sercambi as he goes along muttering prayers while he notes down for his chronicle the latest scandal. Matteo Civitali nearly stumbles over him. His head is full of angels and garlands, and he sees no one. Turn your face away here, or you will see the saddest of all sights, a defeated people sullenly watching the triumphant entry of the conquering Pisans. To avoid that tragedy climb up to the ramparts and look out over the plains. You need not grieve over the green turf gashed with new roads that lead to nowhere, the factories, or the *art-nouveau* villas. If you like you can see the pageant of the past, the march of dead races along the immemorial roads, Etruscan, Roman, Lombard, Vandal, and Goth. Let them pass. We are concerned with the mediæval city, so we welcome Duke Boniface with his silver shod horses, and his great daughter Matilda in her litter. But the pilgrims block the way. Every road is full of them, and all their faces are set towards Lucca. Watch them struggling through the treacherous morasses in the dense forest that stretches away to the mountains. See their efforts to ford the rivers, their rescue by the brave cavaliers of Altopascio. These are pilgrims to the *Volto Santo*. Let us enter the city with them, for they are going to the old Lucca that can never die.



FACADE OF THE DUOMO

CHAPTER VII

The Duomo and its History

"Laudate Dominum de terra dracones et omnes abissi ;
bestiæ et universa pecore, serpentes et volucres pennatæ."

PSALM cxlviii., *Vulgate*.

THE *Duomo* of Lucca has always suffered from comparison with that of Pisa. In situation, at least, it must be admitted that Pisa has the advantage. Its cathedral, throned in the centre of an ample space and surrounded by magnificent satellites, forms part of a noble composition that strikes the eye from afar. The *Duomo* of Lucca is hidden in the heart of the city. All that there is to guide one to it is a single, austere-looking tower that rises proudly above the encircling trees. Not until the actual piazza is reached, in which it stands, does the great church betray its presence. Then the suddenness of the revelation startles and arrests. The western face is directly opposite to us, its low and squat outline only redeemed from meanness by the soaring of the embattled tower. Never very inspiring, the basilica façade suffers in this case from being jammed up against the campanile so vehemently that it is lopsided. This tower forms the south-east angle of the piazza, and the houses on the one side cling to it with the same limpet-like persistency as does the *Duomo* on the other. So there is a lack of symmetry where symmetry is necessary, and a flash of disappointment is the result. But following hard upon it is a sense of sheer enjoyment born of the tangle of

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rippling shadows that echo the many little archlets and columns in the upper gable, and the massive shade under the three great arches of the atrium below. Then we become aware of an infinity of delightful detail and colour. We seem to be gazing at the page of an illuminated missal where the eye wanders happily in a labyrinth of minute detail, grotesque, childish, but always lovely. By contrast with all this elaboration the campanile is grim and rude. Like all the church towers of this district, it is martial rather than devout, a crenellated donjon rather than a Christian bell-tower. The arrangement of the five tiers of windows, increasing as they do in number towards the summit, gives a peculiar square defiance of aspect to them—perhaps because it defeats the tapering effect produced by perspective—and their crowning battlements complete the warlike impression.

Different hours of the day suit different churches. Pisa must inevitably be seen in the clear morning light that falls so graciously on the golden ivory of its marble. Lucca on the contrary should first be approached in the afternoon, for the piazza is full of sunshine then, and only then do the haunting shadows come out that give such life and relief to what would otherwise be tame and flat in the west front. Best of all is the afternoon of a clear day in winter when the sun is mild and golden. The summer sun drinks up too much of the colour, and makes shadows that are menacingly deep. Even in winter the neighbouring gardens of *Palazzo Michelletti* are gay, and its trees mingle charmingly with the red-tiled dome of the Baptistery on the left. A little tinkle of water comes from the *Piazza Antelminelli* beyond, and a flash of sun shows where the thread-like jet rises in the centre.

From the Piazza we see that the north aisle is of later date than the west front. It is Gothic, as far as anything Italian is Gothic, with round and pointed

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arches fighting for the mastery. The transition from the elaboration of the façade to this rather mannered simplicity is unpleasant. The transept is better, best of all the stately apse. To reach it we have to invade the grassy courtyard of the archbishop's palace, for the Duomo is much encumbered by buildings on the west and south. Within the courtyard we find one of the finest of Pisan Romanesque apses. It is more or less in harmony with the west, but superior in dignity and simplicity.

Owing to the obstructing houses we have to make a detour from this point past the little rose-entwined church of *S. Maria*, to the one spot on the ramparts where a general view of the Duomo can be obtained. It is unexpectedly imposing in the massing of apse and cupola, high transept, nave, and tower, and has a greater unity of effect than when seen from any other point. Descending thence through a tangle of byways into the secluded square to the south of the Duomo, we find that the aisle on this side, though simpler, is much like the northern one, but with the greater mellowness and colour that comes from exposure to the sun.

We have now seen enough to realise that, although the Duomo of Lucca cannot claim to be among the greatest churches of the world, it is both interesting and lovable. As a specimen of the Pisan Romanesque style it stands high. Less harmonious in design than its great neighbour at Pisa, in finish and in beauty of detail it perhaps surpasses it. And even after deciding that the parts are greater than the whole, after relinquishing the hope of deriving from it the high and inspiring satisfaction that comes from perfect proportion and harmony, the Duomo has still very much to give us. A careful study of the façade and its profuse, almost prodigal wealth of decoration, should be convincing.

With one or two modifications it follows the usual

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formula of the Romanesque façade. The upper gable and part of the lower are masked by the small, round-arched arcades so common in this part of Italy, the base by three massive arches. More modest than the Pisan Duomo and the church of S. Michele al Foro here in Lucca, which unblushingly rear their frontispieces far above the roof of the gable in order to have a larger surface on which to riot in ornament, the upper gable has only one arcade. It is, however, probable that this was but an accidental deviation from custom, and that the intention was to crown the gable with a second. Another deviation from conventional design arises from the fact that the architect seems to have begun building without measuring the space at his disposal between the north-west corner of the façade and the already existing campanile. This compelled him to squeeze up the lower arch on the right and to omit parts of the arcading above, thus ruining the balance of his design. A further peculiarity is that the lower part of the façade is hidden within a spacious atrium, of which the three great arches form the entrances.

The marble columns supporting the small arches above have no uniformity. Some are formed of four strands knotted together, some are of green serpentine, others of red Verona marble. There are white ones with inlay of black flowers or zigzag lines suggesting the waves of the sea. More than one is carved into the semblance of a tree, and one very splendid shaft has animals in high relief struggling up and down it. Spirally fluted ones alternate with others covered with sculptured roses. The lowest row, being nearest to the eye, is especially rich and varied. Here again are strange beasts that writhe, and more sea waves. Sometimes the clambering monsters are entwined with foliage, and here and there is a pillar inlaid with a pattern of scales, or spirals mixed with flowers. Chequerwork, waving trees, restless creatures looking out of strange eyes,

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succeed each other. Last of all comes a human figure with blossoms and a scroll.

Not content with expending all this wealth of fantasy upon the columns and upon their intricate capitals, the creator of this west front has overlaid every inch of the flat surface between the arcades with figures inlaid in black marble upon white. Looked at from afar they merely enrich the already florid appearance of the whole, but seen in detail are both curious and beautiful. As in all such mediæval ornament we see here men and monsters presented in eternal opposition. The main motive is the chase. Men ride forth with hawk on wrist, or stride along armed with hunting spear or bow, their great hounds jogging behind them. Sometimes the huntsman blows his horn, and the dogs and their quarry, be it wolf or bear, lion or boar, pass at full gallop. Again we are in at the death or see the hunter tearing his dog from the jaws of a wolf. Dragons and griffins, hippogriffs and strange birds appear. Here we have two of these mighty monsters entwined in the death-throe, or one of them overmasters a lion. There are trees and flowers always, birds and stars, suggestive of the sylvan glades that were the theatre of these unending combats. The stag with many-branched antlers, and the timid hare, flee for ever before man, dragon, or centaur. Restlessness, strife, and fear are all presented.

In the three sculptured friezes above the columns similar motives appear. Interspersed with conventional foliage and arabesques is the same pageant of pursuit and death, cruelty and untamed passions. A lion devours his living prey; dogs lacerate the flanks of fainting stags, or fiercely assault a lioness and her cubs; men plunge their knives deeply into the throats of worsted beasts.

A fourth frieze of the same character divides the upper from the lower part of the façade. Projecting from the wall beneath it are six large sculptured

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corbels or brackets. The three nearest the left are upheld by squirming human figures in which it is conjectured we are to recognise prophets. Then



14TH CENTURY STATUE OF S. MARTINO, DUOMO

comes a combat of dragons, and a man agonising in the mortal hug of a bear, and the last has a warrior blowing his horn. Three of them are empty. The fourth and fifth support a life-sized sculptured group of *S. Martin and the Beggar*, the sixth, the bust of a woman. The *S. Martin* group is an impressive incident in the façade, and has long been the idol of

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the people of Lucca. For centuries it was their custom on his feast-day to clothe this figure of the warrior-saint and patron of the Duomo in splendid robes. Upon his head they placed a hat, and jewels round his neck. Existing documents give us a glimpse of this ceremony in 1414,¹ and it did not die out until the middle of the eighteenth century. Artistically, the group has a certain importance as a very early attempt at an equestrian statue, and has great dignity of composition. The horse, though stiff, is carefully studied, and the alertness of his eye and ear are rendered with some skill. The saint sits firmly in the saddle, and the beggar shivers realistically in his scanty tunic. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's attribution of this interesting work to Guidetto, and consequently to the beginning of the thirteenth century, must be summarily dismissed. The group cannot, as Ridolfi and Schmarsow² emphatically demonstrate, be earlier than the second half of the fourteenth century.

Down under the deep shadows of the atrium we come at last upon the work and the influence of a great sculptor. From internal evidence it seems difficult to doubt that the *Deposition from the Cross* and the *Adoration of the Magi* on the tympanum and lintel of the north door (known as Holy Cross Door, because it opens upon the *Tempietto*, or shrine of the *Volto Santo*) are by Giovanni Pisano, although it is usual to ascribe the Deposition, if not both works, to Niccolò, his father. Vasari takes this view. "Niccolò," he says, was "no less excellent in sculpture than in architecture; and on the façade of the church of S. Martino, in Lucca, he executed a deposition of Christ from the Cross, half-relief in marble, which is

¹ State Archives, Lucca. Condotta, ad ann. Cart. 90.

² August Schmarsow, *S. Martin v. Lucca und Die Anfänge der Toscanischen Skulptur im Mittelalter*. Breslau, 1890. Chap. i.

full of admirable figures, finished with extreme care, the marble being entirely perforated, and the whole completed in a manner which gave hope to those who were previously pursuing this art with weary steps, that a master was now about to arise, from whose aid and example they might look for greater facilities to their future progress than had yet been enjoyed.”¹ Now, seeing that the chief characteristic of the Deposition, at any rate, is such great mastery of composition as enables the artist to fill the space at his disposal to the best possible advantage, to fill it, too, with an amazing number of figures without giving any sense of overcrowding, together with a remarkable suppleness of line in the nude, it is difficult to follow Vasari here and believe with him that this is an early work of Niccolò's. Both in it and in the Adoration there is too much that speaks for Giovanni. We can think of no figure of Niccolò's with the lissom grace of the dead Christ, while the intensity of feeling and variety of movement in the spectators, suggests the son rather than the father. So do the Gothic details in the architectural background of the Adoration. On the other hand the drapery and poise of some of the bystanders in the Descent are massive and Roman, in Niccolò's manner, and the composition of the shepherds in the Adoration is identical, almost, with a group of similar figures in one of the panels of Niccolò's pulpit in the Pisan Baptistery. Both reliefs, but particularly the Adoration, are rude in execution. Whether they are the work of Niccolò or of Giovanni, they are certainly the only first-rate works of sculpture on the exterior of the Duomo.

To these two masters some authorities attribute the whole decorative scheme of the atrium. But the present writer can see no trace of their work except in the two reliefs just discussed. Whoever designed them,

¹ Vasari's *Lives* : Bohn's edition, vol. i. 63.

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the seven arches of the inner face of the atrium, and its three doorways, are sober and stately things. Between the door of the Holy Cross and the central one two rows of reliefs are let into the wall. The upper series is concerned with S. Martin and is very mediocre in execution, probably the work of some follower of Guidetto's. In the first panel the saint, dressed as a monk, raises a man from the dead. It has the inscription : *Martinus . Monach . Defunctum . Vivere . Fecit .* After this follows the reception of the episcopal mitre by Martin, inscribed : *De . Monacho . Prasul . es . tu . Martine . Vocatus .* The lower series, following a common custom in Lombard and Romanesque churches, gives pictures or symbols of the months. These representations are sometimes to be found inside, sometimes on the outside of churches ; usually sculptured, occasionally in mosaic. Sometimes the months are represented by the signs of the zodiac, as in the Baptistery of Pisa and S. Petronius at Bologna ; more often, as here, they appear as figures performing symbolic actions. Among other well-known examples are those in S. Michele at Pavia, and in the *confessio* of S. Savino of Modena, and the church of S. Zeno at Verona. The example we are now considering dates, like the S. Martin series above it, from the first half of the thirteenth century, and like it, is of poor workmanship. December comes first, and is typified in a homely way as a man cutting up a pig for the Christmas feasts. November is a ploughman turning the soil ; October pours off the new wine from the vats ; September treads the wine-press ; August gathers in the fruit ; and July threshes out the corn.

At this point both series are interrupted by the central doorway, whose architrave has one of the usual reliefs of the twelve Apostles with our Lady in their midst. In the tympanum is a relief of our Lord in a mandorla glory supported by angels. Both are attri-

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buted by Schmarsow to Guidetto's own chisel. The door is framed in delicate pilasters of red Verona marble, and slender white shafts inlaid with arabesques and tiny fantastic figures, or with pretty zigzags in green and white.

Beyond this doorway we take up the S. Martin series again. In the first episode the saint, now vested as a bishop, is helping two monks to exorcise a devil, who flies out of the mouth of his victim in the form of a weird, winged monster. The inscription says:—*Demone · Vexatum · Salvas · Martino · Beatum.*—*Ignis · Adest · Capiti · Martino · Sacra · Litanti* explains the last scene, where we see the saintly bishop celebrating mass in the ancient way, with his face turned to the people. On his head is a descending flame of fire. Three of his assistants wear dalmatics, the fourth a cope.

Just below are the rest of the months, still marching backwards. June is the reaper, May a gallant cavalier riding out a courting with a rose in his hand. April sows the seed, March prunes the vines; February is a fisherman, while January is old and cold and cowers over the fire. The symbols are as ancient as agriculture. Ten of them deal with the primitive labours necessary to feed and warm mankind: the remaining two sum up human life, hot youth driven by passion, age resting in his warm chimney corner before sinking into the grave.

After this comes the third entrance into the Duomo, known as the door of S. Regulus because of its position opposite the chapel of that saint, and because the architrave bears a relief in which he is seen disputing with the Arian heretics. He appears in full ecclesiastical pomp, supported by three priests and a deacon, bearing in his hand a cartel displaying his written defiance to the heretics: *Ego · Regulus · Asser · Sēper · Fuisse · Dm̄ · Patrem · et · Filium · et · Spū · S̄.* The

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Arians, five fierce wild men with long hair, advance boldly towards him. Their chieftain, also, waves his declaration of faith: *Nos · Ariani · Dicimus · Filium · Dei · Initium · In · Divinitate · Abuisse*. The meeting bids fair to be a heated one, and sums up not unhappily those disputes between the Catholics and the Arians which drove S. Regulus from his African diocese to a Tuscan hermitage. It is a spirited work. Less happy, artistically, is the relief in the tympanum above, where the saint humbly bows his head to the executioner's sword.

A further decoration of the wall, below the reliefs of the months, is a series of very decorative medallions. The first seven are in black marble inlay with various devices of the usual Romanesque type. The eighth is a fine portrait relief of Giovanni Pietro d' Avanza, a famous rhetorician and man of letters who died of the plague in 1457 and was buried with great pomp in this very atrium.¹ At the time of his death Matteo Civitali was twenty-one, and the Lucchesi claim this medallion as their favourite sculptor's first work. It is followed by three more inlaid medallions, that with the crowned viper of the Visconti probably commemorating the endowment of a chaplaincy in the Duomo by Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, in 1433. Another portrait follows, said to represent the Emperor Sergius Galba, also attributed, but with less reason, to Civitali.

The whole atrium is rich in inscriptions. In the first arcade on the left is the very important one which fixes the date of the reconstruction of the Duomo by Anselmo Badagio (Pope Alexander II.) in 1070. Another, in the next arcade, records the measures taken in 1111 by Bishop Rangerius to control the fraudulent money-changers and *speciarii* whose booths encumbered the porch. On the central door is one

¹ It bears the legend: "*Io · Petrus · Lucensis · Doctus · Græce · et · Latine · Ingenio · Miti · Proboque.*"

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commemorating the part taken by the *Operaii* Belenato and Aldibrando in the decorations begun in 1233. The most important of all the inscriptions is on the upper part of the façade, but is quoted here to avoid confusion. The human figure holding a scroll on the last column of the lowest arcade has been mentioned above. On the scroll we read that "Guidetto built this church in 1204, with excellent skill and choice materials."¹ The figure is said to be a portrait of Guidetto.

The columns of the arches by which the atrium is entered have yet to be described. Even among so much beautiful detail the slender shafts of the piers that support the central arch, and especially the one on its left, are remarkable. Into the little space of its surface is crowded the whole history of mankind from the first to the Second Adam. The episode of the Fall, at the base, is magnificently rendered by a sculptor who had cast off the trammels of Byzantium and was familiar with antique sculpture, as witness his free treatment of the nude in both figures, and especially the attitude of Eve. In the consciousness of her nakedness she holds out her arms, exactly as innumerable Græco-Roman Venuses had done before her. But her long hair floats out on either side with a grace that belongs to no one but herself. Behind, whispering a tale of evil in her ear, is a strange satyr-like creature, who can be no other than the arch-fiend himself, who nevertheless appears in proper serpent twined round the tree of knowledge, an unmistakable fig-tree here. All this beauty, exposed as it has been for six centuries to the rude pressure of many generations of pilgrims, money-changers, and tourists, has suffered greatly and is in a very dilapidated condition. Just above it an iron band round the shaft seems to

¹MILLE CC | III CONDI | DIT · ELE | CTI · TAM · PUL | CRAS ·
DEXTRA · GVIDFCTA.

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mark an ancient fracture; and certainly the rest of the column is very different and vastly inferior, though charming in the familiar Comacine-Lombard way. The branches of the tree of Jesse twine upwards to the top, and among its stiffly interlaced leaves the progenitors of the Blessed Virgin are perched, the whole culminating in a figure of our Lord in benediction. The other columns are most of them embroidered rather than carved with delicate leaf-patterns, interwoven with a whole population of tiny creatures, centaurs and mermaids mixed haphazard with warriors in Norman armour. One is covered with the curious knots that typify eternity in the decorative language of primitive ages. Every part in fact of this outer face of the atrium belongs spiritually to the old world, except the Adam and Eve episode. That this is the work of a different sculptor is self-evident, but it is impossible to identify him. Ridolfi¹ and the other Italian authorities, while attributing the more archaic parts of the column to Guidetto, give the Adam and Eve conjecturally to Biduino, a local sculptor whose work is to be seen near Pisa and in Lucca. There is, however, in the writer's opinion little to support the statement. Biduino it is true, broke away to some small extent from the lifeless conventionality of his time, but his existing works give no hint either of such originality or such culture as is seen in this beautiful creation.

Another relic of the world of primitive symbolism is the labyrinth² that is so deeply scored in the last

¹ Enrico Ridolfi, *L'Arte in Lucca Studiata nella sua Cattedrale* (Lucca, 1882), 87 and 88.

² Beneath it, in very irregular lettering, is the following:—

HIC · QUEM | CRETICVS | EDIT · DEDA | LVS · EST | LABERINT |
HVS: SEQ | O.
NVLIV | S' VADER | E · QVIVIT | QVI · FVIT · | INTVS · | NI
THESE | VS · GRAT | IS.
ADRIAN | E · STAMI | NE · INTVS.

pier on the right. This method of representing the perils and entanglements of human life is common enough in mediæval churches of the Romanesque type, both in Italy and elsewhere. Instances are to be seen in S. Michele of Pavia and S. Maria in Trastevere at Rome. Ridolfi¹ suggests that the mediæval architects thus perpetuated the ancient tradition that such a labyrinth was one of the ornaments of Solomon's Temple, while other authorities trace them to some dim memory of the Cretan labyrinth of Dædalus. The inscription on this one supports the latter view.

Both in the outer and inner faces of the atrium the arches spring from boldly carved lions resting on the capitals of the columns. These are one of the many obvious signs of Guidetto's connection with the Comacine Guild. The known facts about him are briefly these: In 1187 a certain Magister Guido da Como built the church of S. Maria in Corteorlandini in Lucca.² In conjunction with Guidetto, assumed from the likeness of the name to be his son, he was in 1204 commissioned to build the west front of the Duomo. But as the inscription already quoted attributes the work to Guidetto or Guidecto alone, it is supposed that Guido died before much progress was made. In 1211 Guidetto, now in his turn spoken of as Guido *Magistro*, made a contract, still fortunately preserved, for certain works in S. Stefano at Prato, by which he was enjoined not only to work himself but to command others to work, and in which he is called *Magister Guido Marmolarius Sancti Martini de Luca*. He is next heard of in Lucca again, rebuilding the façade of S. Michele, after which he appears at Pisa as the sculptor of the altar and font in the Baptistry.

¹ *Op. cit.*

² See inscription in a passage leading to the sacristy of S. Maria in Corteorlandini, Lucca.

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Among the scanty remains of this altar a recent writer has found an inscription in which Guido is spoken of as Guido Bigarelli di Como,¹ thus furnishing us for the first time with his surname. The last mention we have of him is in connection with the pulpit at S. Bartolommeo in Pantano, at Pistoia, which appears to have been left unfinished at his death. These statements, even without the evidence of his work, establish his identity as a Master in the Comacine Guild. From a very early period these masters, perhaps again recalling the Hebrew symbolism, made every part and detail of their buildings express some mystical idea. From about 1000 to 1500 the Lion of Judah was one of their chief symbols. For two hundred years the lion appears as here, above the column, later we find the column resting upon it.

It is impossible in the narrow limits of this little book fully to discuss this very interesting and obscure subject. There seems small doubt, however, that an elaborate system of suggesting spiritual truths by physical imagery was adopted by the early Christian architects, encouraged by the utterances of the Fathers of the Church. Also it is evident that in the main they did not invent their symbols, but merely gave a new significance to the traditional representations of human, animal and plant forms common to all primitive races, or reaching them through Jewish or classical traditions. We find Dionysius the Areopagite, St Paul's contemporary, saying that, "It is necessary to teach the mind as to the spiritual hierarchies, by means of material figures and formal compositions, so that by comparing the most sacred forms in our minds, we may raise

¹ The inscription reads thus:—*A.D. MCCXLVI sub Jacobi Rectore loci—Guido Bigarelli da Como fecit hec opus* See August Schmarsow, *op. cit.* 57.

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before us the spiritual and unpictured beings and similitudes on high.”¹ And again: “Only by means of occult and difficult enigmas is it given to the Fathers of Science to show forth mystic and divine truths.”² And, “We must raise ourselves from ascetic facts by means of imaginative forms, and we should not marvel as do the unknowing, if for this purpose are chosen many-footed beings, or creatures with many heads; if we figure bovine images, or lions, or eagles with curved beaks; flying creatures with threefold wings, celestial irradiations, wheel-like forms, vario-tinted horses, the armed Sagittarius and every kind of sacred symbol that has come down to us by tradition.” Nearly nine hundred years later the ecclesiastical mind is still occupied with the very same idea. In an epistle to Olimpodorus, S. Nilus says, “You ask whether it would be wise to decorate the walls [of churches] on the right and left with animal figures, so that we may see hares and goats, and every kind of beast flying away, while men and dogs follow them up. Whether it would be well to represent fish and fishermen throwing the line or the net; whether on the calcareous stone shall be well-carved effigies of all kinds of animals, and ornamental friezes and representations of birds, beasts, and serpents of divers generations.”³ And he concludes that it would be well.

All these quaint ornaments, then, on this and other churches of the period, are to be considered not as the mere idle imaginings of a childish age, but as a deliberate attempt to express the abstract truths

¹ *De angelica seu celesti Hierarchia, Epistola ad Timotheum Ephasia civitatis Episcopum.*

² *De Theologia Symbolica, Epistola I ad Titum Pontificem.*

³ See Leader Scott, *The Cathedral Builders*, London, 1899, for this and the two passages from Dionysius the Areopagite quoted above.

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of religion. It would be dangerous, and perhaps a little wanting in humour, to attempt an explanation of each symbol used. Certain of them, however, recur so often and are so obvious that they cannot be mistaken. The endless thread legitimately suggests eternity. As king of beasts, the lion is a fit image of David, the Lion of Judah, from whose lineage was to spring a yet greater King. The vine, whose tendrils are entwined with every column and arch in every church, typifies our Lord, as well as the column. In the timid stag fleeing from the centaur we see the soul escaping from fleshly lusts. Dragons, wolves, bears, and all the infernal monsters born of the brain of the mediæval craftsmen are fit representatives of the powers of evil. The hare is unchaste or unfaithful, while the huntsman's dogs show the true believer driving out heresy.

In leaving the atrium by the arch at its north end two heads forming the keystones on its inner and outer surfaces will be noticed. Local tradition has given the name of Pope Alexander II. to the mitred one on the inside, and of Countess Matilda to the youthful one outside. There is no evidence that they were so intended, but the legend is evidence of the persistent desire of all Tuscany to associate itself with the great countess.

The exterior of the north aisle is one of those composite arrangements of Gothic and Romanesque that became so common in Italy during the fourteenth century. In this case the effect is not unpleasant, and the details are dignified and simple. The panelled buttresses have niches for statues, which seem, however, never to have been filled. There is less to dwell on here than in the west front, for all the ornament is uniform and a little lifeless, so that we soon reach the transept, a lofty Romanesque mass thrusting itself out and upward, and quite free from

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any Gothic falsification. In the lunette over the door is a relief dating from the eighteenth century, but feebly aping the manner of the sixteenth.

The solid and stately apse, dating in its present form from 1320, a year made memorable in the history of Lucca by Castruccio's election to the captainship of the city, is one of the finest existing expressions of the later Pisan Romanesque style. Younger by a century than the apse of the Duomo of Pisa, it is very like it in character. Much less ornate in its details than Guidetto's façade, the fine proportions of the two arcades please and satisfy the eye. Besides the inscription recording the execution of the work under the *Operaio* Ser Bonaventura Rolenzi, there are no special details to detain us. Above the apse the unfinished gable was no doubt intended to carry another arcade. Its absence, and the presence of two incongruous chapels crowned with bulbous domes at either angle of the east front, somewhat disturb the harmony of what should be a majestic composition. But even so it is a worthy ending to a great church.

Turning from the architecture to the history of the Duomo, it will be found that many centuries of toil and change were necessary to bring it to the present condition of mellow beauty. The seed that was to bear fruit in the great Cathedral Church of Lucca was sowed in distant Britain as far back as the fourth century. Towards its close S. Ninian built a church in Galloway on the wild hills overlooking England on the one hand, and the Irish seas on the other. It was a church of cut stone, and in the eyes of the untutored savages of the region, who knew no houses but those of wattled boughs, it seemed a wonder. They called it Whitherne or the White House, because the sun gleamed so brightly on its fresh masonry, and the monkish writers speak of it always as *Candida Casa*. Under the shelter



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of the church other buildings arose to house the converts and students S. Ninian gathered round him, for this White House was a Christian mission. Ninian, son of a Prince of Cumbria, had early been possessed by a passionate desire to convert his fellow-countrymen. He had equipped himself for the work by many years spent in Rome in study and prayer, and in learning the arts of civilisation. And some time too he tarried at Marmoutier, sitting at the feet of S. Martin of Tours, to whom he conceived a great devotion. Then he came home, bringing with him cunning masons, and by their help built a fair church like those he had seen in Italy. The mission prospered, and the college, so Alban Butler tells us, became a centre of "apostolic men and many glorious saints." Upon the death of S. Martin, Ninian dedicated the church of *Candida Casa* in his name, and kept his memory constantly alive in the minds of the students. Then Ninian in his turn passed away. But *Candida Casa* remained. Nearly a hundred years later an Irish lad, young Finnian of Moville, came there to study the text of the Holy Scriptures as revised by S. Jerome, whose version was as yet unknown in Ireland. After spending some years in hard work and devotion to S. Ninian and S. Martin, he too went on pilgrimage to Rome. Many years passed. Finnian had become Frediano, the great saint, and a great church builder in Lucca, the city of his adoption. By dedicating the third and greatest of the churches he built there to S. Martin, he proved that he had not forgotten the college on the hills of Galloway and the lessons of his British masters. So from its very inception the Cathedral of Lucca is closely associated with the British Isles, a connection that was to reappear more than once.

It is not very difficult to imagine what Frediano's church of S. Martin looked like. Built by the masters of the Comacine Guilds, it would naturally

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follow their usual methods. That it was a basilica is certain, and almost equally certain that the rafters of the roof rested on ancient columns torn out of ruined pagan temples. At the east there would be a rounded apse and close to the west front a square tower. What sculptured ornament there was would be rude and simple. The façade was where it is now, in fact the old wall is incorporated into the existing one, and there is reason to think that the total length was that of the present nave. Though the mists of time limit our vision of this sixth-century church, we have existing documents that illuminate certain moments in its history very vividly, throwing here and there a detail into strong relief. Chief among them is the twelfth-century *Passionary* in the cathedral library, containing the Acts of the Translation of S. Regulus, an event that took place in 780.¹ From it we gleam a fairly complete picture of the interior of S. Martino at that date.

Regulus, by his stalwart opposition to the Arians, had made himself an object of their persecution. To escape them he fled from his African diocese to the quiet hills of Tuscany. Here, in one of the many hermitages hidden in their folds, he spent long years of holy retirement and prayer. But even these remote sanctuaries were profaned by the Gothic hordes of Totila, then overrunning Italy; the saintly bishop was dragged from his cave and rudely commanded to do homage to the barbaric sovereign. Acknowledging no king but One, he refused, and was instantly beheaded, and the legend goes on to tell how he quietly picked up his head and carried it off to his disciples, who buried it with tender care. His body found its

¹ The account given in the *Passionary* tallies exactly, according to Ughelli: *Ital. Sacra*, vol. i. col. 796, with a manuscript in the Vatican which also describes the translation.

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resting-place in Waldo or Gualdo near Populonia,¹ and his fame increased daily among the people of Lucca and the converted Lombards settled in and about the city. Very naturally they wished to sanctify their church of S. Martino, the seat of a bishopric since before 725,² by making it the depositary of the holy relics of this new saint. To do honour to him great preparations were made for the translation. The Passionary tells us how blessed Bishop Giovanni made a *confessio* or subterranean chapel, like that in which S. Peter lies in Rome, to receive the body of Regulus, and lined it with rich bronzes and marbles, erecting near it two altars, the upper one dedicated to S. Martin, the lower to S. Regulus. Above the *confessio* and its altars he raised some such marble canopy as we see in S. Clemente in Rome, with silver lamps burning before it, and he set up beautiful gates before the *Sancta Sanctorum* or presbytery, which we may fairly imagine to have been enclosed within simple marble balustrades flanked by *ambone* of mosaic work. With all these details fixed by documentary evidence we shall hardly err in picturing the curved roof of the apse as gleaming with a solemn mosaic image of our Lord seated amid the four rivers of Paradise. Such was the interior, lighted perhaps more brilliantly by the tapers on the altars than by the narrow lancet windows, in which the body of the African bishop was laid, and we can almost see the incense rising between the porphyry columns as the stately procession paced slowly up the nave.

Two years later the walls of the Duomo were shaken with a great shout of triumph that went up from a multitude of people. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" they cried, like

¹ *Memorie e Documenti per servire alla Storia di Lucca*, vol. iv. part i. 387, et seq.

² Muratori, *Antiq. Ital. Medi. Ævi. Dissert.*, lxxiv. col. 403.

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the Hebrews of old when their King entered Jerusalem. "Hosanna in the highest." They were panting and weary from a long march, but their faces were bright with joy. They surged round a slow-moving car from which a kingly face looked down on them with infinite compassion, the face of their crucified Redeemer. The great cross on which He hung was upheld with trembling reverence by an old man wearing the simple mitre of that day, and robes proper to a bishop. "The *Volto Santo*! The Holy Face!" cried the people, hardly remembering to breathe for wondering where the unguided beasts that drew the precious burden would turn or stay. And when they ceased from their purposeful march and planted their feet firmly on the ground before the Duomo, then it was that the voice of triumph went up. The Lord had declared His will. He would abide among His faithful people in Lucca, and would have naught to do with the knavish shipmen and fishers of Luni, who so arrogantly had claimed Him. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Slowly the venerable bishop clambered down from the car, and slowly he bore the mighty cross up the steps into his church, staggering with weakness and bent under its great weight. And the people flung themselves on their faces, kissing the feet of the old man, and worshipping, beside themselves with joy. A great silence fell upon them. Only once a little child cried out with sudden fear as the portentous image towered above it, and struggled to escape its mother's arm. "Dost thou not see it is thy Gesù?" whispers the mother, and the child is still. Slowly the image rises higher above the prostrate crowd as the bishop mounts step after step. He pauses at the open door of the dim church, turning so that once more the people may see the face of their King. The shout bursts out anew. "The Holy Face, the Holy Face!" He

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wheels round, and stooping enters the door. And so the *Volto Santo* came home.

In some such way it must have come. History, while remaining obstinately silent as to the manner of its arrival, acknowledges the fact of its presence in Lucca from somewhere about this period. So what can we do but fall back upon this beautiful old story? It is as much interwoven into the texture of the history of Lucca and her Duomo as the warp is with the woof on the weaver's loom. And who shall distinguish here between the *wahrheit* and the *dichtung*?

Whether or not he took part in such a scene the episcopate of Bishop Giovanni was an important one for the Duomo. He was a great builder, and besides the internal additions to the Duomo in connection with S. Regulus, he raised a monastery with two cloisters in which the canons lived in community, and which marched with the bishop's palace and the church wall. And presumably because there was no shrine worthy of it in the Duomo he transferred the *Volto Santo* to the little church called *Domini et Salvatoris*,¹ which he built for the purpose opposite the west front. We know also that in his day the mother church became gradually hidden by little external chapels that clung to its outer walls on every side. One was dedicated to S. Regulus, one to S. Mary, a third to S. Paul; while that of S. Apollinare on the south was so large and important that the church was sometimes spoken of as SS. Martino ed Apollinare.

From this time onwards to the middle of the eleventh century the curtain goes down. When it rises we find that our new church is now an old church,

¹ This church existed in 797, and the name of its first priest was Tamperto, as we know from his gravestone found during excavations in the Piazza del Duomo in 1835. —Barsocchini, *Diario Sacro delle Chiese di Lucca*, 223.

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and that the people are crying out for its renovation. It was represented as crumbling with age,¹ and was also criticised as old fashioned. A glorious epoch of church building had begun, and Lucca was ever ambitious to outshine her neighbour cities in such matters. A worthy successor of Bishop Giovanni sat on the episcopal throne, the Milanese Anselmo Badagio, better known as Pope Alexander II., and an ever-increasing stream of pilgrims to the *Volto Santo*, with their attendant money-changers and vendors of small wares, crowded the narrow limits of the church. The time was come for action. If we believe the thirteenth-century inscription in the atrium, Badagio rebuilt the church entirely, but Bishop Tolomei says that he merely enlarged and beautified it. The latter statement is probably nearer the truth. Leaving the unfinished façade as it was, Badagio seems to have converted the church into a Latin cross by adding transepts. Although they were narrower than the present ones, he gained additional length in this way, and perhaps additional height by raising the walls. Whether, as is conjectured, he enlarged the *confessio* so as to bring it under the new presbytery, and cased the walls in marble, cannot be decided.

In any case he so transformed the church that it required reconsecration, a rite which he himself performed in 1072 on his way back from the Council of Mantua. He spared nothing to make the occasion a splendid one. In his train marched twenty-three bishops, and behind them followed an innumerable host of clergy and laymen, not only from Lucchesi territory, but from all the neighbouring states. Privileges were conferred on the bishopric and chapter, and many persons of note were present, among them being the Countess Matilda and Beatrice her mother.

But still the Duomo was without a façade. As the

¹ Fiorentini, *Memorie della Contessa Matilde*, vol. i. 70.

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years went on more and more pilgrims flocked to the *Volto Santo*, and it seems to have troubled the bishops and canons that they were obliged to receive them in an incomplete church. Funds were not lacking, as the constant influx of strangers poured money into the treasury. In 1119 a chapel was built for the *Volto Santo*. But the end of the twelfth century had nearly come before any decisive effort was made to complete the west front. A body called the *Opera del Frontispizio*, with its own consuls and revenues, was finally elected in 1196, and took the matter in hand with instant vigour. The result of its deliberations was the ornate and fantastic façade that still survives, begun in 1204, and quickly completed as far as the outer wall was concerned. It pleased the Luccesi people, as we may judge by the fact that Guidetto at once became fashionable and was commissioned to build a similar frontispiece for S. Michele in Foro, and to erect a new Pieve at Prato. Twenty-three years later the inner wall of the atrium, left rough until then, was covered with the marble inlay we see by the care of the *Operai* Belenato and Aldibrandi, and about the same time Niccolò Pisano was called in to help in its further adornment. Then, about 1260, the upper part of the tower was rebuilt on the old base, whose cyclopean stones were then already venerable. And as the century passed one thing after another was added to the beauty of the church, while the idea of still further enlarging it was dallied with. The four great buildings in Pisa, newly completed, challenged competition. The Gothic style was coming into vogue, and the severely simple walls of the nave and aisles contrasted ill with the new façade. Further, there was the perpetual demand for more space created by the continued popularity of the *Volto Santo*.

A new apse was begun in 1308 on land ceded by Bishop Enrico. The upper arches of the interior were

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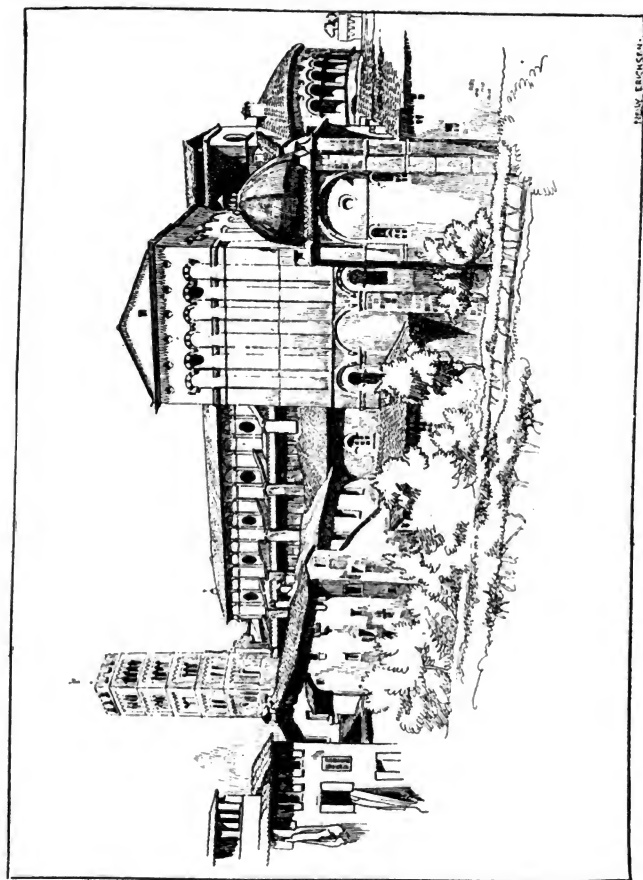
reconstructed, the roof was raised, and the transepts widened. All this was done under the direction of Matteo Campanari, and when he died in 1320 Bonaventura Rolenzi carried on the work. But about this time the Republic fell upon evil days. Besides the great humiliation of her submission to Pisa she was forced to bow her head under an interdict, and furthermore, in 1348 the plague broke out, and many of her citizens fell dead in the streets. This was no time for church building. Campanari's ambitious design for a *Campo Santo* greater than that of Pisa was abandoned, the office of *Operaio* was left unfilled, and for years the stone-mason's chisel and hammer were silent in the precincts of the Duomo.

A generation had hardly passed away, however, before the swing of the pendulum came. When the glorious year of freedom dawned in 1369, there was a sudden flaming up of the smouldering fires of national pride, and the completion of the Duomo was once more taken energetically in hand. A decree of the Council of the Republic in 1372 sanctioned fresh expenditure, three *Operai* were appointed, including Francesco Guinigi, and architectural advisers were called in from abroad. By their advice great changes were made in the interior, which was strengthened by the introduction of massive piers. This was costly work, and exhausted the funds in hand. But the men in power were too bent on the successful accomplishment of their task to be stayed by this. They raised money and went on, ran short again, received legacies and donations, and began fresh works. By the end of the fourteenth century nearly all the structural part was done and it only remained for their successors of the fifteenth to add the marble veneer to the outer walls of the nave and upper part of the transepts. In order that this should be done "to the honour of Almighty God, of the Holy Cross, of blessed Martin Confessor and

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Pontiff, and for the embellishment of the city of Lucca," as the deed of sale says, the Council of the *Opera*, in 1411, sold a large portion of the cathedral property. They spent the money thus raised magnificently, but thriftily withal; making the north side, which lay open to the eye, much finer than the south, hidden as it was in its secluded cloister. The *Duomo* was now practically complete and stood gleaming on every side with inlaid marble and sculpture. It then occurred to the authorities as deplorable that so much beauty should be hidden by the mean houses and old ruinous towers that crowded closely round the great church on every side. Having realised the evil, Paolo Guinigi was swift to remedy it. With characteristic energy he ordered a clean sweep of the obstructions to be made. Everything that stood in the way was demolished, and the Piazza Antelminelli laid out.

The second half of the fifteenth century was a fruitful time for the interior decoration of the *Duomo*. A happy combination of cultured patrons like Pietro da Noceto and Domenico Bertini, with artists like Jacopo della Quercia, Civitali, Leonardo Marti and others, together with the munificence of private citizens, resulted in the creation of many beautiful works. To the year 1452 we owe the woodwork of the choir by Leonardo Marti. In 1472 Civitali began his activities with the monument of Pietro da Noceto; in 1478 he completed the Tabernacle and Adoring Angels for the Chapel of the Sacrament, and in the following year the monument of Domenico Bertini. Between 1472 and 1484 the windows were all filled with painted glass, and in 1476 the vaulting of the nave was painted. The floor was paved with rich intarsia work about the same time, and the delicate traceries of the triforium windows were added. The *tempietto* for the *Volto Santo* was Civitali's next achievement, and in the same year, 1484, he finished the altar of S. Regulus, in



NEW ENGLAND.

THE DUOMO FROM THE RAMPARTS

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1498 the pulpit. A pair of organs also belong to this period, and rich vessels, hangings, and vestments were provided. The details added in the sixteenth and following centuries are chiefly regrettable. Some have already been removed, and one hopes that more may go. In any case "*non raggioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*"



DETAIL OF PULPIT, DUOMO

CHAPTER VIII

The Interior of the Duomo and its Monuments

“O Crux ave, Spes unica.”

LATIN HYMN.

THE interior of the Duomo is intimate and lovable rather than imposing. To enter it is like meeting a friend. It inspires happiness rather than awe, pleases rather than delights.

In spite of a greater unity of effect the battle of the styles is waged no less keenly here than outside, but with one great difference. There the Gothic element is subordinate to the Romanesque, here it predominates. We seem at first to have entered a purely Gothic church. And as the ground plan is a Latin cross, the nave lofty, and the transepts important, the conclusion can hardly be avoided. Yet it is not wholly Gothic. The details are hopelessly intermingled. A pointed triforium with elaborately traceried windows rests upon massive round arches. Others span the roof, but pointed vaultings spring from them. In the aisles the windows are pointed, in the clerestory round. The apse alone has unity of style, and the eye would rest happily there even without the additional witchery of the rich colour in its windows. Contrasting with the cool fire of their deep greens, and blues, and purples the golden shrine of the *Volto Santo*, surrounded by a fire-fly tangle of burning tapers, glows like the sun. It is the living heart of the Duomo, and to it the

converging feet of the pilgrims of Europe were drawn all through the Middle Ages. We shall presently recognise the features of crusaders, emperors and kings, of saints and great sinners who have knelt here before the mystic image of the Crucified Redeemer, treasured within behind many veils. But as yet we only hear the echoes of the stream of their feet, and wonder that so toy-like a sanctuary should contain so great a treasure. For that is what Civitali's *tempietto* is; an *object de vertu* rather than a shrine. Delicious with golden pilasters and glittering gratings, with a dome gleaming like the breast of some tropical bird, with the graceful statue of young Sebastian, costly lamps and votive offerings, it is yet a very small perfection. To find a greater, one must wander farther up the church to where in the north transept lies the gentlest effigy of dead youth that human hand ever made, the tomb of Ilaria, wife of Paolo Guinigi. In the Chapel of the Sanctuary beyond is Fra Bartolommeo's fairest Madonna and between it and the choir the Chapel of Christ the Liberator, raised by the citizens when Israel came out of Egypt, when Lucca in 1369 escaped from the iron hand of Pisa. A marble parapet encloses the choir. Beyond it we find some of the chief works of the only memorable sculptor the little Republic ever produced. Whatever were the limitations of Matteo Civitali—and they are not hard to find—as we stand before the Altar of S. Regulus with its benign Madonna and outstretched saintly form, before the Adoring Angels in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament with their hushed rapture of devotion, before the simple monument of Domenico Bertini or the more elaborate one of Pietro da Noceto, we are delighted with the sense of having made the acquaintance of a pure and exquisite spirit, and a sculptor of grace and refinement. It is not without significance that our instinct puts the man before his

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work. From the sacristy we just catch the warm glow of Domenico Ghirlandaio's picture, and as we pass down again to the west, note the dramatic composition of Domenico Tintoretto's altarpiece of the Institution of the Eucharist. Civitali's graceful pulpit is passed, and the bold *intarsia* picture on the floor.

After this summary glance we sit down quietly to drink in the genius of the place before studying its details.

The first picture that arrests the eye is Cosimo Rosselli's large fresco of *Nicodemus and the Story of the Volto Santo*, very fitly painted on the wall above the door of the Holy Cross, and just opposite to the *tempietto*. This is one of those picture stories in which several successive episodes are represented simultaneously. A wide stretch of landscape in Cosimo's characteristic manner forms the background, with a distant Calvary and Descent from the Cross. Below the latter episode, in the foreground on the left, the dead Saviour lies outstretched in the stiffness of death under the shadow of a great rock, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, Madonna, Mary Magdalene, and the other Marys weeping over him. Far away in the centre lies a very mediæval Jerusalem with walls and towers. Below it in the Valley of Cedars kneels Nicodemus. By the mouth of an angel he receives the divine command to cut down a cedar tree and to fashion from it the image of the Crucified. In the foreground we see him, having obeyed the voice, sitting at work chiselling the trunk of a tree into the likeness of the body of Christ. Farther to the right, in the middle distance, he is hewing down two more trees wherewith to make the arms of the figure. He is everywhere dressed in yellow and wears a white turban. The colour is chiefly green, yellow and heavy brown; the sky, light on the horizon, deepen-

ing to a steely blue above. It is an uninspired and prosaic work, but having endured at least two restorations, in 1653 and again in 1834, is no doubt worse than it originally was. Vasari gives a puzzling account of this picture, saying that Cosimo included in it many portraits, and particularly that of Paolo Guinigi. He probably confused it with Amico Aspertini's *Volto Santo* frescoes in S. Frediano, in which many portraits actually appear.

Another fresco by Cosimo Rosselli was formerly over the Altar of the Blessed Trinity, the first on the left. After a long period of oblivion it was discovered early in the nineteenth century, when the present tiresome altarpiece by Paggi was temporarily removed. It is a representation of the *Trinity* surrounded by a garland of cherubs, on a gold ground, and must always have been an indifferent work. Soon after its discovery the intonaco on which it is painted was removed from the wall, restored in a barbarous fashion, and banished to the Guardaroba of the *Opera del Duomo*, where it still languishes in an almost inaccessible cupboard.

Over the second altar on the left is a *Presentation in the Temple*, by Alexander Allori, the nephew and pupil of Bronzino, inscribed A · D · S · N · M · DIC · ALEXANDER · BRONXINVS · ALLORIVS · CIV · FLORENTINVS · CHRISTOPHORI · FIL · PINGEBAT ·, and for which he received 201 *scudi*. Considering all things this is not a bad picture, but it is more a study of rich silks and brocades than anything else. As far as any intention is sought in it, or any significance, the spectator is doomed to disappointment. It is empty and rhetorical, but with an echo of the grand manner.

A little farther on a curious trophy of horses' tails juts from the wall with an inscription below recording that it was taken from the Turks at the battle of Petro-Varadin by Stefano Orsetti, serving in the forces of the Emperor Charles VI. Orsetti was a

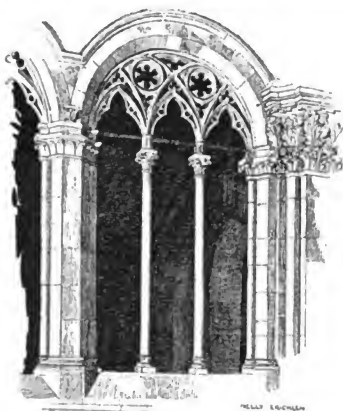
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famous member of a famous Lucca family. They were for centuries lords of Marlia and in describing that beautiful place we shall have more to say about them.

Not far off is the *Tempietto*. It stands out in the aisle like the chantry chapels of our English cathedrals, but is as different as possible in appearance. Instead of a rectangular structure with a Gothic complication of decoration this is a domed Corinthian temple upheld by fluted columns resting on a marble base. Bound round it is an exquisite frieze of garlands and shields. The dome has overlapping tiles of blue, green, yellow, and purple; and golden ribs uniting at the summit in a slender lantern. Each of the eight walls is pierced by a round arch, but three of them are built up. Of the remaining five three form the doors, and two serve as windows, and all are fitted with gilded gratings of delicate design. At the back of the chapel Civitali has placed his graceful figure of S. Sebastian, an almost life size statue in the round. The product of infinite pains and study, this figure was one of his favourite works, if we may judge by the fact that he made a special bequest of one of his studies for it to the church of Monte S. Quirico. Of such clay sketches he made several, first training himself by a strenuous course of drawing from the nude. Sweetness and grace he achieved in a high degree, but the modelling of the figure is a little stiff and the muscular movement not very sensitively rendered. Whether consciously or not it reflects the characteristics of a figure of S. Sebastian made as early as 1457 for the Pieve at Empoli, by Antonio Rossellino, a master to whom Civitali is intimately related. Local patriotism insists that Perugino took Civitali's work as his model for the figure of S. Sebastian in his S. Domenico Madonna—now No. 1122 in the Uffizi—and the two figures certainly share

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the same delicate swaying poise and the same sweetness of feeling. Until the seventeenth century Civitali's statue was quite nude. In the panel on its left is a portrait relief of Bertini the famous *operaio*, with the



TRIFORIUM WINDOW IN THE DUOMO

inscription, beautiful both in lettering and spacing; VALET · VI · SVA · VERITAS · M · CCCCLXXX · IIII., and in the corresponding panel the figure of a cock, Bertini's *impresa*, and below it: OPVS · MATHEI · CIVITAL · LVCENSIS. The cock is repeated elsewhere in the ornamentation, and the shield of Bishop Franciscus Sforza, among other details, appears on the gratings.

A not very happy comparison has been made between this little temple and Bramante's round chapel at S. Pietro in Montorio at Rome. It is true that they were built within seventeen years of each other, (this in 1484 and Bramante's in 1501), that both are small and both domed. There the likeness ends. Bramante's is strong and Doric and simple; Civitali's

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is composite, covered with detail, and highly finished ; delicate and amusing. A better parallel to it is the chapel of the S.S. Annunziata in Florence,¹ which Vasari attributes to Michelozzo, and there is some show of reason that Civitali was influenced by it in his first designs for the *tempietto*, which show that his original conception was a square structure like that of the Florentine master.

It is at first difficult to distinguish anything in the dimly-lighted interior, and indeed, except upon four days in the year, there is nothing to see but an ornate baroque altar, and a curtain on which is painted a representation of the venerable crucifix concealed beneath. It happened to the writer to be present on Good Friday, one of the days when the *Volto Santo* is displayed.² At the end of the solemn functions of the day, after the reading of the Passion, comes the unveiling of the crucifix (covered since the beginning of Passion week), in token that the Great Sacrifice is consummated, and thus made known to all the world. At Lucca this is a peculiarly significant moment, seeing that the *Volto Santo* is the crucifix used. With the echoes of the Divine Tragedy, chanted by invisible ministrants from a veiled pulpit, still lingering in the vaulting the long file of sadly vested *cappellani* and canons lead their archbishop to a throne in front of the *tempietto*. There, with prayer and with singing of the antiphon: *Ecce Lignum Crucis, in quo salus mundi pendit*, the curtain is withdrawn and a strange and beautiful image is revealed, hanging majestically in a haze of candle-light. While the archbishop advances

¹ In the church of the same name.

² The other dates are May 3, the Feast of the Invention of the Cross ; September 14, Holy Cross Day and the Feast of the *Volto Santo* as patron of the city ; and the last Friday in November, when it is uncovered in thanksgiving for the saving of the city of Lucca from the cholera, in 1836.

barefooted and humbly to adore it, and after him the other churchmen, each in his order, the unusual and arresting character of the figure impresses itself more and more clearly on the vision. Although considerably over life size,¹ it is not enough so to make it seem monstrous, only enough to add to the superhuman effect. The head is inclined a little to the right. The body hangs straight on the rude cross, and neither appeals to our pity or calls up any idea of physical agony, but suggests, rather, a kingly dignity. From head to foot it is clothed in a dark royal vesture shaped like an early dalmatic, and embroidered thickly with gold threads. Round the neck is a wide falling collar of gold and about the waist a girdle of the same, with a long end falling straight down to the feet. This girdle as well as the deep border of the robe is worked into a series of fretted Gothic canopies, each containing the figure of a saint, except the lowest, in which is a little Madonna and Child that has the pose and the feeling of Giovanni Pisano. Each foot is nailed separately to the cross as was always the case in early crucifixes, and are covered with shoes of damascened silver. The right one disappears into a chalice, placed there, no doubt, to remind the faithful of the ever renewed mystic shedding of the Saviour's blood in the Blessed Sacrament. It also serves to receive the offerings of pilgrims, which fall thence into a chest behind. Wide maniples, with ornaments like those of the girdle hang from each wrist, and on the breast, besides golden stars, there lies a great shimmering pendant of diamonds.

The head is like no other in western art. It is oriental in type, but whether more Jewish than Arab one is unable to decide. There is both majesty and divinity in the face, carved, it is said, in cedar wood, and darkened by time to a rich duskiness. A lofty

¹ The figure is 2 metres 25 centimetres in height according to Guerra; *Storia del Volto Santo* (Lucca, 1881), 28.

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forehead ends in strongly arched brows. Prominent eyes loom out of the cavernous depths beneath. The nose is aquiline, with sensitive nostrils, the beard forked and disposed in smooth waves, almost as if oiled, around the patient mouth. The expression is serene, without any trace of suffering or of wrath, though the half-closed eyes, enamelled, or inlaid with some precious stone, have a mournful droop. But although the attitude and expression of face and figure give no hint of physical suffering an impression of spiritual agony and combat is somehow conveyed to the spectator. A lofty crown of worked gold rests on the parted hair, while a circular band of gold and silver inlaid with jewels forms a sort of aureole round the figure.

Unfortunately the accessories are less harmonious, and one wishes one could spirit away two bouncing silver *putti* of the seventeenth century that paw the air on either side, one of them rattling a great bunch of silver keys.

All the while a ceaseless stream of genuflecting priests flows through the chapel. Each kisses the foot of the image, and passes out, and all the while the antiphons go on, a wonderful dialogue between the Crucified Redeemer and His people. The Saviour pleads His love, the people prostrate themselves in adoration. "*Crucem tuam adoramus Domini,*" they cry; "Of all trees of the grove this only one is noble, *nulla silva talem profert, fronde, flore, germine.*" The rolling phrases go on and on, and at last they all glide solemnly away and the distance swallows the last echoes of their hymn:—

"Vexilla Regis prodeunt
Fulget Crucis mysterium
Quia Vita mortem pertulit
Et morte vitam protulit."

It is by deliberate intention that the *Volto Santo* has been described in connection with a ceremony. First

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because it is never seen in any other way, and never has been, and secondly because its artistic importance is subordinate to its religious significance. In the thoughts of the many who have bowed before it through the centuries it has been an embodiment of the holiest things, and eager eyes have sought its face to find there a shadow of the Divine smile rather than to speculate on its *provenance* or date.

But these things are interesting too. As a critical examination of the figure itself is impossible, the best substitute is a drawing—the only one in existence—made about 1880 by a painter of Lucca, which hangs in the *Sala delle Adunanze Capitolare* under the *Guardaroba* of the Duomo.¹ The crucifix is here portrayed as it left the sculptor's hands, without any of the draperies or ornaments that obscure it; and we find that even then it was clothed in the long tunic or dalmatic, stiffly carved in parallel folds. The feet are bare and, like the hands, long and slim. The workmanship of the head is much more careful and unconventional than that of the figure, and the hair, beard, and tunic appear to have been covered with some dark pigment of ancient date. All the conventions of treatment and attitude are Byzantine, pointing to the early centuries of the Christian era, but also to an artist who was in great measure able to rise above the traditions of his day, and who, in the head at least, made a very successful effort towards naturalism of treatment. He followed none of the recognised types of Christ. We cannot find in this noble face any trace either of the Apollo Christ, the Philosopher Christ, or the repulsive type based on Isaiah's words, "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire him" (Isa. liii. 2.) It has a charm and dignity of its own.

¹ Permission to see it is readily granted by the canons.

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With regard to its ornaments, the earliest in date are almost certainly the silver shoes, which together with the chalice appear on a seal of the Opera di Santa Croce in use in the thirteenth century, on which the crucifix is figured. Next in antiquity are the silver-gilt Pisanesque girdle and border of the robe, which date from about 1382, and replace earlier ones made of gilded *gesso*. It seems that because "the ornaments of the *Volto Santo* of Lucca are much decayed," the commune resolved to spend a hundred florins in replacing them,¹ but we do not unfortunately learn the name of the craftsmen they employed. At the same time the wooden folds of the tunic were hidden from the waist downwards by a petticoat of black velvet embroidered with gold, not of course the existing one, which dates only from the early nineteenth century. A crown of some sort seems to have been placed upon the head at a very early date. Evidence of this exists in the image of the *Volto Santo* stamped on the coinage of the republic, which in every case wears this kingly attribute, the earliest known being a *denaro grosso* of silver, struck at the close of the twelfth century, and followed by a practically unbroken series that ended only with the extinction of the republic. A comparison of these and other early representations of the *Volto Santo*, such as the one existing in Pisa, the relief sculptured on the façade of Palazzo Mazzarosa, and the various seals and medals, proves that there must have been several successive crowns, the earliest having the form of the ancient ducal coronet. The taste of the seventeenth century demanded something different, or, according to one story, the ancient crowns had disappeared. From it we learn that in the Lenten season of 1655 the preacher in the Duomo was Father Candido of Verona, a man of burning

¹ State Archives, Lucca, Council General, 1382, August 23.

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words. He stirred the patriot hearts of his hearers by asking them if, when all the kings of the earth were crowned, their king, the Image of the King of Heaven, alone was to be without a diadem. This was enough: offerings poured in, the alms-box was soon bursting with gold and jewels and stones of price. The rich and the poor, monks and nuns, noble and simple, vied with each other; and it is even related that the children of a certain orphanage went without food one whole day in order to have something to bestow on the holy image. And so the King of Lucca was once more crowned.¹ Ambrogio Giannoni, a goldsmith of Massa, made not only the imposing diadem that we see but the falling collar of gold, both magnificent rather than beautiful, and of a somewhat doubtful taste. Two years later Laura Santini, a gentlewoman of Lucca, completed the decoration of the figure by hanging upon its breast a glittering mass of diamonds.

It has already been stated that the legendary accounts of the *Volto Santo* claim for it a miraculous arrival in Lucca in the year 782, and that a considerable body of direct and collateral evidence bears out this date. Those facts only which concern its connection with the Duomo need be touched on here. Assuming, as we must, that the chapel *Domini et Salvatoris* was built to enshrine it, and knowing that the said chapel was destroyed before 930, the most natural supposition is that the crucifix was then transferred to the Duomo. That is, of course, to the old Duomo, before it was rebuilt by Pope Alexander II. But as we can only conjecture the appearance of that ancient church, we have no certainty as to where the *Volto Santo* was placed within it. Even the chroniclers differ about its

¹ Almerico Guerra, *Storia del Volto Santo* (Lucca 1881), 197 *et seq.*

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position. It may have been suspended high above the nave, as was the custom in many old churches, or perhaps hung over an altar. The only certain fact we know is that in 1119 it was transferred to a chapel built for it in the cathedral, by Bishop Benedetto.¹ We have no means of knowing whether this chapel was the immediate predecessor of Civitali's. If so, it must have been built of black and white marble, for it is expressly stipulated in Civitali's contract that he was to make a herring-bone pavement of black and white marble with a black border, using for the purpose blocks of marble from the old chapel, with which he was also bound to construct an altar, unless he chose instead to make it of marble "*di Santa Maria.*" So that whether it were the chapel of 1119 or a later one, it is evident that the structure superseded by Civitali's was of some dignity of material. Nor is there any hint that Bertini was moved to build the *tempietto* because the former chapel of the *Volto Santo* was inadequate or ruinous. His reasons are clearly stated in the contract. The new shrine was to be built "for the remission of his sins," "to the honour of the *Volto Santo* . . . and for the adornment of the Mother Church of Lucca." He instructed Matteo to do "all that was demanded of him by his duty to the arts, with all his might and cunning," and required that he should carry this work to the same perfection as the sepulchre of Messer Piero da Noceto. It was by Bertini's express desire, also, that a "San Bastiano" was included in the scheme, and that his own portrait and *impresa* should be placed near to the saint. The change, however, from the original square design to the existing octagon was made to please the bishop and the *Opera*, as we learn from the new agreement drawn up on February 21, 1482. Civitali was prompt, and within two years the gay little edifice was ready to

¹ Morconi, *Antichità di Lucca*.

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receive the treasured image. Since then it has been further enriched by the gifts of devotees, not always to its advantage, as when, for instance, in 1661 eight massive stucco *putti* were ranged round the cornice, four heavy evangelists perched on the window-sills, and poor "San Bastiano" swathed up in the metal draperies that still disfigure him. The statues, fortunately, have been spirited away. A massive golden lamp that hangs before the chapel is a votive offering from the grateful citizens when, in answer to their prayers to the *Volto Santo*, the state of Lucca remained immune from the cholera which was raging all over Italy in 1836.

Haunted as it is by the echoes of dead feet, the sound of the feet of to-day is heard as constantly round the *tempietto*. At any hour of any day there are sure to be worshippers, and no true son of Lucca passes through the Duomo without kneeling for a moment to crave the help and protection of the *Volto Santo*.

After the exquisite daintiness of Civitali's *tempietto*, the first impression of the *Monument of Ilaria del Caretto* by Jacopo della Quercia is of dignified austerity.

Standing out in isolation about midway down the north transept, this figure of a young mother lying straight and slim in death, with her long draperies severely folded, fills all the place with peace. Ruskin's description is too good to omit. "She is lying," he says, "on a simple couch, with a hound at her feet, not on the side, but with the head laid straight and simply on the bare pillow, in which, let it be observed, there is no effort at deceptive imitation of drapery. It is understood as a pillow, but not mistaken for one. The hair is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow, the sweet and arched eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet, there is that about them which forbids breath, something which is not death or sleep, but the pure image of both. The

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hands are not lifted in prayer, neither folded, but the arms are laid at length upon the body, and the hands cross as they fall. The feet are hidden by the drapery, and the form of the limbs concealed, but not their tenderness.

"If any of us, after staying for a time beside this tomb, could see through his tears, one of the vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which in these hollow and heartless days, feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride, he would, I believe, receive such a lesson of love as no coldness could refuse, no fatuity forget, and no insolence disobey."¹

Perhaps because it is alien to his mood Ruskin does not speak of the sarcophagus on which this effigy of silent peace is laid. It is girt with fat and complacent little *putti*, bearing opulent garlands of fruit and flowers on stalwart shoulders. They are perfectly beautiful. Their little pagan faces are aglow with life and joy, they neither look forward nor backward. Life means nothing to them but the liberty to enjoy. They have no prevision of death. Strange guardians of the dead, they stand in smiling ranks on either side of the tomb. At one end is a cross flory, the other is bare.

Vasari tells us almost all we know of the history of this monument. After executing certain works in Siena, "Jacopo della Quercia," he says, "made for Paolo Guinigi, who was then Lord of Lucca, a tomb in the church of S. Martino for his wife, who had but lately died. Round the base he sculptured some *putti* in marble, holding up festoons of flowers and leaves with such delicacy that they appeared to be of flesh; and on the slab, above the said tomb, he portrayed with infinite care the wife of the said Paolo Guinigi, who was interred therein. At her feet he placed a little dog in full relief, as a symbol of the fidelity she bore her husband. When Paolo quitted, or rather was driven

¹ *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. chap. 7.

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out of Lucca in 1429, and the city was free, this tomb was removed and almost destroyed on account of the hatred the Lucchesi bore to the memory of Guinigi. But the reverence felt for the beauty of the figure and of the many ornaments, restrained the people, and soon afterwards the tomb with the figure was placed near the door of the Sacristy, where it is at present."¹ So dead Ilaria was made to suffer with her husband. "Near the door of the sacristy" meant inside the outer sacristy, and there the monument remained until 1760, when it suffered a still worse banishment, being thrust into the obscure little oratory of the Garbesi, to the west of the sacristy, in which it was said to have taken up too much room. So cheaply was it held in those dark ages, that the beautiful reliefs on the sarcophagus were torn from it and sold. In 1840 a better feeling prevailed. The monument was re-erected in its present position and re-united with the missing parts. One side of the frieze was found in the cellars of Palazzo Guinigi, the other generously given back by the authorities of the Bargello, at Florence, by whom it had been bought in 1829. It has been generally asserted that the missing end is still retained by the museum. The writer is, however, assured by the Director that this is not the case. Another conjecture, and a not improbable one, is that the monument originally stood with this end against a wall, and that consequently it required no decoration.

Curiously enough there are no existing documents relating to this lovely work of art. We do not even know its exact date. It is suggested as probable, partly because Vasari says it was made soon after Ilaria's death in 1405, and partly because all the records for 1406 are missing from the archives of Lucca, that it must have been erected in the latter year.² Milanese,

¹ Vasari's *Lives*: Jacopo della Quercia.

² Salvatore Bongi: *Paolo Guinigi e le sue ricchezze*. Lucca, 1871

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on the other hand, following Le Monnier, gives 1413, quoting three documents in support of his view, which prove at least that Jacopo was in Lucca at that time.

Of Ilaria herself we do not know very much more than her face tells us. But three short glimpses that Sercambi gives us in his inimitable *Chronicle* probably sum up her short existence. The story must be told in his own words: "We will now," he says, "... relate how that the magnificent Lord Paolo Guinigi, being without a wife, made offers by the mouth of a friend for Donna Madonna Ularia, daughter of Messer Carlo Marchese del Carretto [of the Lords of Finale], and took her to wife in the month of February in 1402, and made a feast without parallel in S. Romano. And the banquet lasted many days, great store of silversmith's work of divers fashions, and live fowl, and confectionery, meat and game, with wax in great abundance having been given to the said Lord by the citizens, and many other gifts, inasmuch as the said feast was a marvel. And so he abode with the said bride."¹ . . . And again:—"Let us tell how there was born a man child to the Lord Paolo Guinigi by his Lady, Madonna Ularia, on the 24th of September 1404, and how the said birth caused much feasting and many bonfires to be made throughout the city and *contado* of Lucca, and how the said child was held back from the font until the 21st day of December of the same year. And on the said day, being a Sunday, by the will of King Lancislao of Naples he was baptised in the King's name, the proxy being one of the said Kings Barons, called Messero Angiolo Napolitano, at which baptism were present many reverend citizens of Lucca and many worshipful ladies: And he received the name Lancislao. God of His pity give him a good and long life; and in like

¹ Sercambi, *Chronica Di Lucca, Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, edited by Muratori (Milan, 1731), vol. xviii. 833.

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manner may your gentle prayers be made to our Lord God for the author of this book, and to our Lady Mary Virgin, and to all the celestial court. Amen.”¹ A little later he goes on to tell “How Madonna Ilaria died. As has been told, the Lord Paolo Guinigi took to wife Madonna Ilaria . . . and honourably entreated her, and had by her a man child, as has been said, she being now delivered of a woman child in the year 1405 in the month of November, almost at its close. The which child was in baptism named Ilaria (God make her good!) and the said Madonna Ilaria remaining somewhat sickly after the same lying-in, and we being all mortal, as it pleaseth God; on the 8th of December 1405 the said lady died. And the aforesaid Lord and all his fellow-citizens were exceeding dolorous because of this death. And because the lady was worthy of all honour the aforesaid Lord made her obsequies very magnificently as it befits a great lord or lady, alike with masses, orisons, vigils, vestments, hangings, wax-candles and great store of alms, so that it would take too long if I were to relate every particular. . . . Suffice it to say that nothing that could do honour and weal to her soul was left undone: for the which cause we may presume that God will justly gather her soul into His Glory, into which may He gather even us, when we shall pass from this life. May it please God.”²

That is all. Ilaria married, she bore two children, and she died. Alas, that we should have to add, she died and was forgotten. She was the second wife of Paolo, and soon after her death he married again, and yet again, choosing his brides always with one eye on their money-bags. But of all his four wives Ilaria was the one to whom he gave the fairest monument.

Just behind Ilaria's tomb is the entrance to the

¹ Sercambi, *Chronica Di Lucca, Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, vol. xviii. 847.

² *Ibid.* 875.

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Chapel of the Sanctuary, on the left of the choir. Above the altar is the *Madonna and Child Enthroned*, with SS. Stephen and John the Baptist, and angels, by Fra Bartolommeo: perhaps the loveliest picture he ever painted. It has a serenity and mellow glow encountered in no other work of his, excepting perhaps the God the Father picture in the Pinacoteca here. They were both painted in the same year, 1509, just after his first visit to Venice, and it would seem that he has brought away from the Lagoons some of their tranquil sunshine and their colour. Our Lady sits on her throne in perfect peace. So still is the air round her that the faint column of smoke from some unseen village hearth rises straight up into the opalescent evening sky. There is a look of fruition in her face, and the mysterious half-smile that recalls Leonardo and Mona Lisa. But here the mysteries veiled behind it are of spiritual suffering and self-renunciation, and not that rainbow-tinted and less innocent secret of La Gioconda. In his attitude the child also recalls Leonardo. Two little *putti* are hovering over Madonna's head with her crown and its filmy veils. Gorgeous in his scarlet dalmatic, S. Stephen stands like a sentinel on her left, while S. John the Baptist on the right, with an eloquent gesture of the hand indicates the divine mystery to the world. His mantle is of a purplish wine-colour, suggestive of Giorgione himself; and the figure as a whole has a look of Cima. At the foot of the throne sits the little angel with the gay, ineffectual wings and lute on knee with whom Giovanni Bellini has made us so familiar. The two flying *putti* are closely crowded up to the top edge of the picture, suggesting that the panel has at some period been cut down. On the right of the pedestal of Madonna's throne is the inscription: "Fr[at]ris · Barch[er]ol[omei] · Florentini · Op[er]is · 1509 · Or[ator]is · Predicator[is]." The restorer

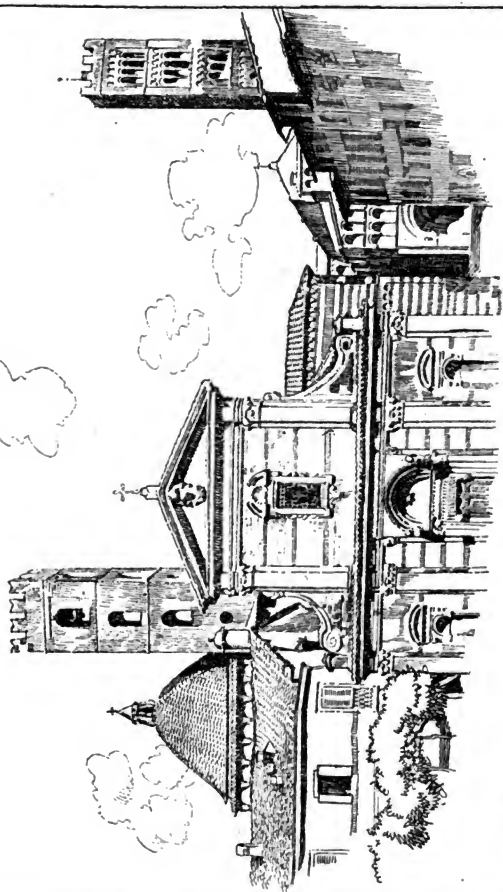
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has not spared the picture, but his work is fortunately only visible in patches, as on the badly modelled, wooden-looking leg of the *putto* on the right.

Only by a happy series of accidents do we see this picture in its place over an altar, and not catalogued as a mere item in a crowded museum. Its history is this: At the beginning of the fifteenth century Domenico Bertini was *Operaio* of the Duomo. He was essentially modern minded, and delighted to encourage the newest forms of art. And when he came into office the altar-pieces of the Duomo were for the most part what we should call "old masters." Some were of this school, some of that; some were carved in stone, some in wood; and these dissimilarities were displeasing to a man full of the new learning and the new art. So he resolved to reduce the altars to uniformity and to call in the greatest masters of the day to decorate them. His negotiations with Perugino came to nothing, but in 1504 he obtained the formal consent of the *Opera*¹ for his scheme, and shortly afterwards commissioned Fra Bartolommeo to paint the picture under discussion. Bertini died in 1506, before it was completed, and his death put an end to the artistic activities of the *Opera*. No pictures of any kind were ordered until 1567, when a fresh outburst of energy began and lasted till the end of the century. During that period of over thirty years various adornments were added to the cathedral. Among them were twelve new altars, designed originally by Vasari, but afterwards modified. New altars suggested new pictures. In 1595—and one cannot help surmising Vasari had a hand in it—it was decided to sell all the old ones, two only being excepted. One of these was an Annunciation by Leonardo Grazia, and the other our Fra Bartolommeo.² But in

¹ State Archives, Lucca, *Riformagioni, ad annum*.

² "1595. 11 Settembre data cura, all' Operaro di vendere le cose



NELLY ERICHSEN.

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the confusion reigning in the Duomo between the old and the new altars, no place was found for the latter, and it was thrust contemptuously into a dusty corner. Some citizen more enlightened than his fellows seems to have found it in this neglected condition, and, without consulting the *Opera*, carried it for safety to the Palazza Pubblico. The council of the Republic, hearing that this had been done without the consent of the authorities, sent the picture back to the *Opera* with the recommendation that greater care should be taken of it in future. It was then placed over the altar of S. Lucina, where it remained until the chapel of the Sanctuary was built in 1625, when it was finally moved to its present position.

In this chapel are collected the ancient choir books still used in the offices of the Duomo. Vasari lightly attributes some of them to Don Bartolommeo della Gatta, but none of them are in his manner, and there is no documentary evidence to connect him with Lucca. They are more probably the work of native miniaturists, some of whose names occur in the records of the *Opera*, and belong for the most part to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Without being works of the first order, they are all interesting, and some of them beautiful.

In turning to leave the chapel a fragment of Roman sculpture built into the wall over the door will be noticed. Lucca is much less rich than her rival Pisa in such relics, and besides this carved circle, which may have been the base of a tazza or vase, the Duomo only possesses one other piece of Roman sculpture, a large sarcophagus with a relief of the Triumph of Bacchus, now in the corridor leading from the church to the archbishop's palace.

Mention has already been made of the chapel next *vecchie e gli Altari vecchi eccetto due, cioè l'Annunziata e quello del Fratino.*" Regia Biblioteca, Lucca, MS., 1552, p. 12.

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in order, known as the *Chapel of Christ the Deliverer, or of Liberty*. By the gesture of the Risen Christ, repudiating indignantly, as it were, the bonds of death, Giovanni di Bologna has expressed very strikingly the idea that prompted the city fathers in raising the altar he decorated. It was a thankoffering for their delivery from the bonds of slavery to Pisa, bitter to them as the bonds of death, and a perpetual assertion of inalienable liberty. The reredos contains three life-size figures, the risen Christ between SS. Peter and Paolino, protectors of the city, and is surmounted by the inscription: CHRISTO · LIBERATORI · AC · DIVIS · TVTELARIBVS. The figures are largely nude; vigorous, rather excessive in movement, masterful in execution. A view of the city appears in low relief on the altar, and the sculptor's signature is under the figure of the Redeemer: JOANNIS · BOLONI · FLANDREN · OPVS · A.D. MDLXXIX.

Although its foundation dates from before 1381, in which year the Gonfaloniere and the elders commissioned the Lucchese painter Paolo Lazzarini to paint an altarpiece for it, there is no trace remaining in the chapel of any work earlier than the second half of the sixteenth century. The cult of liberty was still alive in Lucca, and her rulers did not intend that the coming generation should forget their years of servitude. A scheme for the reconstruction of the chapel had been in the air since Bertini's day, and in 1577 the time was ripe for its fulfilment. Giovanni di Bologna was the fashionable sculptor of the moment. Letters were despatched in haste to the Lucchese ambassador in Florence, instructing him to beg the loan of Giovanni for a week from the Grand Duke, in whose service he then was. The Grand Duke was gracious, the sculptor came, and in the course of a week made a model of the proposed altar with its statues which satisfied the Opera. They accepted it, offering Giovanni two thousand scudi for

the finished work, and two years later it was set up in its place.

Close to this chapel is the choir, enclosed by a delicately sculptured marble screen. Low reliefs of garlands and cherubs, in Civitali's happy and innocent vein, form its chief ornament. He made it originally to surround the great choir, which projected much farther into the body of the church than the present one, and when in the seventeenth century the interior was rearranged, his beautiful work was laid aside. And apparently it was regarded as a marble quarry, for in 1680 portions of it were worked up into shrines for the relics of the saints, still preserved in the chapel of the sanctuary, other fragments being incorporated into the altar of that chapel and used in various ways. But many of the panels survived, and, thanks to the energy of Signor Enrico Ridolfi,¹ were pieced together not long ago and adapted as the cincture of the existing choir, much in the manner intended by Civitali.

But a more potent spell compels the eye upwards to the three slender windows of the apse. They contain the only surviving glass of any importance, a melancholy fact to record in a church whose every window once flashed and glowed in beauty, instead of, as now, with crude discord. And their robust harmonies of living greens and imperial purples, mated with not inadequate designs, form one of the greatest elements of beauty in the interior.

The central and widest of the three has a graceful *Annunciation* in the upper panes, and below that a *S. Martin* in episcopal dress, surrounded by a court of angels bearing fruit and flowers. Still lower are two standing figures in niches; on the left a bishop, perhaps intended for *S. Regulus*, on the right *S. Stephen*. At their feet are the arms of the Opera, the red and

¹ Author of that invaluable book, *L'Arte in Lucca studiata nella sua Cattedrale*. Lucca, 1882.

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white shield of the republic, and the following inscription: PANDOLFO · DI · UGOLINO · DA · PISA · ME · F . . .
LYCHA · A · DI · P^o · SETENBRE · 1485.

The window on the left has S. Matthew seated, in a glorious sap-green robe, and S. Mark, with their emblems. In the right hand one we have S. John the Evangelist gorgeous in purple red and green, and S. Luke in soft blue with an emerald green book. Both windows have the *stemma* of the Opera fancifully emblazoned, together with those of the city and of S. Peter. There are liberal traces of the restorer's hand in all three.

To one of the fitful moments of energy that seized the rulers of the Duomo from time to time we owe these windows. The breath of life blew through the official mind in the second half of the fifteenth century. The triforium galleries were rapidly completed, the intarsia pavement undertaken, and it was further resolved to fill the windows with resplendent glass to give colour to the whole. Jacopo da Ghivizzano, the *Operaio*, following the excellent custom of the time, went to the workshops of great Tuscan painters for designs. Among them was Alessio Baldovinetti, who furnished a cartoon for one of the transept windows, which, although it was carried out by Bartolommeo d' Andrea, commonly called Banco, is unfortunately lost to us.¹ After completing this one window in 1473, Banco for some reason was replaced by another artificer, Pandolfo di Ugolino da Pisa, who seems to have executed all the rest. He had already done other

¹ Baldovinetti, in his *Ricordi*, thus refers to the matter: "*Banco di Andrea gli deve dare (al Baldovinetti) lire 15 per disegnatuira d' una finestra con una Nunziata di sopra a mezzo tondo, con altre figure di sotto a detta Nunziata, che doveva andare in S. Martino di Lucca.*" Cav. Gio. Pierotti published extracts from these *Ricordi* for the Bongi-Ranelli marriage. Lucca, Landi, 1868.

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work in Lucca, and as early as 1462 had made the glass for some round windows in the Duomo at Pisa. All that remains of his work here are these three windows in the apse, of which the signature has been given above. Whether he designed as well as carried them out is not known. There is a local tradition that Domenico Ghirlandaio made the cartoons, but there seems neither internal nor documentary evidence to bear it out.

Above the choir is a little round window, or *occhio*, as the Italians call it, in which are remains of glass of the same period. Every other window in the church lost its beauty in that storm of modernity that swept so ruthlessly over Italy and elsewhere in the fifties of the last century. Until then the fifteenth-century windows survived. With remorseless hand they were torn out and the present garish and vulgar ones substituted. Ridolfi describes the subsequent fate of the old glass and how it was suffered to perish in the storehouse of the Opera. Laid anyhow on the floor, the workmen trampled over it as it lay in their path, and when inquiry was tardily made, nothing was found but an inchoate mass of leading and fragments of glass. A melancholy end.

The old choir was fitted with beautiful intarsia stalls, made in 1452 by Leonardo Marti, the most distinguished member of a native family of craftsmen. They did not meet favour in the eyes of the seventeenth-century innovators, and were removed at the same time as Civitali's screen. Like the windows, they were thrown into the storehouse of the Duomo, where they lay gathering dust for ten years or more. Then, at the request of the monks, they were presented to the convent of S. Cerbone, and remained in use there until 1846. Once again rejected as unfit for service, they endured another period of dusty neglect until it occurred to some one that they were fine specimens of a delight-

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ful art. They were restored, and in 1872 the greater part replaced in the choir. The rest are in the Pinacoteca. All of them betray a pretty fancy, and some of the panels, with vases of pinks or lilies, are quite lovely.

On the south side of the choir is the *Chapel of S. Regulus* with the magnificent *Altar of S. Regulus*, in some ways the finest, or at least the completest, piece of work that Civitali ever did. In the upper stage of this lofty structure is a relief of the Madonna and Child enthroned. Below lies the dead figure of S. Regulus, a simple and noble one with folded hands, boy angels at his head and feet supporting candelabra. The next tier has niches with standing figures of SS. John the Baptist, Regulus in life, and Sebastian in a rich dress. Scenes from the lives of these saints form the predella. Beginning at the left, we have a charming profile of a boy, son of Nicolao da Noceto the donor. Following this is Herodias dancing before Herod, the Decollation of S. Regulus, the Martyrdom of St Sebastian, and a relief of Noceto himself. These are very charming, especially the S. Regulus, who kneels meekly while a raging executioner with a look of hatred beheads him. Note also the graceful action of the soldier on the left. One of Civitali's dainty friezes of fruit, and shields bearing the arms of Nicolao da Noceto and the Guinigi, with whom he intermarried, finishes the monument below. The signature round the corner of the Predella on the right reads:—OPVS MTTHÆI · CIVITAL · LVCENSIS. In a similar position on the left is the date: A.D. MCCCCLXXXIII.

The monument serves both as a tomb and an altar, for the relics of the African bishop, whose history was so closely interwoven with that of the early years of the Duomo, actually rest in the sarcophagus on which his recumbent effigy is placed. The general disposal of its parts seems based on Donatello's monument of

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Pope John XXIII., reminding one in places also of Rossellino Civitali here shows more breadth and simplicity in the treatment of the figures than in most of his work. Excepting the lovely *Madonna del Latte* in the church of the SS. Trinita, the Virgin Mother of this monument is the most successful of his women's figures. We are reminded by the standing figures of S.S. Regulus and John the Baptist, of the figures of Elizabeth and the prophet Habakkuk, two of a set of six which Civitali made for the Duomo of Genoa. Similarly, the charming predella brings Rossellino into our mind again, and Mino in the Prato pulpit. The technique, however, of his reliefs was always Civitali's own. He used as a rule a low relief with hard edges very much undercut, which gives the effect of objects cut out in cardboard.

It seems that the old shrine of S. Regulus had fallen into decay by the middle of the fifteenth century, and that the people of Lucca were anxious it should be restored. Their discontent at the supineness of those in authority expressed itself in a satiric letter addressed to the senate under the signature 'S. Regulus.' In it the shrine is spoken of as a *Cosa anichilata*, and, adds the writer, "even if no one runs races (*palii*) any more in honour of S. Regulus, as they used to do on his feast day, decency requires that his altar should be repaired."¹ Goaded by this plain speaking, in 1460 the senate decreed that 300 gold florins should be appropriated to this purpose, but took no further action, and the popular discontent was not allayed. Nothing further happened for more than twenty years. Nicolao da Noceto, whose father was buried in the chapel, then volunteered out of filial piety to defray the cost of an entirely new shrine and altar. Like Bertini, he was a staunch admirer of Civitali, and chose him as their

¹ Published by Carlo Minutoli: *Di alcune opere di belle arti della Metropolitana di Lucca* (Lucca, Giusti, 1876), 34.

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sculptor. It is amusing to learn that when the work was completed in 1485, and Civitali received his fee of 450 ducats, part of it was paid him in olive groves near Camajore, and part in bushels of wheat.

It is but a step from here to the *Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament*, where more of Matteo's work is to be seen. On either side of the tabernacle are his two *Adoring Angels*, gracious creatures expressive of the perfect trust of unquestioning faith. "Matteo Civitali of Lucca," says J. A. Symonds, "was at least Rossellino's equal in the sculpturesque delineation of spiritual qualities; but the motives he chose for treatment were more varied. All his work is penetrated with deep, prayerful, intense feeling; as though the artist's soul, poured forth in ecstasy and adoration, had been given to the marble. This is especially true of two angels kneeling on the altar of the Chapel of the Sacrament in Lucca Cathedral."¹

Besides their expression of spiritual beauty these figures have great artistic charm. The slight but skilful variation of their attitudes makes them compose together so well as to seem part of a whole instead of isolated figures. And this is what they originally were. The existing tabernacle by Stagi (1581), heavy and incongruous, is a poor substitute for the delicate shrine that originally united them. During the years from 1473 to 1477, Civitali lavished all his skill and devotion on this, the first commission he received from Bertini. His efforts were so successful as to rouse a general desire to make the chapel in which his angels knelt more worthy of them. Various alterations were made with that end in view, and with a curious irony his tabernacle was swept away in the process. Some time later, in 1567, the monumental wall that encloses the chapel was built from the designs of Vincenzo Civitali, a kinsman of the master.

¹ *The Renaissance in Italy*, vol. iii. 114.

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Bertini's Monument, on the southern wall of the south transept, is the next of Civitali's works, and shows him in the new light of a portrait sculptor. Compared with the altar of S. Regulus, it is a modest work, consisting merely of a bust, an inscription, and two shields. But the bust is clear-cut and well characterised, fine as anything Mino ever did. It shows us a face that is at once keen and alert, benevolent and cultured. Set in a deeply cut circular niche, it is finely relieved against deep shadow. Bertini wears the dress of an apostolic secretary with the insignia of a Count of the *Camera Lateranese*, and looks about sixty-two years old. His arms and those of his wife, Sveva dei Risaliti, were once blazoned on the shields, but were obliterated in the iconoclastic fury that raged in 1799. The whole monument shows traces of having been taken down and carelessly pieced together again. Once again we have to admire the admirably spaced and beautiful lettering of the inscription, an art of which Civitali was a master.

Domenico Bertini, one of the most sympathetic figures in the history of Lucca, was born about 1417. His family was noble, of Lucchese origin, but settled at Galliciano in the Garfagnana. Following the brave tradition of his countrymen, he went out into the world and made himself a name. He had the art of pleasing both Pope and Emperor. Nicholas V. recognised him as a man of parts, and gave him his first preferment; both Sixtus IV and Innocent VIII. showered offices and distinctions on him, and the Emperor Frederick III. raised him to the rank of Count Palatine. In Lucca too—and he was faithful to his birthplace as Shakespeare was to Stratford—he held post after post. He served several times as elder, once as gonfaloniere of justice, often as ambassador. A childless marriage left him free to bestow his interest his culture, and his wealth upon the State. The Duomo

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was his special passion, and his good offices as *Operaio* were innumerable. He was almost Civitali's first patron, and remained faithful to him as long as he lived. In all probability he sat to the sculptor for the admirable bust that gives us such an insight into his character. He died in 1506, twenty-seven years after his monument was erected.

Built up against the western wall of the transept is the *Monument of Pietro dei Nobili da Noceto*, Civitali's first important work. One of the best memories one carries away from Lucca is of the effigy of this distinguished old man. He lies with head a little inclined, and folded hands, full of peace and dignity. Draperies fall over his couch in one simple fold that is very satisfying. The couch plants its lion claws on a sarcophagus, which again stands on an altar tomb with a rich frieze of garlands and griffins. A lofty arch with porphyry panels encloses the whole. In the tympanum is a pretty *tondo* of Madonna and Child, with profiles of Noceto and his son Nicolao.

The sculptor's youth and dependence on his masters is very evident in the whole work. "Le premier effort est presque toujours la reproduction d'une œuvre des maîtres, où on ne voit la personnalité que dans le détail. C'est le cas pour le tombeau de Noceto; ici la conception est nulle, tout est emprunté aux grands inventeurs. . . . On sent la l'élève de Rossellino et des Florentins du grand siècle."¹ Still more does one recognise the follower of Desiderio da Settignano, to whose tomb of Carlo Marzuppinì in S. Croce at Florence this monument owes much. But the spirit is Civitali's own, and has a quiet and pious charm. As in his other works, the exquisite details betray an intimate knowledge of

¹ Charles Yriarte: *Matteo Civitali, sa vie et son œuvre*. (Paris, 1886), 15.

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antique ornament such as at that date could hardly have been acquired anywhere but in Rome.

It is appropriate enough that Pietro da Noceto should lie so near to Domenico Bertini, for they had much in common, both in disposition and in fate. Noceto, the older man, when secretary to Nicholas V., introduced Bertini to the Pope's notice. At an earlier date Noceto and Eneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II., were colleagues in the service of Cardinal Capranico. They both went to the Council of Bâle with Martin V., and Piccolomini's letters furnish lively details of their adventures. The friendship of this great man followed Noceto to the end of his days, even when, like Bertini, he came home to Lucca to die, and spent his declining years in pouring benefactions on the city. He died in 1467, and his son Nicolao caused this monument to be made. It was completed in 1472.

Matteo Civitali, though not one of the great sculptors of the early Renaissance, occupies a definite place in the history of Tuscan art. Not a place in the first rank, because he was in no sense an inventor. As the moon is to the sun, so he was related to the great quattrocentists. All his light originated in Florence. But the golden beams shed on him by such men as Donatello, Verrocchio, Desiderio da Settignano, Mino, Luca della Robbia, and the Rossellini were handed on by him with a new, if paler, glow imparted to them by his exquisite personality and fervid religious sentiment. In other words he was great only as an interpreter—except in the application of ornament, in which art he was a supreme master.

Like so many artists of that wonderful epoch he had an amazing versatility of accomplishment, and while at his busiest as a sculptor contrived to build a bridge at Borgo a Mozzano and design new forti-

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fications for Lucca, while to him was also due the first printing-press in the Republic.

As far as it can be traced, his whole life seems to have been spent in the north of Italy, in the narrow circle bounded by Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Sarzana, and Carrara. The Civitali family settled in Italy at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Civitali de Belluno was a soldier in the army of the Emperor Charles IV. His grandson Giovanni was the father of four sons, of whom the third, Matteo, born in 1436, was our sculptor. Little is known of his youth. If the medallion of Avenza on the façade of the Duomo is his work, it was done in his twenty-first year. Soon after that he must have gone to Florence and worked under Antonio Rossellino and Desiderio. Their influence in his work is so strong that we cannot doubt the connection, while the fact that Antonio Rossellino chose Civitali as arbitrator of the price of his monument of Cardinal Portogallo at S. Miniato, and that Civitali asked a like service of Rossellino, alone would prove a close relation between them. The circumstance that we have no work of Civitali's before the Noceto tomb of 1472 can only be explained by supposing that between 1457 and that date he was working in collaboration with Rossellino and Desiderio.

Besides the works in the Duomo, Civitali has left others in Lucca and elsewhere. The Madonna at the corner of S. Michele belongs to the years between 1476 and 1480, to which date the Madonna del Latte is also attributed. The Bargello relief, *Fede*, and the Christ at Lammari, belong, probably, to 1481, the tomb of S. Romano (in the church of that name) to 1490. The Genoese figures referred to above cannot be dated.

In his later years Civitali settled in Carrara, but like so many of her sons he returned to end his life in Lucca.

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He was buried in S. Cristoforo, and the inscription on his plain gravestone gives the date as October 12, 1501.

We are now standing close to the door of the *Sacristy*, anciently the chapel of S. Apollinare, adapted to its present purpose in 1404. On the left as we enter is a marble altar with an indifferent early fifteenth-century relief of S. Aniello.

Above it hangs Domenico Ghirlandaio's fine altar-piece, *The Madonna and Child enthroned*, with SS. Peter, Clement, Sebastian, and Paul, a *Pieta* in the lunette above, and four predelle pictures below. It is rather for its lunette and predelle than for the main picture that this is such a memorable work. But even the picture is remarkable, if rather gaudy. Madonna is a dignified, long-bodied figure with drapery over the knees that suggests Verrocchio's Madonna in the Uffizi Annunciation. The child is vigorously poised on her knee and full of well-drawn vitality. S. Peter on the extreme left wears an orange-coloured cloak which, like all the colour in the picture, seems to be keyed up a little in intensity by contact with the staring, diapered gold curtain in the background and the very massive gold halos. S. Clement next him, a venerable, bearded figure, wears the triple crown and a rich red cope. For once S. Sebastian, next our Lady on the right, is dressed in clothes, instead of being dressed, as usual, in arrows, and his garments are very dainty, especially the heliotrope-coloured jerkin. He holds his arrow as an attribute, and the action of his hand with a curling little finger reminds one of the old-fashioned way of lifting a tea-cup. S. Paul, leaning rather dejectedly on a long sword, is in dark blue and pink. The striped rug on the steps of the throne and the particoloured marble pavement are rather intrusive. Small glimpses of sky and mountain on either side of the architectural throne are restful by contrast.



[Ed^{ue} Alinari

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ENTHRONED, WITH SAINTS,
BY DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO, DUOMO, LUCCA

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There is an amazing grace and sweetness, and a charm of colour in the predella that one is not accustomed to find in Domenico, and which has given rise to doubts of their being by his hand. The evidence for attributing them to him with the rest of the work is however incontrovertible. The series begins with a figure of *S. Augustine*. Then comes the *Meeting between S. Peter and Christ*, when the dialogue so fateful to the saint was spoken. "*Domine, quo vadis?*" "*Eo Romam iterum crucifigi.*" The next is *S. Peter in Prison*, and then the *Martyrdom of S. Clement*. Following it there is a rather curious *Entombment*, in which the Father Himself places our Lord in the sepulchre. The *Martyrdom of S. Sebastian* follows. Then we have "*Saule, Saule, quid me persequeris,*" and finally a figure of *S. Laurence*. One of the most beautiful of these little dramas is the *Martyrdom of S. Clement*, where the venerable saint, first successor to S. Peter, in triple crown and pink cope, is cast into the water with an anchor round his neck, and saved from drowning by angels. The tragedy takes place in so delicately felt a theatre of mountains and water as to make one in love with martyrdom. The four goodly dandies who act as the executioners of S. Sebastian are obviously amateurs, and look like friends of the painter's kindly posing for the occasion.

The exact date of this picture is not known, but there is reason to believe it was painted while Bertini was still *Operaio*, before 1506, that is to say. As it was not excepted from the list of pictures to be sold in 1595, it must be presumed that it remained in the Cathedral because it found no purchaser. Vasari merely says of it that [Domenico] made in Lucca in S. Martino a panel of S. Peter and S. Paul.

The only other picture in this sacristy is a weak and worthless figure of S. Petronilla, here attributed to Daniele di Volterra.

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Opening out of the sacristy is the little *Oratorio dei Garbesi*. Here hangs the picture already mentioned as the only one excepted from the sale besides the *Fra Bartolommeo*, an *Annunciation* by Leonardo Grazia, called *il Pistoia*, and according to Vasari the pupil of Giovan Francesco Penni, himself a disciple of Raphael. It is a heavy and empty work, but Madonna has a certain faded charm.¹

Nearly opposite to the sacristy door on re-entering the church Civitali's *Pulpit* clings like a swallow's nest to one of the great square piers. Though very simple, it is in the best manner of the early Renaissance, with garlands of fruit in high relief and a very refined and clearly cut frieze of shells and masks on the lower surface. This is another of Bertini's benefactions. The contract for it dates from 1494, and stipulates that it should be "*di lavoro sottile e bello*," and that it should be placed at the angle of the choir, whose original dimensions are thus incidentally proved.

There is only one altarpiece on the south side of the nave that has any interest, that namely over the third altar, the *Institution of the Eucharist* by Domenico Tintoretto, though usually attributed to Jacopo. The first impression made by this rather sombre picture is very theatrical. Christ stands at the farther end of the table surrounded by a sort of yellow transparency with a border of clouds, cherubim, and angels. Bending with dignity over S. Peter He gives him the bread. The rest of the Twelve are well and dramatically composed. The lower part of the picture is occupied by the sprawling figure of a woman suckling her child, and by a chair covered with pewter plates on a napkin. There is something fine in the whole work, although it is hard in treatment, and the interest is skilfully centred in the Christ, not only by the

¹ The *Oratorio dei Garbesi* is about to be pulled down to make way for a processional path round the Cathedral.

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lighting but by the convergence of all the lines towards Him.

The attribution to Jacopo is not unnatural, seeing that he was one of the painters chosen by the *Opera* in 1592 to decorate the altars, and that in 1594, the year of his death, he received 170 *scudi* in payment for it. But the hand is the hand of Domenico, and we may therefore suppose that Jacopo employed Domenico to carry out the work, perhaps from a sketch of his own. This attribution has the authority of Mr Berenson.

There are two graceful *Holy-water Stoups* not far from here that are so perfectly in the manner of Civitali as to make it certain they are his work, although there is no external evidence to connect him with them. Who but he could have wrought the delicate classical decoration that gives them such charm?

The intarsiatura picture in the pavement of the nave, a finely composed and virile *Judgment of Solomon*, by Maestro Antonio da Siena, dates from 1475.

Close to the door of S. Regulus is a contemporary inscription in memory of Bertha, daughter of Lothair, King of Lorraine, and wife of Duke Adelbert the rich of Lucca, a tenth-century patriarch, who lived in splendour, surrounded by many flocks and herds, and from whom the royal family of England descends through the Princes of Este. His tomb with a poetic eulogy is to the left of the altar nearest the said door. He died in 917.

Before leaving the church instinct bids us turn and take a farewell glance at its peaceful beauty. In doing so we catch sight of a shadowy cross hanging high above the nave. Known here as *la Gratella*, or the gridiron, it is the symbol of an ancient custom of the Church, and of a special privilege of the Archbishops of Lucca. In a letter addressed to Pope Alexander II., S. Peter Damian tells us that until the eleventh

century it was the custom at Byzantium, at the moment when the emperors assumed the crown, to kindle a mass of tow attached to a gridiron hung from the roof, a voice at the same time exclaiming *Sic transit gloria mundi*. This commemoration of the vanity of all things temporal became customary at the election of the Popes, and the warning sentence was pronounced in Pisa at the election of Alexander V. Later on it became the privilege of certain archbishops, and the metropolitan of Lucca is one of the few to retain it. Bertini¹ conjectures that the usage was brought to Lucca by Alexander II., whose love of the city was so great that he insisted on remaining her bishop even after he had ascended the papal throne. Whenever the archbishop pontificates there is a little pause in the singing of the *Gloria in excelsis*, the gridiron is let down, a strange flare is seen, and the admonitory words are uttered. And as to-day so it was in the sixteenth century. Montaigne witnessed the curious little interlude when he passed through Lucca in 1581, and describes it exactly as above.

¹ *Dissertazione di Storia Ecclesiastica Lucchese* (Lucca, 1818), 109.

CHAPTER IX

The Churches, Walls, and Towers of Lucca

“Io vidi Santa Zita, e il Volto Santo
Ed udii come, al priego di Frediano
Il Serchio s'era volta dall' un canto.”

FAZIO DEGLI UBERTI,
Distamondo, lib. iii. cap. vi. 221.

“Approaching unto it, it looked like a pure Low Country Town with its Brick Walls, large ramparts set round with Trees, and deep Moats round about the Walls. It hath eleven Bastions well guarded by the Townsmen, and well furnished with Cannons of a large size.”

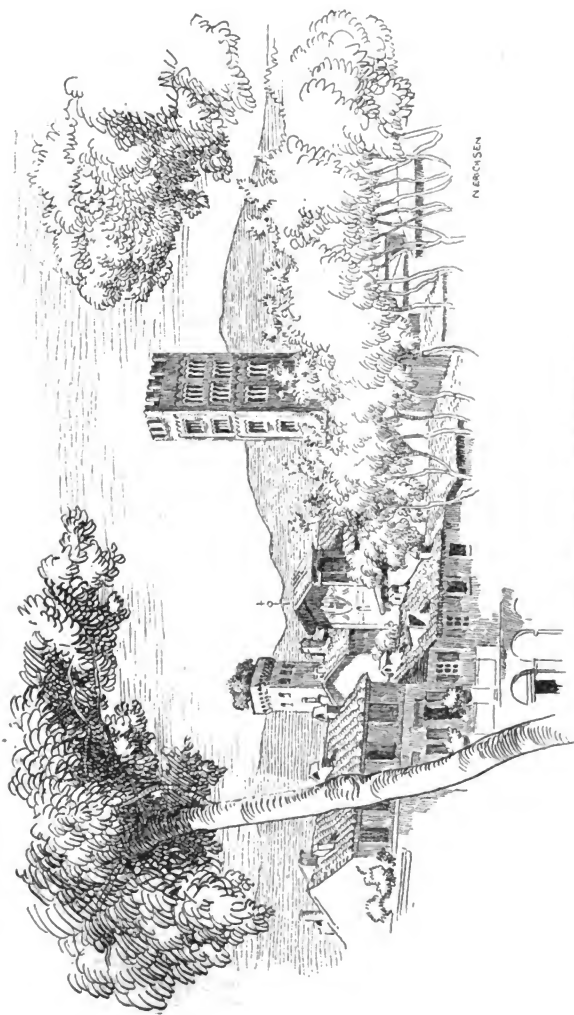
RICHARD LASSELS, Gent.
The Voyage of Italy, 225 (1670).

“THE very walls are more eloquent than the men of other States,” says Erasmus of Italy, and his words can be applied with perfect fitness to the basilica of *S. Frediano*. No other church in Lucca can approach it in architectural beauty or historical interest. It stands very happily in an open space near the walls on the most picturesque side of the city, and one could not desire a more beautiful vision than that of its majestic campanile and severe apse framed in the branches of the plane trees on the ramparts. So straight and lofty is the campanile that it actually seems to shoot up into the sky like an arrow, and gives a welcome touch of the imaginative to the rather prosaic little town. Seen from the other side it betrays a singular and rather sprawling façade—simple in its

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design as an early Christian basilica—with an unusually lofty gable and extremely wide aisles. The whole surface is divided into five panels by flat pilasters, and the ornamentation is of the simplest. Besides the great mosaic in the gable with a single row of columns beneath it there is little to break the monotony but a few pointed and round windows, and the three doorways with stilted arches and fine reliefs of foliage on the lintels. The steps by which it is approached dignify the whole effect. The sides of the church are very simple. Owing to the transference of the apse from east to west, the campanile, originally built into the façade, now occupies an unusual position close to the apse. This campanile is very like that of the Duomo and has the same warlike aspect. Being taller, it has six tiers of windows instead of five, and is not square but oblong in plan.

What gives the exterior much of its charm is the fact that the columns and carvings are Roman in origin. Still more is this true of the interior. It is strikingly beautiful and impressive in general effect, recalling the early Roman basilicas; and as they were patched together with the fragments of pagan temples or palaces, so it is largely composed of the *débris* of the ruined amphitheatre of Lucca which furnished a rich store of columns and capitals. In spite of the repeated protests of the church, the Roman amphitheatres had remained standing throughout Italy until the seventh century. But with the coming of the converted Lombards and their more exacting morality they were doomed, and just at the moment when S. Frediano was built, lay at the disposal of the Christian architects. The interior enriched with these spoils presents two marked peculiarities. The nave is extremely lofty and the aisles inordinately wide. The plan is that of a Latin basilica, with a length of about 207 feet, a width of 70 feet, and a height of 69. This very unusual



S. FREDIANO FROM THE RAMPARTS

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height, besides giving great nobility to the interior, is of interest to architects, and proves the excellence of the original workmanship. After more than a thousand years of existence, shocks of earthquake and assaults by flood, the massive walls of 44 feet in height which separate the nave from the aisles and are only supported on columns of 2 feet in diameter have yet remained perfectly sound. The columns are various in material and style, many of *cipollino* and oriental granite, no two precisely alike in colour or height, and their bases and capitals are equally capricious. For the most part the latter are Corinthian or Composite. The perspective vistas afforded by the double aisles, together with the mellow subdued tint of stone and marble, and the sunlight filtering through the lancet windows of the apse, form a picture that is not easily surpassed.

S. Frediano was the original founder of this noble church, the first of the three he built in Lucca, and he is said to have dedicated it about the year 560 to SS. Vincent, Stephen, and Laurence. When he died in 588 it was chosen as his burial-place and re-dedicated in his name. It was then a small and humble structure, and stood outside the city walls. But with the growing fame of S. Frediano it was found necessary, about a hundred years after his death, to re-build it on a scale more fitting to his memory. The prime mover in this reconstruction seems to have been Faulone, Maggiordomo to Cunipert, King of the Lombards, with the support of Cunipert and King Perharit his father, who authorised him to use the stones and columns of the amphitheatre for the new church.¹ This Lombard structure of Faulone's is practically existing in the church of to-day, in spite of the large modifications and additions made in the twelfth century by Roto or Rotone, abbot of the adjacent

¹ See deeds of 685 and 686 in the Archiepiscopal Archives, Lucca.

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monastery of S. Frediano. These alterations, which Rotone began in 1112, were rendered necessary by the rebuilding of the city walls. Their new circuit included the church of S. Frediano, and in order to make the front face the street the apse was transferred to the west, where it was apparently rebuilt in the original manner and of the old materials, thus sharing, as Professor E. A. Freeman points out, the fate of S. Agnese at Rome and the metropolitan church of Besançon. Rotone also added the exterior aisles which destroy the proportions of the church, and reconstructed the façade, as well as strengthening and modifying Faulone's ancient work. He was obliged to rebuild the whole of the south wall, and at the same time enlarged the monastery. To Rotone is also attributed the mosaic picture on the façade with its great figure of Christ in benediction surrounded by a *mandorla* glory, and supported by two flying angels, and the apostles beneath in attitudes of worship,¹ all of which have suffered very much from a restoration in 1829. Rotone appears to have died in 1119, but the work was not completed until 1147, when the church was reconsecrated by Pope Eugenius III., and the bones of S. Frediano were removed to the place they still occupy under the high altar.

Further modifications took place after this, some of them necessary to save the church from the river Serchio. Even though its patron saint had once subdued the wild torrent, the fear of it not only caused Rotone and his successors to raise the level of the church by nine feet, but in 1209 to build a great wall or dyke behind the apse to keep out the water. Not long afterwards the greater part of the tower was rebuilt upon its ancient base, very likely in 1223, the date inscribed upon the earliest of its bells. The

¹ It bears the inscription, ALTA VIRI CELI · SPECTATOR |
COR | GALILEI · ISTE | DEVS | NATVS. | GALILEI | NVBE | LEVATVS.

latest change of importance in the appearance of the church was caused by the division of the outer aisles into chapels in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and early sixteenth centuries.

There are many interesting things in the church. Beginning to the left of the central door we find a *Visitation* in the Florentine manner, which, though not very important, has a certain amount of individuality in the heads. SS. Peter and Paul stand on either side of the main episode, S. Peter disguised in the yellow mantle of S. Joseph, but recognisable by his key. The Madonna is a sweet young figure, S. Elizabeth pathetic, as is the old man behind her.

Just beyond the entrance door on the left side is the *Chapel of S. Augustine*, with some interesting frescoes by Amico Aspertini. This pupil of Francia's is far from a distinguished master. His drawing is clumsy, his colouring often heavy, and his compositions crowded. But his freakish individuality gives a personal charm to his work. Vasari says his head was full of vapour and vain-glory, and that having too lightly presumed himself to be a master he was thus turned from the true and safe way.¹ Of these particular works he is, however, tolerant. "In the church of S. Friano at Lucca, he decorated a chapel which with many strange and extravagant fancies has some things worthy of praise, as are, for example, the Stories of the Cross, and others from the life of S. Augustine, where there are numerous portraits of distinguished persons belonging to the city of Lucca. This was indeed the most meritorious fresco in varied colour ever executed by Amico."² The last sentiment can be echoed before these curious and rather fascinating frescoes. The first represents *Bishop Giovanni bringing the Volto Santo to Lucca*, a scene well and dramatically

¹ Vasari's *Lives*, Bohn's edition, v. 324, 325.

² *Ibid.* v. 329.



[Ed^{re} Alinari]

S. FREDIANO DIVERTING THE COURSE OF THE RIVER SERCHIO,
BY AMICO ASPERTINI, IN THE CHURCH OF S. FREDIANO

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visualised, and of considerable value to students of the *Volto Santo*. The image, and the car on which it stands, dominate the picture, but the beasts that draw it are much too small. The exultant crowd of spectators, which includes many obvious portraits, is rather confused. In the background are seen the vain efforts of the Luni fishermen to capture the miraculous ship with the image on board, and the landscape, as in the rest of the series, is represented with leafless trees. *The Baptism of S. Augustine by S. Ambrose*, which follows, is less confused. The composition, indeed, is fine, the action taking place in front of an ornate Renaissance portico, beyond which the Arch of Constantine is visible, and, to the left, the ruins of ancient Rome. A stately senatorial figure in a richly furred gown might very well represent Paolo Guinigi, who is said to appear in this picture. On the right is an *Adoration of the Shepherds*, a much less interesting picture. It is grotesque, naive, and very eclectic. Last of all comes *S. Fredianoturning the Course of the River Serchio*. This again is a confused composition, the whole foreground occupied by clumsily drawn and lumpish nude figures of men who are vainly endeavouring to stem the destroying river by driving in piles. The saint with his little rake occupies an unimportant position in the middle distance. One of the two standing figures in the left foreground is said to be a portrait of the painter. The city of Lucca appears on the horizon.¹ The frescoes on the ceiling of the chapel are much more in the manner of Francia. *God the Father* is represented in a *mandorla* glory, with prophets, sybils, cherubim, and charming angels with banderoles floating in a blue-green firmament. Having been almost ruined by damp, the chapel was restored in 1831 by Michele Ridolfi.

The Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is the burial-

¹ A better representation of this subject is Filippo Lippi's predella picture in the Accademia at Florence.

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place of the mysterious S. Richard, King of England, to whom allusion has been made. His ashes are said to rest in a Roman sarcophagus under the altar, as is stated by the inscription on it. According to the legend¹ this saint was an English prince born in Devon in the seventh century. Being deprived of his inheritance, or perhaps voluntarily renouncing it, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, embarking at Hamble Haven with his two sons, Winebald and Willibald. They landed at Neustria on the west coast of France and proceeded to Rouen, where they spent some time in devotion. According to some authorities S. Richard never reached Rome but died in Lucca on his way there. Others admit that his death occurred at Lucca, but maintain that it was on his return from the holy city. In any case he died in 722 and was buried in S. Frediano's church, where his festival (Feb. 7) is still observed. The epitaph on his tomb no longer exists, but it was read by John Evelyn in 1645, and ran so :—

“Hic rex Richardus requiescat, sceptifer, almus :
Rex fuit Anglorum ; regnum tenet iste Polorum.
Regnum demisit ; pro Christo cuncta reliquit.
Ergo, Richardum nobis dedit Anglia Sanctum.
Hic genitor Sanctæ Wulburgæ Virginis almæ,
Est Vrillebaldi sancti simul et Vinebaldi
Suffragium quorum det nobis regna Polorum. Amen.”

From this we see that the family was a very saintly one. Besides being the father of saints Winebald, Willibald, and Walburga, S. Richard was the kinsman of S. Boniface. Winebald, after sharing the apostolic labours of Boniface in Germany, became the abbot of Heidenheim, and appointed his sister Walburga as first

¹ See Gio. Dom. Manzi, *Diario sacro delle Chiese di Lucca*, (Lucca 1836), and Moroni, *Dizionario di Erudizione Storico-Ecclesiastico*, (Venice, 1852).

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abbess of a convent he built there. Her relics were translated to Eichstadt, and there are many churches dedicated to her in Germany, Brabant, Flanders, and France. Willibald was abbot of Eichstadt, and also one of S. Boniface's missionaries.

The title of king is given to S. Richard not only in Lucca, but in the epitaph of his son Willibald at Heidenheim, and it is said that King Henry VII. of England boasted of his descent from this legendary saint.

All that historians can suggest to elucidate the mystery is that he was the reputed son of the great King Offa of Mercia, who was a contemporary of Charlemagne and corresponded with Alcuin, the learned man at Charlemagne's court, and who figures so largely in the legendary history of the early English and the Danes. Richard fought the Danes, who nevertheless adopted him as one of their heroes, and a double set of parallel legends concerning him, old English and Danish, can be traced throughout Central and Western Europe down into North Italy. So he remains a mysterious and picturesque figure.

The *altarpiece* over his urn is a very fine sculptured work by Jacopo della Quercia, with reliefs of the *Madonna and Child enthroned*, and four saints in floreated Gothic niches. On the pinnacles above are four prophets. The predella has various small episodes from the lives of the saints. It is signed *Hoc · Opus · Fecit · Jacopus · Magistri Petri de Senis 1422*. Fine though it is, this altarpiece does not approach the Ilaria tomb in beauty, and is a little academic and uninteresting. Vasari is eulogistic. He says, "... being requested to return to Lucca, Jacopo repaired thither very willingly, and in the church of S. Friano in that city, he executed an altar table of marble for Federigo di Maestro Trenta del Vaglia. This work comprised a Virgin holding the infant Christ in her arms, with

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San Bastiano, Santa Lucia, San Hieronimo, and San Gismondo ; the design and manner are alike good, and the whole work is full of grace and beauty ; in the basement or predella are stories in *mezzo rilievo*, placed beneath each saint and representing events from the life of each. This part also is greatly and deservedly admired ; for the master with much discernment has made the figures retiring gradually on the different planes, diminishing them as they fall into the background." ¹

At the other end of the same chapel, built into the wall for safety, are two fine *recumbent effigies of Lorenzo Trenta and his wife*, also the work of Jacopo della Quercia. They are dated, but very indistinctly, 1416.

The high altar, raised on ten steps, stands very grandly in front of the apse, but it is barbarously placed on an ancient flooring of *Opus Alexandrinum*, which it partly hides. Below the altar stone lies the body of S. Frediano. To this remarkable man the city of Lucca is greatly indebted, and in a sense she may be said to owe her very existence to him. In one of the darkest periods of her history, when she lay ravaged and exhausted at the feet of savage invaders, this apostolic and cultivated Irishman took up her cause, converted her barbarian conquerors, and applied the arts of civilisation to control the turbulent river that threatened to sweep away city and people alike.

His history is to be read largely in the undying traditions that surround his name in Lucca, partly in ancient Irish manuscripts and martyrologies, partly in the *Acta Sanctorum* and the learned biography written in Italy in the eighteenth century. The legend is confused, and it is hard to disentangle fact from fiction. But with all its inconsistencies and contradictions a

¹ Vasari's *Lives*, Bohn's edition, vol. i. 317.

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clearly defined personality emerges, and the main facts of the saint's Italian career, at least, are fully substantiated by documents existing in the archives of Lucca.¹

The most commonly accepted version of the story makes him son of an Irish king, Cairbre of Ulster, whose kingdom included part of the present County Down. Lassara was his mother's name, and when she bore a son she gave him the name of Finnian or Find-barr, because his hair was fair. While still very young, the child was sent to the monastery of Dromore, where Bishop Colman had founded a school, and there he learned his letters. With an extraordinary zeal for their son's education, Cairbre and Lassara sent him on from thence to the school of Nendrum (on Mahee Island in Lough Strangford), where he was put under the care of good Abbot Cælan, successor to S. Mochæ, the founder of the monastic school. There he spent the greater part of his boyhood, eagerly absorbing learning in a wattled hut, and only left it to sail away with Bishop Nennio to the *Candida Casa* in Galloway. It has already been related how zealous a student he was there, and his studies of the Bible as revised by S. Jerome seem to have inspired him with the idea of his first pilgrimage to Rome, the object of which was to secure this precious volume for his native country. His southward course seems to have been devious, and to have lead him into many parts of Scotland. In Ayrshire we hear of his first miracle, the turning aside of the river Garnoch, as he was after-

¹ For the Irish legends and their sources, see *Six Months in the Apennines*, by Margaret Stokes, London, 1892, in which the writer makes a special inquiry into the subject. See also Colgan, *sub Mart.* 18 (*Acta Sanctorum Scot.* i. 633-651), and Tanner (*Bibl. Brit. Hib.*, 1748, p. 299). For the Italian story, see Fanucchi, *Vita di San Frediano, Vescovo di Lucca, e notizie dei suoi tempi* (Lucca, 1770), 8vo, pp. 223.

wards to turn the course of the Serchio when he was Bishop of Lucca.

In Rome he received the priesthood under Pope Pelagius I., and was sent back by the pontiff to carry on the conversion of the Irish, which had been left half accomplished by the death of S. Patrick. With him he bore the coveted codices of the Old and New Testaments, perhaps the first complete copy of the Scriptures that ever reached Ireland. Having baptised his parents and carried on the Pope's propaganda, he founded a monastery at Moville (Magbili) in County Down, and there he wrought his second miracle. The mill belonging to the monastery was so far away that the monks lost much time in going to and fro. Finnian, perceiving this, was divinely inspired to build a new one close at hand. But the site he chose was absolutely without water, and the people of the countryside derided the saint, mocking at him as a fool. The master mason went so far as to say that he should be content to die if water appeared on so arid a spot. Finnian, strong in his faith, paid no attention to their jeers, and compelled the workmen to proceed. When the building was finished, and the masons stood by all agape, he knelt down quietly and prayed, entreating that for the glory of God and the good of his monastic family water might be sent to the mill. And immediately the side of the mountain was opened, and water gushed forth with such great abundance that not only was the mill dam filled, but the whole countryside was inundated. The mockers fled in terror, and the master mason was drowned in the flood. And now the people, seeing how great was his power, knelt before Finnian, imploring him to save their lands from the waters. Again he knelt humbly in prayer, and suddenly the mountain closed over the flood, and the miraculous river flowed by an underground channel to the mill. And at his further

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prayer the dead body of the unbelieving mason arose and was restored to life.

Space forbids us to follow the rest of Finnian's Irish career. After some years of evangelistic work he once more took the southern road as a pilgrim. This time his goal was Lucca, where he went to visit the graves of the ancient martyrs in the church of S. Paolino. Here he found himself in a land rich in mountain hermitages, and the passion for the solitary life came upon him. From the first centuries of Christianity holy men had dwelt among the Pisan hills, following the example of S. Antoninus, who had learnt monastic ideals in Egypt. There were already in Finnian's day many anchorites' caves in existence, and tradition says he chose for his retreat S. Antoninus' own cell, where he aspired to end his days in solitary prayer and study. But his personality and holy life were too remarkable to escape notice in so solitary a region, and his fame spread even within the walls of Lucca. The city was without a bishop, and he was implored to accept the office. Again and again he refused, yielding at last only to the express command of Pope John III.

Italy was at this time in dire distress. The Gothic wars had bred famine and pestilence in the land. The order of the Roman Empire was broken up, and the arts of civilisation were forgotten. Roads had fallen into decay, waterways were choked, the great imperial temples and amphitheatres were tottering to their ruin. Human distress was acute. Procopius tells of famished wretches wandering in search of corpses wherewith to satisfy their hunger. Many of the people had no food but the nettles which grew in great quantities on the walls and ruins of the cities. They looked, says the historian, like living spectres, and while still chewing this insufficient food fell suddenly dead to the ground.

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This was the state of things that Finnian, or Frediano,¹ as we must henceforth call him, found when in 560 he so reluctantly assumed the episcopal purple in Lucca. Instead of improving, it became even worse, when eight years later, under Alboin, the Lombards poured into the land left desolate by the Goths. Rude and ferocious in manners, they were pagan or Arian in religion. In either case they were fierce enemies of the Catholic Church, and S. Gregory the Great describes their irruption as the greatest blow ever levelled at the Church. They laid the whole city of Lucca in ruins, and devastated its diocese, which was then much vaster than now, and included the Val di Nievole, Val d' Arno, Val d' Elsa, as well as Pisa, Leghorn, Florence, Pistoia, and Volterra.

The new bishop faced the situation with energy and courage. Driven out of the ancient cathedral church of SS. Giovanni e Reparata, he built the churches of SS. Vincent, Stephen, and Laurence, and of S. Martin to take its place. He repaired the walls of the city, and set to work seriously to convert the Lombards. In this seemingly hopeless task he was so successful that many embraced the faith and became more zealous Christians than the Italians, even labouring with S. Frediano in building churches all over the diocese.

About this time a fresh danger threatened the already sorely tried city. The river Serchio (or Auxer), rising in the Apuan Alps and collecting many streams in its course, including the rapid torrent of the Lima, devastated the country round and at last threatened to undermine the city itself. It was a stream of many ramifications. The branch that endangered Lucca passed near S. Pietro a Vico, and close to the eastern side of the city, where it

¹ The Italian version of Frigidian, the name that Finnian, following the custom of the Irish Missionaries, adopted when he went abroad.

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joined the Auxer and flowed into the Arno at Ripafratta. One rainy year the waters rose higher and higher, tore up their banks, and spread over half the plain. Crops were swept away, and even the gates of the city were forced in by the tumultuous onrush of the waters. After ignorant and ineffectual efforts to stem the tide with barriers, citizens and peasants alike appealed in helpless terror to their bishop S. Frediano, moved with compassion by their misery, prayed earnestly for divine aid, seeing that the strength of man alone could not control the fury of the waters. Light came to him. He led his trembling people out of the city and down to the river. Then, taking a little rake in his hand, he trailed it behind him and commanded the river to follow. S. Gregory the Great, writing shortly after the event, describes the scene: "Nor shall I be silent on this also which has been related to me by the Venerable Venantius, Bishop of Luni. I heard two days ago, for he told me, that at Lucca, a city not far distant from his own, there had lived a bishop of marvellous power, by name Frediano, of whom the inhabitants relate this great miracle, that the river Auxer (Serchio) running close under the walls of the city, and often bursting from its bed with great force, did the greatest damage to its inhabitants, so that they, moved by necessity, strove with all diligence to divert its course into another channel, but failed in the attempt. Then a man of God, Frediano, made them give him a little rake, and advancing to where the stream flowed, he knelt in prayer. He afterwards raised himself to his feet, and commanded the river that it should follow him, and dragging the rake after him, the waters, leaving their accustomed course, ran after it, making a new bed wherever the saint marked the way. Whence this ever following on, it ceased to cause damage in the

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fields and among the fruits raised by the countrymen.”¹

The Serchio still flows in the channel traced for it by S. Frediano, that is from Ponte S. Ansano to a third of a mile below the walls of Lucca, then from Ponte S. Quirico to Ponte S. Pietro, and thence between Nozzano and Ripafratta into the territory of Pisa, and on to the sea. Like all men who dare to achieve something that has never been done before, S. Frediano was greatly censured as well as praised for his temerity, and was obliged to hide from admirers and critics alike in a hermitage at Luni.

Stripped of the supernatural element inevitably introduced at such a period, we have here a most interesting story. S. Frediano, trained in the arts of the Irish monks, then among the most skilful builders of bridges and embankments, was evidently a capable and experienced engineer. In turning the course of the Serchio, or in other words digging out a new channel for it, he was only repeating the feat he had performed many years before in connection with the river Garnoch in Ayrshire, and with the monastic mill at Moville, when he showed even greater skill by constructing an underground conduit to convey water to the mill from a distant lake. But to an enervated people like the Lucchese of that day, in whom the memory of such arts had died out, and who were accustomed to think of rivers as resistless and untamable monsters, this achievement of S. Frediano's can have seemed nothing less than a miracle.

His building feats must have astonished them nearly as much. During the twenty-eight years of his episcopate he founded no fewer than twenty-eight churches in the neighbourhood of Lucca, most of which are still in existence, besides the three in the city.

Many miracles are attributed to the later years of

¹ *Dialogues of Gergory the Great*, book iii. cap. ix.

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this good man, all testifying to his beneficence to the poor and sympathy with the suffering. We gather, however, at the same time that he was no invertebrate and sentimental saint, but that he was virile and energetic, and ruled his diocese with a wise severity. Before he died in 588 the Lombards, from his most dreaded opponents had become his chief admirers, and it was largely due to their generosity that Frediano was able to raise so many new churches. He died as such a man should, in great peace, and his body was laid in a Roman sarcophagus and buried under the pavement of the church he had dedicated to the three holy deacons, henceforth to be known as the church of S. Frediano.

In the confusion of the two succeeding centuries his burial-place was forgotten, or had been purposely concealed to prevent the theft of his precious relics. It was discovered by a miracle. A noble maiden of Lucca was to be buried in S. Frediano, and while her body was being lowered into the grave dug for it on the left side of the apse, the maiden suddenly awoke from death and cried aloud: "Take me up, take me up! You have laid me down on the body of the blessed S. Frediano. A shameful thing it would be that my body should rest upon so holy a corpse." Saying this, she again sank back in death. The maiden was buried elsewhere, and the sarcophagus containing the saint's body was raised and removed to a place of honour in the centre of the church. This happened in 782.

Until the year 1152, when Rotone's reconstruction of the church was completed, the saint lay in his original coffin. His remains were then transferred to a glass casket and carried round the city in triumph. The original sarcophagus was in existence as late as the eighteenth century, when it was seen and drawn by an Englishman called Christopher Martin (*il Sassone*),¹

¹ The MS. containing the drawings of the sarcophagus is No. 100 in the State Archives.

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during a visit he paid to Lucca. Nothing now remains of it save the stone with the inscription placed on it when the saint's body was discovered. The bones remained undisturbed in the glass casket until 1666. It was then resolved, as they lay in some confusion, to reconstruct the skeleton. This was done by the celebrated anatomist Girolamo Cremona, who united the bones with silver wire. Clothed in pontifical vestments, the skeleton was then placed in a cypress coffin with a glass front under the high altar, where it still remains.

A vast slab of stone reared against the left wall of the choir and supported by two rudely sculptured cows recalls another of the miracles of S. Frediano. The story tells how, during the building of his first church, the saint employed labourers to quarry stone at a place called S. Lorenzo a Vaccoli, or Quarto. They came upon this enormous slab and were totally unable to lift it. When he heard this the saint sent a great number of men to help them. Even then they could not move it. Finally S. Frediano himself went to the place with his clergy. Having first prayed, he took up the stone without the least effort and placed it on a cart. To this he harnessed two wild cows who drew it swiftly to the church. Consecrated by the saint, the great slab served for many centuries as the table on which the vestments were laid out in the old sacristy. It was considered too big for the purpose when the new sacristy was built, and was placed where it now stands in the church, with an inscription recording the miracle. Another explanation of the origin of this great slab is that it formed part of the spoils of the amphitheatre brought here by Faulone in the seventh century.

The *Chapel of the Assumption* occupies the two arches of the right nave nearest the high altar. It is in reality two chapels, the arch on the left being

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properly the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, that on the right the Chapel of the Assumption. It appears that the two chapels were never divided by a wall, and consequently were confused one with the other. As early as 1651 the confusion had already arisen, and the Acts of Bishop Rota's visitation speak of the altar of the Conception as being in the chapel of the Assumption. This fact was discovered by Mr Montgomery Carmichael, and is explained with admirable lucidity in his interesting book, *Francia's Master-piece*.¹ In it he also proves beyond a doubt that the *Francia Altarpiece*, now hanging on the right wall of the chapel, is not, as it has been universally called, a Coronation or Assumption of the Virgin, but a very early and curious representation of the doctrine of the *Immaculate Conception*. He elucidates the meaning of many of its details, and brings forward conclusive evidence to prove that this picture, whose date has been hitherto conjectural, cannot have been painted until after May 1511.

In the upper part of the picture the Almighty, seated within a ring of cherubs, touches the head of the kneeling figure of our Lady with a sceptre or rod, an adoring angel on either side. Below are five saints in adoration, on the left SS. Anselm and Augustine, on the right King David and King Solomon. These are all standing. In the centre is the kneeling figure of a monk in the Franciscan habit, holding a flame of fire in his hand. He is usually identified as S. Anthony of Padua, but Mr Carmichael shows that there is some reason to suppose he is intended for Duns Scotus, a great champion of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The four standing figures hold scrolls containing texts from their writings bearing on the said doctrine. In the centre is a well, surrounded by lilies

¹ London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., 1909.

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and roses, behind it a mountain landscape with a castle. The predelle pictures in monochrome are difficult to interpret. Mr Carmichael sees in them representations of miracles worked by the invocation of Mary Immaculate. He has had the good fortune to discover the long-lost lunette—an *Ecce Homo*—belonging to the picture, hanging in a room near the sacristy. Owing to his researches, it is likewise clear that the picture was ordered of Francia for this chapel of the Conception, some time after May 1511, by Magdalena Stiatta, a member of the Trenta family, founders of the chapel.

The relation of this picture to another representing the same subject in almost exactly the same way, No. 58, Sala II., in the Pinacoteca, has been much discussed. This Pinacoteca picture was painted for the altar of the Immaculate Conception in S. Francesco of Lucca, and has been assumed to be the original from which Francia drew his inspiration, because the altar for which it was painted seems to have been erected about 1477, thirty-two years or more before Francia painted his picture. But this is one of the cases where the documentary evidence is on one side, the internal evidence on the other. Francia's picture, however it may please the individual taste, is the work of a master capable of conceiving a subject imaginatively and creating the types necessary to carry it out. The other picture is by a timid, hesitating hand, the types all borrowed almost line for line, the lack of spontaneity clumsily hidden under elaboration of detail. Not only are the whole conception and most of the details borrowed from Francia, but the influence of Ghirlandaio is strongly felt, especially in the figure of Christ, and that of Cosimo Rosselli, and the Madonna's figure is taken almost exactly from the Coronation of the Virgin by Francesco di Giorgio in the Museum at Siena.

Mr Carmichael reminds us that no altar could exist

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without an altarpiece. We can make no attempt to explain the fact that the Pinacoteca picture must be at least thirty-two years later in date than the altar in S. Francesco. We are merely incapable of believing that such a feeble, imitative work can be the original of Francia's altarpiece.

On the right wall of the same chapel is an interesting carved and painted *Assumption of the Virgin*, by Masseo Civitali, nephew of the sculptor, very like his other version of the subject in the Pinacoteca (No. 213, Sala VIII.).

The Chapel of S. Zita was erected in 1321, but redecorated in a very heavy taste in the seventeenth century. The body of the saint, whose name Dante uses as a synonym for Lucca,¹ rests under the altar.

Just outside this chapel are two *atelier* works of the della Robbia school, the *Statue of a Saint*, and an *Annunciation*. The latter is so much restored that in the Madonna at least there is little left of the characteristics of the school, but the design of the whole is decorative. Both works were brought to S. Frediano in the nineteenth century.

In this corner of the church is an ancient *Baptismal Font*, the most remarkable piece of mediæval sculpture in the church, brought here in 1803 from the Baptistry. The whole of the circular basin is covered with scenes in relief interwoven in a most confusing way. Among them occur the figure of the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb, the Apostles, and S. Mary Magdalene with her fingers entwined in her hair. The next group perhaps typifies Charity, a seated woman with a dead child at her feet taking a child from the arms of its mother and approached by another woman with children. After this come scenes symbolising baptism, the deliverance of Israel, Moses and the burning bush, and the worship

¹ *Inferno*, Canto 21, 38: "Ecco un degli anziani di Santa Zita."

of the serpent. Pharaoh and his host cross the Red Sea in the guise of mail-clad Norman knights, very like a bit of the Bayeux tapestry. Then follow figures typical of the Law and the Gospel. Moses receives the tables of the Law from a divine figure in an aureole, and Christ enthroned holds the Gospel in His hand.

Many of the details recall Etruscan and early Christian sarcophagi. The Christ is the Christ Kriophorus, or ram-bearer; the medallion of the Father is like the portrait heads of the deceased which so often appear on sarcophagi. The groups are without composition, but individual figures betray a knowledge of plastic art, the form of the limbs being visible through the draperies, and the muscular movements are graphic and true. The foliage of the trees is Romanesque in character, and, as Schmarsow¹ points out, the whole work seems to throw light on the provenance of the sculptures on the façade of the Duomo.

That the work belongs to the twelfth century is evident. It has been attributed on insufficient grounds to Biduino. A half-obliterated inscription on the rim of the basin probably gives the name of the artist: ME FECIT ROBERTVS MAGIST[ER] I A[R]T[E] P[ER]ITVS. It is contended by Miss Margaret Stokes² that instead of a font this work is a fountain of the type placed at the entrance of churches as symbols of purification, and as affording means of cleansing to those going into the church.

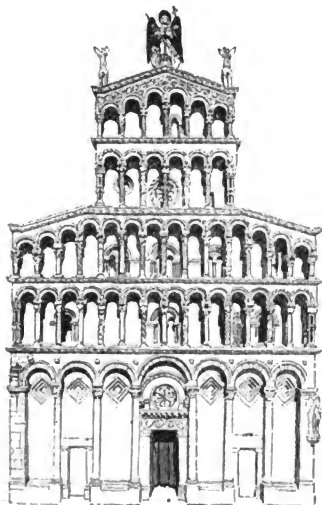
The modern *font* stands against a wall close by. It is a *rifacciamento* of the tabernacle made by Civitali in 1489 at the commission of Andrea Orsucci of Lucca. Nothing but the outer frame of the original work remains, with some of Civitali's refined detail in the capitals and on the pilasters.

¹ *Op. cit.* 35.

² *Six Months in the Apennines*, 77 et seq., from which admirable book many details in this chapter are taken.

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To the left of the central door is another of AMICO ASPERTINI's curious pictures, *The Madonna with the Child* standing on a throne with a little *putto* playing the lute beneath. On the right are SS. Sebastian and



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Margaret with the dragon at her feet. On the left SS. John the Baptist with a lamb on a book, and Agatha. The background is of sky with a suggestion of bare trees on the low horizon. The feet are horribly drawn, and there is a certain characteristic roundness and want of sensitiveness in the drawing, but as usual an engaging personality is revealed. The figure of the Baptist is almost identical in pose and costume with one by Timoteo Viti in the Brera.

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S. Michele al Foro. "S. Michele," says John Evelyn, "is a noble piece," and in spite of its faults one echoes his words. It is to begin with singularly fortunate in its commanding position, on a raised platform in what for Lucca is a considerable open space, the ancient forum of the city. The church is so ornate that it takes one's breath away. One cannot see the forest for the trees, the design and structural features because of the multiplicity of decoration. But except for the exaggeration of the western gable and a certain narrowness of the nave, the proportions are impressive, and it produces an imposing effect. The unfortunate façade blushes with newness and has lost all its ancient charm in the modern restoration. It must originally have affected one very much as the west front of the Duomo does, but a Duomo born symmetrical instead of lopsided. There are four orders of arches in the upper part, whose ornaments are precisely similar to those of S. Martin, forming unmistakable evidence, if any were needed, that both façades sprang from the same brain. A distinguishing feature of Lucchese churches of this style is observable here, namely, that a column and not an arch forms the centre of the façade. The great Archangel Michael that crowns the gable is by Guidetto's hand, and is a wooden and clumsy work; the wings are ingeniously constructed of overlapping bronze plates to enable the wind to pass through them instead of beating with its full force on the exposed figure. The lower part of the façade has a simpler arcade. It runs round the whole church, and is so extremely like that of the Baptistry at Pisa, and S. Cristoforo here, as to leave practically no doubt that Diotisalvi was the author of all three. On the north and south sides of the church this is surmounted by a single arcade, a little later in date than those of the façade. The tower, which is built into the south transept, follows the

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usual Lucchese formula, but has lost its crown of battlements. The apse is very beautiful.

At the south-west angle of the façade is a poor *Madonna and Child* by Civitali. During the years 1476 to 1480 Lucca was ravaged by the plague, and it is probable, seeing that the inscription on the statue is *Salutis Portus*, that it was then erected, as a reminder of the only safe harbour of refuge, by Domenico Bertini. Except the bracket on which it stands, and which betrays some of Civitali's command of ornament in the treatment of Bertini's *impresa* and motto, there is little to be said for this work.

In studying the history of S. Michele we find the usual statement that it was founded in 764 by Teutprandus and Gumpranda his wife, doubtful, if not mythical. The existing document of that date refers it is true to the foundation of a church of S. Michele, but it cannot be identified with this especial one, and Ridolfi¹ points out that about that date numerous churches were dedicated to the great archangel. He was the special protector of the Lombards, and a great cult for him had been introduced from Apulia into northern Italy in the seventh century. Even if obliged to abandon these picturesquely named founders, there seems no doubt that our church, *Sita ad Forum* or *ubi dicitur ad Forum*, existed before the year 795, when it probably was quite small and unimportant. The structure that we see dates, as an inscription in the choir states, only from the year 1143, and is almost certainly the work of Diotisalvi of Pisa. The artists and craftsmen of Pisa frequently visited Lucca. In speaking of the cathedral we have seen how Niccolò and Giovanni Pisani worked on its façade, and that its windows were the work of the Pisan Pandolfo di Ugolino, and other instances could be cited. Diotisalvi has left his signature on

¹ Enrico Ridolfi, *Guida di Lucca* (Lucca, 1899).

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the church of S. Cristoforo, so that we need not doubt he was the builder of the greater part of S. Michele.

Not of course of the façade above the first arcade. That belongs entirely to Guidetto, and to a rather spoilt and riotous Guidetto. After the façade nothing was added to the church until the period of activity that followed the restoration of national liberty, when the lateral colonnades were built in 1377. Much deplorable vandalism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been swept away in our own days.

As the exterior shocks one with its over elaboration, so the interior astonishes with its simple dignity. It has all the basilica characteristics, in spite of the transepts, and many of the columns are antique.

There are few pictures of importance. The best is a *Group of Saints* by Filippino Lippi on the left wall of the north transept. Life size standing figures of SS. Rocco in a crimson mantle, Sebastian in an orange-tawny cloak and red hose, Jerome in rather hard scarlet, and Helena in cool blue and white, almost fill the canvas, and the composition is of the simplest. The colour is bright and clear and an almost Venetian dignity pervades the whole. The figures are relieved against a greenish-blue sky with some simple foliage. It belongs to Filippino's middle period, about 1490, and the influence of Botticelli is plainly visible.

Just to the right of it is a *Madonna and Child* in relief, by Raphael di Montelupo, the sole remaining fragment of the elaborate tomb of Silvestro Gigli, the descendant of an ancient race settled in Lucca since the thirteenth century. As Bishop of Worcester under Henry VII. and Henry VIII., he forms another of the links that bind Lucca to England. He was not the first of the family to migrate to England, where Giovanni Gigli, his cousin, preceded him as Bishop of Worcester. Silvestro was sent as English

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ambassador to Rome, when Henry VIII. begged Leo X. to give him a cardinal's hat. The Pope consented, but his death prevented the fulfilment of



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the promise. Silvestro died a mere bishop, and was buried here in 1521. Both he and Giovanni won considerable renown as poets.

Not far off is a *Sposalizio* by Agostino Marte, dated 1520, a hard picture with heavy light and shade.

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In the right transept there is a colossal *Crucifix* of the eleventh century, one of the best preserved of that early date. The figure of the Saviour is unattractive though not badly proportioned, the head painted on a projecting wedge to give it prominence. There is a figure of the Father above, and below the Denial of Peter. In the side panels are the Virgin, the Evangelists, the Crucified thieves, the Entombment, and the Marys at the Sepulchre. The execution is very rude and conventional, and bears all the marks of a primitive age.

SS. Giovanni e Reparata, the ancient baptistery, is a pleasant enough looking basilica whose west front is a fascinating medley of Romanesque and late Renaissance. Approached from the west, the façade, tower, and dome form a beautiful group with the Cathedral beyond. Although the most ancient church of Lucca, nothing externally visible is older than the twelfth century. The actual baptistery is built into the north transept in an unusual and picturesque manner. By a miracle the west door has escaped the devastating hand of the seventeenth century restorer, and is remarkably rich in its ornamentation for the early date, 1187, to which it must be attributed. The arch is supported on two finely conceived lions, one of them devouring a serpent, the other a bear, and the lintel has a relief of the Virgin between two angels surrounded by the Apostles, S. Paul taking the place of Judas.

SS. Giovanni e Reparata was already an old church in the sixth century, but we have no record of its foundation. Successive excavations in and about it have proved that it was raised on the ruins of a Roman temple and burial-place. Urns and burnt bones; idols, coins bearing the effigies of the Triumvirate and the image of Augustus, and the fine sarcophagus now in the passage leading from the *arcivescovado* to the Duomo, have been brought to light by the spade, as well as the large fragment of Roman pave-

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ment found beneath the floor of the church in 1885. The numerous antique columns incorporated in the church with other fragments of Roman origin show very clearly that the original builders found abundant ancient material ready at their hand. It was in this church, as related above, that S. Frediano began his mission work by baptising his first converts. When, a few years later, the Lombards swept through the city like a destroying flame, one of the first buildings that fell before them was SS. Giovanni e Reparata; but after their conversion by the good bishop this church was one of the first they hastened to build up again. By the twelfth century the Lombard church had begun to decay, and was rebuilt in the form we see now, and the baptistery enlarged. A fire in the fourteenth century necessitated a further reconstruction of the baptistery, and it is to this date that the existing square dome belongs. The lamentable additions to the west front and elsewhere belong, as is obvious, to the seventeenth century, but many of them have been removed in the restoration of 1910.

The interior is now once more restored to something of its original appearance. It is fine in general effect, the antique columns adding greatly to its beauty, and the square baptistery is impressively spacious and very unusual in form. It reminded Professor E. A. Freeman, and justly, of the monastic kitchens of Fontevrault and Glastonbury. In the excavations made in 1885 under the floor, Roman remains were found at a depth of three metres, and above them, at steadily rising levels, remains of the successive Christian baptisteries. The ancient font and pavement, now visible some six feet below the level of the present floor, belonged to the second Christian stratum, and date from the eighth century. The font is hewn out of a block of stone, but was originally encased in marble. The surrounding pavement, with a delicate

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pattern in black and white marble, is both beautiful and curious. Besides this and a very sonorous and musical echo there is nothing of great interest in the baptistery. On the wall where it joins the church are two *frescoes* of the School of Simone Martini, the righthand one with three saints, the one on the left, *Madonna Enthroned*, between two saints. The first was probably by the hand of Lippo Memmi originally, but is almost entirely repainted.

S. Maria Bianca, or *S. Maria Forisportam*, in the piazza of the same name, is a fine Pisan Romanesque basilica of the second order. It acquired the name *Forisportam* because it stood outside the walls and near one of the city gates, until the circuit was enlarged in 1260 and it was included. The massive lower arcade of the façade is in the style of Diotisalvi, and belongs to the second half of the twelfth century, the arcades above, as well as the nave and apse, to 1260 or thereabouts. The gable and campanile were roughly rebuilt in brick in 1516. Many antique fragments are incorporated into the façade, including the columns of the lower arcade and various ornaments of the central door, no doubt pointing to the fact that this is another church built on the site of a ruined imperial structure, the ancient column in the piazza being a further piece of evidence in the same direction. No exact date can be given for the foundation of the church, but it must have been after the year 800. A fragment of the original structure is probably to be seen in the Byzantine *Madonna and Child* in the tympanum of the left door of the façade, which is so finely worked as to recall the technique of a carving in ivory. A certain squatness of effect in the façade is due to the level of the piazza having been raised, with the consequent disappearance of the steps by which the church was approached.

The interior is still beautiful, but has lost the unity

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of the basilican effect by the substitution, in 1516, of a vaulted roof for the original rafters. Many of the capitals are antique, as are the columns, two of which are of oriental granite.

The most interesting picture is a remarkable *Death and Assumption of the Virgin*, on the right wall of the north transept, by Angelo Puccinelli, a native of Lucca who was working during the second half of the fourteenth century. He must when young have come under the influence of the Memmi, as witness his *triptych* in the Pinacoteca (Sala I., No. 45), painted in 1350, and have reverted later to the Tuscan manner which is predominant in this beautiful picture, painted in 1386.¹ Above, in a dark blue *mandorla* glory, sits Madonna. She has a veil over her head and a wimple round her face. Her dress is pink with gold sprigs, her mantle white, and she wears a crossed stole like a deacon's. Her hands are folded in prayer. Besides her nimbus rays of light surround her body, and she seems to be sitting on an inverted crescent moon. Ten angels with beautiful wings support the aureole. They also are dressed like deacons, in pink, their feet hidden in little clouds. Christ with a sleek, oval head, a red robe and blue mantle appears above. The lower part of the picture is largely occupied by a very stiff palm tree and rocky cliffs, beneath which the dead Virgin lies on a couch enveloped in a dark blue robe. S. Peter clasps her tenderly in his arms. He is in pink and wears the pallium. Behind him S. John leans forward with clasped hands, like a figure in Giotto's Descent from the Cross in the Uffizi. On the same side

¹ Ridolfi, *Guida di Lucca*, reads the inscription thus:
HOC · OPVS · FECIT · FIERI · NICHOLAVS · QD · . . . PAGANI · SERAN-
TONIS · DE · TVMBA · CIVIS · ET · MERCATOR · LVCAN · AD ·
HONOREM · ASSVPTIONIS · BEATE · MARIE · SEMPER · VIRGINIS · ET ·
ALIOR · SCOR · A · D · M · CCC · 86 · ANGELVS · PVCCINELLI DE
LVCA · PINXIT.

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are five apostles, a nimbused crowd indicated behind. In the lower corner are two angels, one supporting Madonna's head, one bearing a twisted torch. An apostle with reddish hair parted down to the nape of his neck kneels by the bier in front. Behind it stands our Lord in the act of receiving the Virgin's soul in the form of a chubby child who holds out tiny hands to Him. Christ gazes fondly at it. His draperies are white lined with red and sprigged with gold. Beside Him stands a venerable man, apparently asperging the dead Virgin. The other apostles are on the right, and two more angels, one with a thurible, the other with a torch. The whole picture is in a very good condition, and a charming piece of decorative illustration, rich in colour. It is on a gold ground, and the nimbuses and ornaments of the angels' dresses are very delicately worked.

Besides the Pinacoteca triptych, which is undoubtedly his, an Entombment of Saints at S. Paolino, and a triptych of S. Anna, the Virgin, and Saints in S. Francesco at Pescia are also very dubiously attributed to Puccinelli.

There are two pictures by Guercino in the church, a *S. Lucia* over an altar on the right, and an *Assumption of the Virgin with SS. Francis and Sylvester* over the altar in the north transept.

A door to the right of the façade opens into the pretty cloister of what used to be the monastery of the Canons Regular of the Redeemer, to whom the church belonged, but it is now used for communal schools.

S. Maria Nera, or *S. Maria Corteorlandini*, though built in its present form in 1187 by Guido of Como, the father of Guidetto, builder of the Duomo façade, is so beplastered with baroque inanities as to be almost unrecognisable as a Pisan Romanesque basilica. The writer has no grudge against the baroque. On the contrary, in its right place it has a wonderful strength

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and appeal, but it is very unpleasant when warring with, and obscuring, a building so different in aim and method as a Romanesque church. A recent restoration has, however, given us back the south side in something of its original state, and proves it to have been a good specimen of a rather severe type, with the round-headed, splayed, lancet windows so common in Lucca. The south door is good, with projecting lions and an inscription recording the consecration of altars in 1313. The interior looks like a very elaborate gold and white ballroom of the eighteenth century, with opera-boxes, and a gallery with gilt railings.

The important inscription which connects the church with Guido of Como, and describes his rebuilding it in the year when the Holy Sepulchre fell into the hands of the Saracens, is as follows:—

+ ANNO · DNI · M^o C^o · OCTUAGŌ · SEPTIMO · SEPULCRŪ ·
TEPLŪ · ET · CRUCE · XPI · SARA | CENI · CEPERUNT · PER-
FIDI · SUB · SALADINO · | MILITE . . . ANNO · PROXIMO ·
SEQUENTI · DIE | . . . KL | AGOSTO · HEC · HECCLĀ ·
DE NOVO · REFŪ | DARĪ · CEPIT . . . SOLO · QUAE · LAUDAT
· DM · X | BEATE · MARIE · VITV · BLASIŪ · CONCOR | DŪ ·
CERBONIŪ | ET ALEXIUM | GUIDUS · MAISER · EDIFICAVIT ·
O . . .

The date of the original foundation of the church is unknown. It takes its name from the noble and rich family of the Rolandinghi of Loppia, whose houses and "court" stood here until the tenth century. It was with the twenty thousand volumes of the monk's library that the Regia Biblioteca made its modest beginning.

S. *Cristoforo*, with its beautiful and rather severe façade crowded up in the narrow Via Fillungo, cries out for more space. The noble arcade betrays its Pisan origin, while the gable with its curious wheel-window and pointed archlets indicates the transition to

Italian Gothic. A very fine thirteenth-century architrave and frieze of foliage crown the main door. More than one document speaks of S. Cristoforo in the second half of the eleventh century, but it was practically rebuilt by Diotisalvi about 1150, when the church had become the meeting-place of the consuls, or judges, of the *Cause Lucchesi*, who there pronounced judgment in civil cases and became known as the *Curia di S. Cristoforo*. An inscription on the left wall records this reconstruction: + GAVDEAT · DOTĪSALVI · MAGISTER ·
| NEC · COMPAREAT · EI · LOCVS · SINISTER · —NĀ IPĒ ME
PERFECIT · (*nam ipse me perfecit*).

On the façade are two iron bars, one 86 centimetres in length, and the other 45, which were placed there in 1296 by the judges of the *Curia di S. Cristoforo* as standards of width for the weavers of brocade and other materials. An inscription above each records the fact, but the corrosion of the bars has made the first difficult to read.¹

The interior with some antique columns is chiefly remarkable as the burial-place of Matteo Civitali in 1501. His plain gravestone is between the first and second piers on the right.

S. *Salvatore*, in the piazza of the same name, is in reality an ancient church, but has lost almost every trace of beauty and interest in an eighteenth-century reconstruction. It still, however, possesses two curious pieces of ancient sculpture, one at least of which is by Biduino. This is a *relief*, which forms the architrave of the south door and represents an *Episode in the Life of S. Nicholas the priest*, but whether his baptism or martyrdom seems uncertain. The saint stands with outstretched arms in a vessel which may be either a baptismal font or a cauldron of boiling oil, his arms

¹ I . . . LARGHE · TP · D · IOHIS SANGIMIGN—

² LANPIESA (*l' ampiezza*,) DEI PETTINI E TENPIALI
E ISTRETTE · A'D. MCCLXXXVI.

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supported by two female (?) figures. Beneath the figure are the words : s · NICH-OLAVS · PBRI · (presbyter), and on the cauldron:—BIDUINO ME FECIT HOC . . . OP'. On either side of the main episode are two domed edifices, each supported on twisted columns and having two towers. That on the left is clearly



DETAIL OF DOORWAY, CHURCH OF S. SALVATORE,
BY MAESTRO BIDUINO

meant for a church, because we see a priest and a sanctuary lamp in it. The meaning of that on the right is less clear. Two wild beasts ramp in its central arches, two bearded men with staves appear in the outer ones. Schmarsow¹ conjectures that they may be wild beasts being starved in an amphitheatre before they are let out to devour saints in the arena, and that the old men are their keepers. There is a curious mixture of devotion and burlesque in the general effect, an outcome no doubt of the imperfect technique of the period. Some of the details, such as the men with the staves, are very near in style to the work of the Lombard stone masons of Pistoia. The domed buildings are

¹ *Op. cit.*, 46 *et seq.*

very like those which occur in one of Biduino's reliefs at S. Cassiano, and perhaps in both cases he took them from the bronze doors which Bonannus had just completed for the Duomo at Pisa, together with the bronze cauldron and other details. The technique of the whole looks as if imitated from a bronze relief, and no doubt Bonannus' work is the prototype.

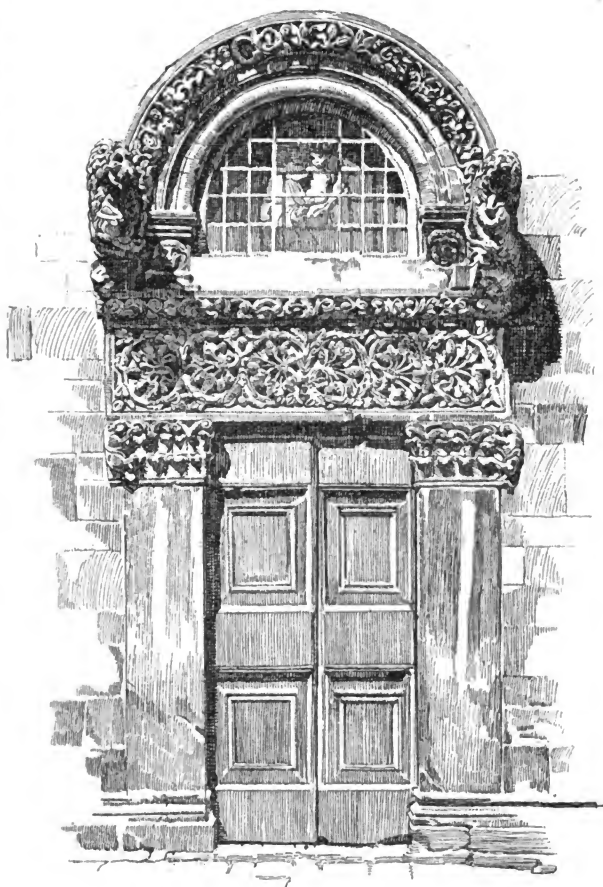
The architrave of the small right-hand door of the façade has a relief representing the *Marriage of a King's Son*. The bridal pair and guests are seated at a banquet at the left, and on the right are beggars. In the centre, a lady takes a soup-tureen from the hand of a servant, whose master rebukes him by pulling his hair. The rest of the guests sit at a second table. Ridolfi attributes this work to the eleventh century, and points out its similarity to a relief by an unknown sculptor on the Duomo at Barga. The writer is inclined to follow him rather than Schmarsow, who sees in it an early work by Biduino.

The church now belongs to the *Confraternità di Misericordia*.

Among a group of minor churches all belonging to the Romanesque style, and all with some remains of beauty or interest in their façades, are the following.

S. Giusto, near Via Cenami, has a charming twelfth-century façade with a well-preserved and beautiful central door, whose frieze of oak leaves and acorns, and capitals with foliage and beasts, and the usual devouring lions, are as fine as anything in Lucca. In this case the centre of the façade is an arch and not, as is usual here, a column.

S. Pietro Somaldi, in the piazza of the same name, is a very ancient foundation of which there is mention in a deed of 763 as having been ceded together with a monastery by the Lombard king Astolfo to a painter named Auriperto. By Auriperto it was given to his brother Ermiperto, a cleric, and he



NELLY ERICHSEN.

DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH OF S. GIVSTO, LUCCA

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in his turn ceded it to Bishop Peredeo. According to the inscription on a pilaster in the church it was rebuilt in its present form in 1199, the decorations of the façade being added in 1248, and further enlargements made in the fourteenth century. The name is said to be derived from Somualdo the founder. Both campanile and façade up to the string course above the doors belong to 1199, the upper galleries and decoration of the doors to the thirteenth century. The usual lions figure above the central doors, whose only other ornaments are the black and white voussoirs of the arch, and a *relief* on the architrave representing Christ accompanied by S. James giving the keys to Peter. It is dated A.D.CC.III.L.

S. Giulia, in Via del Suffragio, has a pretty but very simple little marble façade of the fourteenth century, and a good red brick apse and nave. It was founded at the close of the eighth century by the Allucingoli family, and contains a crucifix by one of the sons of Berlinghiero Berlinghieri.

S. Andrea, called in old times *in Pelleria*, because the tanneries were near, has the remains of a Pisan Romanesque front, and a fine door with lions and vine patterns. It dates from the thirteenth century.

S. Alessandro, near the Via Vittorio Emanuele, is said to date from the ninth century, but was built in its present form in the eleventh. It is a pretty little basilica with eight lancet windows on the south side, and a nice early Renaissance door. The apse has a rich corbel table, and the façade is very plain, with a little statue of the patron in a niche. Inside are some curious Roman columns and capitals.

SS. Simon and Jude, in Via Guinigi, is a simple little basilica with nothing to adorn the front but the black and white voussoirs in the arches of the three doors. It was built in 1193.

S. Tommaso in Pelleria has the remains of a

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Pisan Romanesque façade, but is quite modernised within.

S. Luca, at the corner of Via S. Paolino, facing the walls, is a little ancient church rebuilt in 1672. Note the curious badge or *stemma* of the powerful Merchants' guild carved on the wall, as on the walls of many buildings in the city. It consists of a corded bale of silk surmounted by a crowned M, and indicates that the guild was patron of the church.

The Renaissance churches of Lucca are few, and with one exception small and unimportant.

The exception is *S. Paolino* in the street of the same name, a rather impressive-looking church, approached by a fine flight of steps which gives it the look of a Paolo Veronese picture. Historically it is more interesting than architecturally, and goes back to an unknown antiquity. We have seen that as early as the sixth century it was already a popular place of pilgrimage owing to the presence of the bodies of certain martyrs, including that of S. Paolino, the apostle of Christianity in Tuscany, and the first bishop of Lucca. In the fourteenth century the interest in this saint was still so great that when the Emperor Charles IV. visited Lucca he desired to see the holy body. The sarcophagus in which it was enclosed, after being borne in triumph through the city, was ceremonially opened in the presence of the Emperor, the elders, and the bishop, who placed a document in it to record the fact and sealed it anew. Baccio di Montelupo was the architect employed in 1519 to build the present church. Excavations recently made beneath it have yielded up fragments of beautiful Romanesque work which formed part of an earlier structure.

Two pictures belonging to the church are at present to be seen in the adjoining Canonica. One of them, *The Entombment of Four Saints*, has already been

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mentioned as attributed to Puccinelli. It is an interesting picture, but not characteristic of that master. The saints all lie in one wide coffin, and appear to be SS. Severo, Paolino, Luca, and Teobaldo. The farthest is a deacon, the next a knight in long red robes. Then comes S. Paolino in the garb of a mitred bishop, in red, black, and gold vestments. The nearest figure is that of a priest in a gold and yellow cope. At the head of the tomb stands a Benedictine monk, and a priest in a cope with his hands joined in prayer. At the foot are two saints, a layman in a black cloak bordered with gold, and a priest in a red cope. On the tomb are two shields, and an inscription giving the names of the saints.

The other picture is a fifteenth-century *Coronation of the Virgin*, with a faint flavour of Filippo Lippi about it. God the Father and the Madonna appear in a *mandorla* glory with a crowd of saintly personages on either hand. The donor is on the right, a young man in red and gold brocade with a cross-bow bolt in his hand and a red purse, a lemon at his feet. On the left is a saint who is probably meant for S. Paolino. Below appears a carefully drawn view of the city of Lucca, with many towers, and a gateway with draw-bridge and moat, a very important contribution to our knowledge of the mediæval city.

La Madonnina, or *La Madonna di Porta S. Pietro*, just inside the gate by which strangers enter the city, is an ugly little Renaissance building with a Pisanesque Madonna on the gable. It was built in the sixteenth century, and contains the fragment of a monument by Civitali, a relief representing two dead monks with beautiful heads lying side by side, with their hands clasped on their rosaries. The rest of the monument has disappeared, and its date cannot be fixed.

SS. *Trinità*, in the piazza of the same name, opening out of the Via de' Fossi, has only one claim on our

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attention. Here is Civitali's *Madonna del Latte*, often called the *Madonna della Tosse*, a work which shows the sculptor in the nearest approach to realism that he ever attained. The life-size seated figure of the comely mother nourishing her healthy, complacent little babe has every appearance of being a simple portrait study, without any attempt at imagination or idealism. Civitali was evidently so captivated by the charms of his models that he forgot entirely the theme he set out to represent. This is not the Virgin Mother of God. The child is not God made man. This is simply any mother with any child, a very pleasant study of human maternity. Regarded in this light the work is admirable. Complacent, healthy creatures, they fulfil their natural functions to perfection. The generous forms of the maternal figure are beautifully indicated under the simple folds of the drapery, and surely there was never a more naturalistic treatment of a contented baby curling his toes in animal satisfaction. The composition is excellent, the grouping of the hands charming. The ornaments are enriched with gold. A few years later the same model served the sculptor once more for the figure of the Madonna in the monument of S. Regulus in the Duomo, but is there rendered more imaginatively. Matteo made the group in 1480 for the church of S. Ponziano, whence it drifted here.

Turning to the Gothic churches of the city the finest and most important is undoubtedly *S. Francesco*, the great church of the Friars Minor in Via della Fratta on the east side of the town. This vast red brick structure has the simple dignity and fine proportions characteristic of the Franciscan Gothic churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The unfinished façade is alone coated with marble. The interior is bare and spacious, the choir projecting into the nave with a simple chapel on either side.

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According to Matraia¹ the Franciscan Rule was established in Lucca by the Seraphic Father himself, but the Order had no permanent home until Brother Elias built a convent and church some time before 1253, structures which have vanished absolutely, leaving neither trace nor record behind. It was there that Castruccio Castracane was buried in 1328, in the habit of a tertiary of S. Francis. The only remains of that church are the two canopied monuments built into the west front, on either side of the door, one dating from 1249 and the other from 1250. The existing church and monastery date from the middle of the fourteenth century onwards, and are largely due to the benefactions of the Guinigi family. In 1345 Francesco Guinigi built the chapel of S. Lucia near the cloister as a burial-place for his family, and Paolo, when he built his great villa in the neighbourhood, enlarged and completed the church. After being secularised for many years, S. Francesco was re-acquired by the Friars Minor (Observantines) about six years ago, and has since been carefully restored.

Between the second and third altars on the right is the monument of Giovanni Guidiccioni, the famous poet of Lucca and the valued friend of all the greatest men of letters in the Leonine age. The monument is a solid work of the sixteenth century, with the mitred figure of the bishop-poet reclining rather uneasily on his elbow.

The original inscription from the tomb of Castruccio in the old church is between the third and fourth altars on the right, and above it another eulogistic one, dated 1749. High upon the wall, just in front of the choir chapel on the right, is a small square stone with a shield and an inscription recording the interment in the wall of

¹ Giuseppe Matraia, *Guida Monumentale della Città e Diocesi di Lucca*. Regia Biblioteca, Lucca, MSS. 553-555.

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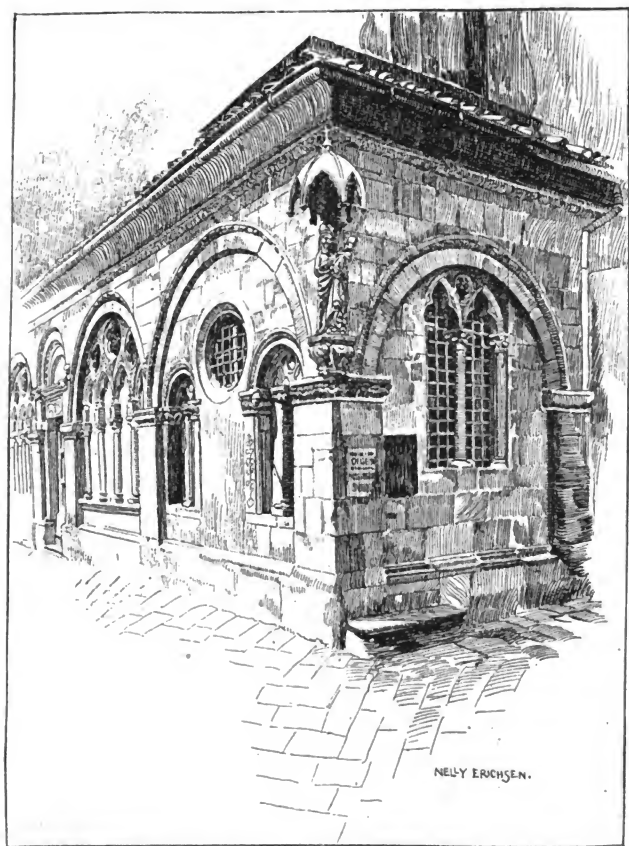
the heart of Nino Visconti. The inscription is a little difficult to decipher, but it seems to read so: HIC · EST · COR · ILLVSTRIS · VIRI · DÑI · UGOLINO · JVDICIS · GALL-
VRESIS · S · DÑI · (?) 3TIE · PTIS · REGNI · GALLER · QVI ·
OBIIT · AN DÑI M'CCLXXXVIII · DIE · XI · JANVARII. This was a discovery of the recent restoration, and the inscription has led to some controversy as to whether *cor* is to be interpreted as *heart* or *body*. This Nino, of whom Dante says when he meets him in Purgatory,—

“Nino, thou courteous Judge! what joy I felt,
When I perceived Thou wert not with the bad”¹—

was a nephew of the ill-fated Ugolino of the Tower of Famine. He was Judge of Gallura in Sicily, and sometime Captain of the People in Pisa, whence he was banished later with the whole of Ugolino's kin.

Another *trouvaille* of the recent restoration was the interesting frescoes in the chapel on the right of the choir. The whole of its walls seem to have been painted, but all save one picture have practically perished. This is a remarkable composition on the right wall of the chapel, which includes both a *Presentation of the Virgin* (on the left) and a *Sposalizio* (on the right), a combination which is without precedent. The centre of the lunette-shaped picture is occupied by a fine architectural doorway, which both divides and unites the two episodes. On a staircase to the left stands the high priest and an attendant, and a pretty little Virgin goes fluttering up to him. At the foot of the staircase stand two male figures. On the right the high priest, surrounded by a group of wedding guests, joins the hands of S. Joseph and the Madonna. Both the colour, arrangement, and architecture, with much in the character of the whole, speak for Benozzo Gozzoli, recalling his manner in the Campo Santo frescoes at Pisa, and it would be easy to suppose that

¹ Carey's *Dante*, Purgatory, viii. 53-54.



CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLE ROSE

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in the intervals of his labours there Benozzo should have painted these frescoes, as he did other minor works in and about Pisa. There is, however, even more that is characteristic of another master. Cosimo Rosselli, whose work at times is so like Benozzo's that it is difficult to distinguish between them, was also working at Lucca about this date, and it is to his hand that Mr Berenson attributes this fresco. A local attribution to Benozzo's pupil Zanobi Macchiavelli cannot be supported. On either side of the window is the usual *Annunciation*, and on the left what appears to be a fragment of a *Nativity*. Two lower frescoes have entirely disappeared.

Over a doorway in the left wall of the church is a Cimabuesque *Madonna*, ruined in the seventeenth century by repainting.

The altarpieces of the church are to be found in the Pinacoteca.

S. Maria delle Rose, a queer little shanty of a church in the *Via delle Rose*, is built into the rear wall of the archbishop's palace. In structure and design it has little to recommend it, but two sides of it are covered with very beautiful and elaborate Gothic ornamentation of the early fourteenth century, with ornate windows and many curious carvings of roses in relief. The façade has a pretty fifteenth century doorway attributed, and perhaps rightly, to Matteo Civitali. At one of the angles is a Pisanesque *Madonna and Child* under a canopy, and there is an inscription on one of the pilasters recording the building of the church in 1309.

According to the pretty legend of the foundation of this little church there was, in very ancient days, an oratory dedicated to S. Paul, built into the east side of the bishop's palace close to the walls, constructed, it would seem, out of the *débris* of an old tower. In course of time it fell into decay, and early in the four-

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teenth century there was found among the ruins a beautiful picture of the Virgin with three red roses in her hand. In honour of this Madonna of the Roses the guild of the Merchants built the little church, and very poetically covered it with carvings of our Lady's flowers.

In the sacristy is to be seen the badge of the ancient confraternity connected with the church, a *wooden figure of the Madonna* surrounded by rose trees.

It was from the portico of the bishop's palace just above S. Maria delle Rose that Pope Urban VI. proclaimed the great indulgence during his visit to Lucca. Sercambi describes the scene. "All the people stood in the palace beneath the church of S. Maria delle Rose, near the city wall, and with the said Pope were vested cardinals, counts, dukes, barons, and elders of Lucca, to which benediction so many people came that more than thirty-six thousand were in Lucca. Men came from all Lombardy, Florence, Siena, Perugia, Pisa . . . and from all the country round Lucca, and elsewhere. There came ambassadors from all the world, even from Greece, and there came prelates and clerks from the uttermost ends of Christendom to beg for benefices, and everyone of them went away satisfied according to his deserts. Oh, who could tell what huge profits were made by the citizens, merchants, artificers, strangers and country folks, and by those that let lodgings, and how much money rained down! these things were past belief!"¹

S. Romano, just behind the Palazzo Provinciale, has disguised itself so effectually in baroque trappings that it is difficult, especially in the interior, to remember that it is really a Gothic church. Outside, there are still unspoilt details in the original style, including on the north side some fine tombs of the fourteenth century belonging to the Sergiusti, Volpelli, Burlamacchi, and

¹ *Le Groniche di Giovanni Sercambi*, etc., vol. i. 257.

Del Mancini families. The east end is almost wholly Gothic, and is connected with the palace by a bridge, S. Romano having formerly served as a royal chapel.

Founded originally in the eighth century, the church has been rebuilt more than once, the bulk of the present structure dating from 1280. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries various additions were made, and in 1635, to quote a contemporary account, "the church was transformed into the beautiful structure we see." This profanation was the work of the Dominicans, who had long been established there, and are there to this day.

The interior was once possessed of the two fine Fra Bartolommeo's which are now in the Pinacoteca. Its chief claim on our attention is the beautiful *Monument of S. Romano* by Civitali, which is built into the back of the high altar. As now put together, which is not as Civitali meant it to be, the monument consists of a relief of the young soldier-saint surmounted by a beautiful inscription and a *Pieta* in a lunette. S. Romano is a sweet-faced boy with long love-locks, and delicate, aquiline features. He lies on a golden bed with his rather clumsy hands clasped over his sword, his soldier's cloak folded round the slight, graceful figure. His armour shows the fanciful inventiveness of the early Renaissance. The breast is covered with golden scales, his shoulder protected by a lion's head. Then the golden shirt of mail shows to the elbow, below which the arm is sheathed in plate armour. Round the neck is twisted a golden cord. The feet, not much better modelled than the hands, are covered with scale-armour. Drawn across the background is a blue drapery. Both Civitali's virtues and defects are visible in this work. His sweetness and delicate sense of piety and beauty are balanced by the weakness which is the defect of such qualities. A difficulty in modelling fore-shortened hands is character-



[*Edue Alinari*]

TOMB OF S. ROMANO, BY MATTEO CIVITALI

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istic, but equally so the superb lettering of the inscription. The *Pietà*, side by side with his perfectly unmistakable cherubs, has a Christ that is almost Mantegnesque in type. This charming work belongs to 1490, and once more brings us into contact with the munificent Domenico Bertini, at whose cost it was erected.

Both the transepts have good floor effigies. Among the most interesting in the left transept is an incised stone bearing a woman's figure of which the head is almost worn away. This has long been accepted as the *tomb of Capuana*, widow of Ugolino di Donoratico, Conte della Gherardesca, and the story ran that, after the awful fate that overtook her husband and sons in the Tower of Famine, she fled to Lucca, where she died. Now, recent researches having proved that Ugolino's widow died in the castle of Bibola in Lunigiana, and was buried there in the church of S. Bartolommeo, this story cannot be true. The lady who lies here was another Capuana, widow of Nino *il Brigata*, one of the two nephews of Count Ugolino, who perished with him and his sons Gaddo and Uguccione in the dreadful tower at Pisa. Bishop Ruggiero's thirst for revenge was not slaked even by that deed of darkness, and every member of Ugolino's race had to flee for their lives from Pisan territory. Nino's widow Capuana very naturally took refuge in Lucca, where she had lived before her marriage with *il Brigata*, as the wife of Lazzaro Lanfranchi Ghilardini. Here she died in 1307, and the similarity of her name and her husband's name with those of Count Ugolino and his wife gave rise to the confusion of her identity.¹

The late sixteenth-century *monument* of Vincentio

¹ For the obliterated inscription see Baroni, *Raccolta universale, delle iscrizioni . . . esistente nelle chiese . . . in Lucca*, t. ii, cod. 555, Regia Biblioteca, Lucca.

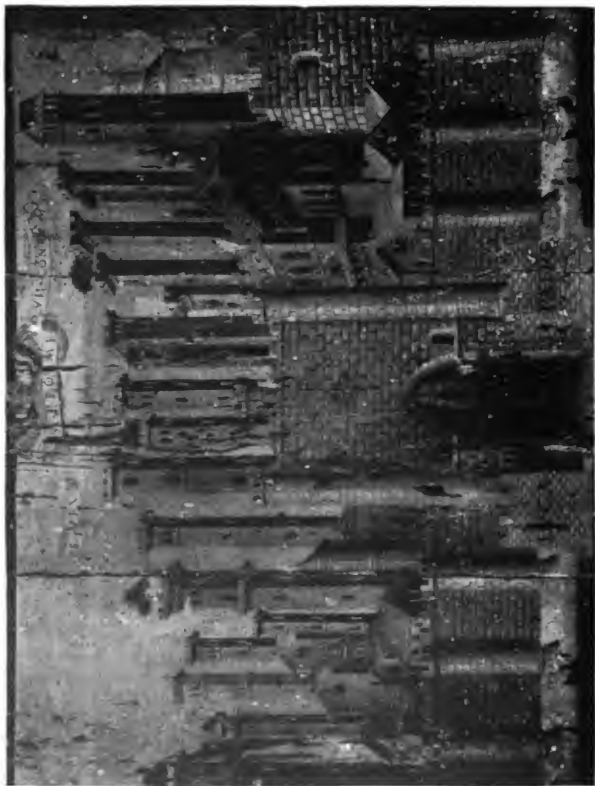
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and Sebastiano Portico, Archbishops of Ragusa, should be noted. Also the curious *Presepio* and *Calvary* on the right and left of the west door, with life-size figures dressed in beautiful seventeenth- and eighteenth-century garments, Madonna sitting on a fine gilded Sheraton chair between the ox and the ass.

S. Agostino, in the north of the city, a suppressed church now in the hands of the military authorities, is a large structure with a pleasant Renaissance cloister that has some surviving Gothic touches, and an old campanile. The original church is said to have been built on the site of the Roman theatre. It was rebuilt in 1324 when it was given over to the Augustinian Order, and again largely remodelled in 1616.

An old story connected with this church relates "how a ribald soldier who had lost his substance at the gambling table swore at a certain crucifix in the church of *S. Agostino* (some versions say an image of Our Lady), and at last was sacrilegious enough to throw a stone at it. The stone hit the side of the image of Our Lord, and it bowed its head as if in pain, while blood gushed forth from the wound. The holy-water stoup, to prevent the Saviour's blood from being defiled by touching the pavement, left its place by the door, and bending towards the crucifix received the precious drops. The stains may be seen to this day."

An addition to the story was current for centuries, to the effect that the earth opened on the very spot and swallowed up the sacrilegious soldier. It is mentioned by several old travellers, by Lassels in the *Voyage of Italy*, and with some humour by the *Président de Brosse*s. "Aux Augustins," he says, "il y a un petit trou qui va jusqu'en enfer, par où fut englouti ce misérable soldat qui battait la Vierge Marie. . . . Je sondai ce trou avec une perche



[*E. Bertolacci, Lucca*

PICTURE IN THE CIVIC LIBRARY, LUCCA, LATE 16TH OR 17TH CENTURY
COPY OF AN EARLIER ORIGINAL

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pour voir si l'enfer etait bien loin, et ne lui trouvai qu'une aune et demie de profondeur. Fort surpris de me voir si près de ce vilain séjour, je m'enfuis tout droit jusqu'à Pise. . . ."¹

The Church of the SS. Crocifisso, close to Via S. Paolino, has little of interest besides the great crucifix of the Bianchi, now preserved over the high altar, but a picture above the side altar is worth a moment's attention. It is a *Madonna and Saints* in the manner of Ghirlandaio, and has some remains of beauty in spite of being heavily and ruthlessly repainted.

THE TOWERS OF LUCCA

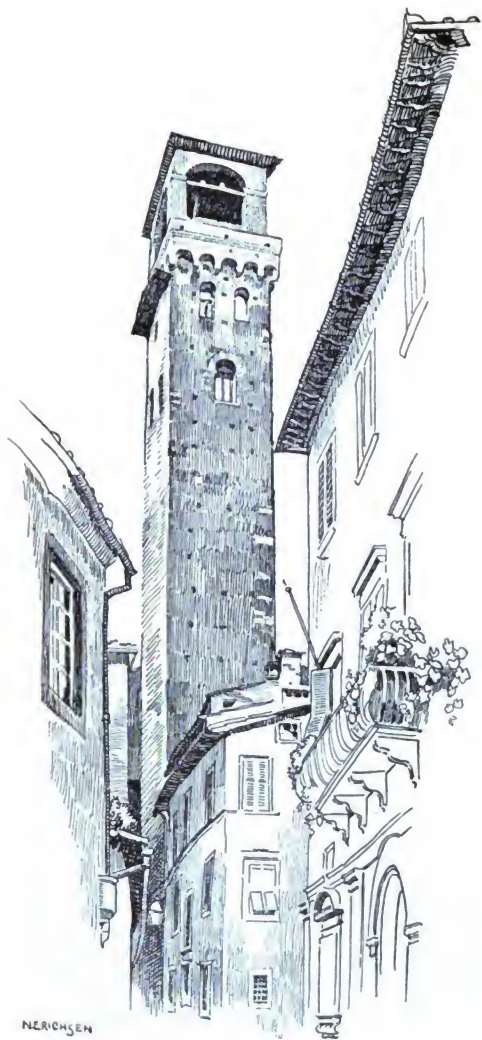
It is difficult to realise, seeing that the surviving towers of Lucca can easily be counted on the fingers of one hand, that she once bristled with hundreds of these picturesque, if inconvenient structures. It will be remembered that in describing the city Fazio degli Uberti, writing in the middle of the fourteenth century, uses the significant expression that Lucca "towered it in the guise of a forest," by which he probably meant that she had as many towers as there are trees in a forest. This impression is fully borne out by the fifteenth-century picture at S. Paolino described above, and by the one reproduced here, which, though probably only painted at the close of the sixteenth century, is certainly copied from a much older one. Even more convincing pictorial evidence is forthcoming from the numerous drawings of Lucca in the famous manuscript copy of Sercambi, possessed by the State Archives. Besides this there is a considerable mass of documentary evidence that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Lucca was as full of towers as Pisa, in which city the number is variously estimated from ten to twenty thousand.

¹ *Le Président de Brosses en Italie*, vol. i. 317.

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From these sources we gather that the towers of Lucca were very varied in height, construction, and material. The majority of them were built of brick, some of stone; some were square, others oblong, one at least octagonal. They had few windows, and these, for obvious purposes of defence, were high up. About the fourteenth century the fashion fell into abeyance. For one thing it is probable that the newer methods of warfare rendered the towers useless. Cannon were used at the siege of Lucca by the Pisans as early as 1341, and perhaps even the balls discharged by those early bombards were capable of bringing the tall structures crashing down. But what chiefly discouraged their builders was the fact that when Castruccio built the *Augusta*, that great fortress by means of which he terrorised the city, he ordered large numbers of towers to be demolished. The chroniclers say three hundred, a number that is probably exaggerated, but many were destroyed, and we even know the names of eleven of them. It must also have been fully realised by the authorities that they were a grave source of danger to peaceful citizens. Hastily built and sorely tried by warfare, they had an unpleasant habit of falling down and crushing numbers of people. It is on record, for instance, that in 1196 the towers of the Spia and the Cari families came down and overwhelmed a large crowd of the inhabitants of neighbouring streets. In 1217 the collapse of the tower of Pagani Bonsini also caused great loss of life; while in 1220 the summit of the Sismondi tower buried two hundred people beneath its ruins.

Summary legislation was introduced as early as the twelfth century to mitigate and prevent this evil, and as soon as a tower became unsafe it was, as in the case of the Burlamacchi tower, compulsorily demolished. Severe penalties for throwing things down from towers were exacted, and in punishment for this



THE TORRE DELLE ORE

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offence the tower of the Porcaresi was razed to the ground.

But the inconvenience of this method of building continued to be felt in spite of all efforts to minimise it. Furthermore, the cost of building and maintaining such monstrous shafts—some of them two hundred feet high—was very great. We learn that for this reason they were rarely the property of one man, but belonged either to a whole family or to a faction, either of which complicated form of ownership must have led to continual friction. We gather also that in order to reduce the cost of their maintenance they used to be let in time of peace either as warehouses or dwelling-houses, as in the case of the tower called *Sciancata*, which was leased to the monks of Morettino on condition that they gave it up if war broke out.

The following curious anecdote throws light on the eager competition to build towers faster and higher than one's neighbour. Every additional foot of height gave superiority in warfare. (One could throw boiling oil, lead, etc., down on one's neighbour, but not up at him.) In 1179 the Bishop of Lucca and Count Ugo di Lavania agreed to build each a tower at Castelvecchio in the Garfagnano, and bound themselves solemnly to keep even pace and in no case to exceed the height of forty *braccie*. The work went on peaceably for some time, and the two towers were like twins. But the love of domination was too great in the count. He secretly commanded a vast number of men to work at his tower in the night. The bishop was greatly enraged when he discovered that the count's tower overtopped his by ten *braccie*, and the most fierce threats and penalties were necessary to restrain the count from laying a further hand on the work till the bishop's tower overtook his.¹

¹ See Rohault de Fleury, *La Toscane au Moyen Age* (Paris, 1874), 209.

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Of the existing towers the *Torre Guinigi*, with its waving trees, is much the most important, but as it forms part of the great Palace of the Guinigi, it will be considered with that in the next chapter.

Next in importance is the *Torre delle Ore* in Via Fillungo, whose tall shaft and great clock-face are such familiar sights all over the city. It was originally built by the Diversi, and was called the *Torre della Lite*, but was bought by the commune in 1471 for ninety florins. The only means of knowing the time in Lucca until the end of the fourteenth century had been the great bell of the Palazzo Pubblico, which used to ring the canonical hours and the Ave Maria, but the fashion of public clocks had reached Italy some time before from England, and Monza, Genoa, and Bologna already possessed them. Lucca was never willing to be behind the times, and in 1371 ordered a clock. It was first placed on the tower of the Palazzo Pubblico, but as that was in an outlying part of the city it could not be heard striking, and in 1471 was removed to the tower henceforth to be known as the *Torre delle Ore*.

The only other surviving tower of any importance is the *Torre del Veglio* in the Piazza S. Salvatore. It is sadly truncated and awkwardly finished with a sloping roof, but still stands up finely over adjacent houses. The last survivor of a group of three towers belonging to the Tegrini, the Passamonti, and the Ronzoni, it passed from the latter family to the Bernardi, and became known as the *Torre del Veglio*. In and about it there raged a fierce faction fight on the 12th of May 1390, when the Guinigi and the Forteguerra factions met in a death struggle. It ended in a victory for the former, under Lazzaro Guinigi, and established the power of that family over the city.

THE WALLS OF LUCCA

Like every old Italian city, Lucca has had more than one defensive wall, and the existing ones are the last of a long series. They are unusually complete and picturesque, and perfect specimens of the military architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. All the pedantry and complexity of the period is there, and all its indescribable charm. They remind one of my Uncle Toby and the wars in the Low Countries, and of a host of pleasant romances of siege and assault. And for all their frowning devices they have a gentle and peaceable aspect. They are obsolete, and they know it. Trees take the place of artillery on the ramparts, and citizens walk there instead of sentries.

A few gigantic blocks of stone built into the back of the archbishop's palace are said to be the remains of the first walls of Lucca. Of these we know nothing certain. The first historic fact we have is that as early as 218 B.C., when Sempronius Longus took refuge there, after the battle of Trebbia, Lucca was already a walled city. But whether the walls belonged to a misty Etruscan epoch, or to the early days of the Roman republic, we have no means of knowing. According to one chronicler they were the work of the Emperor Probus, while another¹ attributes them to Desiderius, King of the Lombards. Whatever their epoch, the city they enclosed was tiny, not half the size of the existing one. They were strengthened by five towers and four gates, and the city was divided into quarters called S. Pietro, S. Gervasio, S. Donato, and S. Frediano, after the saints who were the protectors of the gates, the inhabitants of each quarter being bound to defend it.

It was in the shelter of these early walls that the liberty of Lucca was born. Prosperity came with

¹ Repetti, *Dizionario della Toscana*.

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freedom, and Lucca outgrew her defences. Suburbs sprang up all round the straitened area and lay at the mercy of the neighbouring republics. By the end of the twelfth century the government became aware how dangerous was such a state of affairs, and decreed that a new wall should be built, large enough to enclose all outlying districts. In the course of the next sixty years this was done, and in 1260 Lucca was once more invulnerable. The material used for this mediæval wall was rubble faced with stone. Round towers guarded the angles, and between them were smaller turrets along the curtain. The chroniclers proudly tell us that the round or Roman fashion was chosen to show that the new-born Republic intended to emulate the glories of the Eternal City. The wall was defended by moats, parts of which still exist in the *Via de' Fossi*. We have also two of the gates in very good repair, the *Porta S. Gervasio* in the *Via de' Fossi*, and the *Porta di S. Maria* in *Capo di Borga*, whose strong towers and massive construction impress on the imagination an idea of the strength and importance of this wall.

The stormy fortunes of the republic were, however, sufficient to try the strength of any wall, and when Cyriac of Ancona visited Lucca in the middle of the fifteenth century, he found it in a ruinous state and sorely encumbered by the encroachments of citizens who built their houses into and over it. In that century sporadic efforts were made to repair and strengthen this tottering wall by the building of additional towers and bastions.

Meantime military science was advancing apace. Artillery was now so powerful that even the strongest walls of the mediæval type had become insufficient. A new type of fortifications strengthened with earthworks came into being, and Lucca resolved to adopt them. In 1504 several of the best military engineers

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of Italy were sent for, and during a period of close upon one hundred and forty years the reconstruction and modernisation of the walls went on. From 1504 to 1545 the work seems to have consisted merely of a provisional rearrangement of the existing wall with a view of making it better able to resist firearms. In the second period, extending from 1545 to 1600, it was determined to demolish the obsolete defences and to construct new ones of the modern type. From 1600 to 1649 this reconstruction was effected, leaving the wall as we see it now, with ten faces and eleven bastions, and strong earthworks within, in addition to a moat with scarp and counterscarp. The bastions and curtains were crowned with excellent artillery, consisting of 124 cannons of large calibre, two of about twelve thousand pounds, all made of richly ornamented bronze. The fortifications remained in their full glory until the Austrians removed the artillery in 1799, to the inexpressible grief of the people of Lucca. Trees were then planted in their stead upon the ramparts, and from 1805 to 1845, under the rule of the Baciocchi and the Bourbons, they were converted into gardens, and formed one of the most delightful promenades imaginable. The destructive spirit that haunted Italy during the first years of her union under the Sardinian kings laid some of these noble avenues low, but counsels of moderation having again prevailed, new trees were planted, and are already shady and even venerable in appearance. Each bastion is indeed a miniature forest where grateful shade is to be found, and where in the spring time the nightingales sing by day and by night.¹

The four existing gates are the Porta S. Pietro on

¹ For the history of the walls, see *Le Mura di Lucca*, by Antonio Caroncini; *Estratto della Revista d'artiglieria e genio*. Also Matraia's admirable plan of Lucca in the twelfth century, Lucca, 1843.



PORTA DI S. MARIA IN CAPO DI BORGO

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the Strada S. Giuliano, built in 1565-1575; the Porta Elisa, or Porta Nuova, on the Pistoia Road, built in 1800; the Porta S. Maria or del Borgo, built in 1594, on the Garfagnana Road, and the Porta S. Donato, belonging to the year 1629.

An opening has been recently made in the walls to admit the new electric tramways, but we believe it has not yet been dignified with the name of a gate. The silver *putto* on the right of the *Volto Santo* holds a bunch of silver keys—for every gate a key. When Elise Baciocchi opened the Porta Elisa a new key was added to the bunch. Will the tramway authorities recognise the ancient lordship of the sacred image over the city by adding yet one more to the number? *Chi lo sa!*

CHAPTER X

Pictures, Palaces, and Books

THE PINACOTECA. The interesting collection of pictures and sculpture in the Palazzo Provinciale has had more than one beginning. As early as 1819 Marie Louise, Ex-Queen of Etruria and Duchess of Lucca, decreed the formation of a picture-gallery. But as several of the purchases made to that end were of pictures from the Lucchese churches, a good deal of religious opposition was aroused, and the duchess was persuaded by the clerical party to put an end to the enterprise. When Carlo Ludovico succeeded her as ruler of Lucca, he took up the idea in earnest, and soon formed a collection that included such works as the *Vergine di Lucca* by Jan van Eyck, now in the Staedel Museum at Frankfort, a Virgin and Child attributed to Leonardo, an Adoration of the Shepherds and a Holy Family by Fra Bartolommeo, two Francias now in the National Gallery,¹ a Crucifixion by Michelangelo, the *Madonna dei Candelabri* by Raphael, a Dürer, and other important pictures. Unfortunately for Lucca, the duke's debts were many, and with a view of paying them he one day carted off the whole gallery to the auction rooms of London, and the city was left mourning.

But when once the baleful influence of the Bourbons had been removed and the republic became incorporated in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, a really liberal spirit

¹ Nos. 179 and 180.

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prevailed, and the Grand Duke Leopoldo II. set about gathering together works of art for Lucca, even causing his Tuscan villas to be ransacked in her interest. Among other works thus disinterred were Tintoretto's sketch for the Miracle of S. Mark, Pontormo's Leda,¹ and other works by that master; by Bronzino, Andrea del Sarto, and Carlo Dolci, and many of the Tuscan painters of the seventeenth century; as well as a number of Sustermann's portraits of the Medici and other Flemish works. Here was material enough to form the nucleus of a noble collection, and the Grand Duke determined to enrich it still further by another harvest culled from his palaces and villas. A second large cargo of pictures stood ready in its packing-cases to be despatched to Lucca in the spring of 1859. But fate was again adverse. The revolution broke out, the Grand Duke was deposed, and the pictures returned to their places.

Two years later the infant State of United Italy made over its rights in the pictures to the Institute of Fine Arts in Lucca, and a fourth, and this time more successful, effort was made to provide the city with a gallery worthy of her. After some years of deliberation the City Fathers in 1868 decided on the foundation of a Civic Pinacoteca, and in 1878 the gallery was opened. Besides the pictures already mentioned others were collected from the suppressed religious corporations, and many contributions received from private citizens. To the pictures have been added sculpture, engravings, brocades and lace, seals and coins. The whole is well arranged, and an excellent catalogue has lately been published by the director, from which these details have been gathered.

The Vestibule, on the ground floor, contains several very interesting sculptured fragments and inscriptions. But delightful as they are in themselves, they are sad

¹ Uffizi, No. 1148.

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reminders of the fact that half the churches and palaces of Italy are mere fakes, and that their original sculptures are to be found only in the museums of Europe and America.

Nos. 3 and 4 are from the cloister of the convent of S. Giorgio; No. 5, a very fine column, from the façade of S. Michele, inlaid in *Verde di Prato* marble with a pattern of interlaced dragons and foliage. A curious Lombard capital of the twelfth century, No. 11, comes from the Pieve of Brancoli; No. 13, a column with spirals in bold relief, from S. Michele again. The pretty fragment of Roman mosaic, No. 14, appears to imitate a carpet. It was found together with other Roman fragments some nine feet below the pavement of the baptistery in 1885. No. 22 is a mediæval version—dated 1277—of the ancient motive of two doves drinking from the same cup, first represented, according to Pliny, by Sosus of Pergamus. A pretty little pink marble column with base and capital, No. 25, is yet another of the spoils of the convent of S. Giorgio, a very old foundation mentioned in a document of 746, suppressed by Elise Baciocchi, and transformed into the still-existing prison. S. Michele, the greatest sufferer of all the Lucchese churches at the hand of the restorer, gives us No. 28, the fragment of an arch. Would that it had been allowed to give us more than the meagre fragments collected here! When the façade was torn down stone by stone, common decency, one would have thought, would have preserved the beautiful timeworn sculptures. But this was not thought necessary, and the bulk of them have disappeared. No. 30, part of an ambo from S. Maria Forisportam, is interesting in itself, and because it appears to be by the same hand as the sculptures on the font in the baptistery of Pisa. The beautiful design of dragons is inlaid in green Prato marble. A very delicately sculptured chimneypiece, No. 31, comes

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from the monastery of S. Cerbone, and is dated 1580. The graceful reliefs and method of undercutting suggest the school of Matteo Civitali. Nos. 33, 34, and 37 are more fragments saved from the wreck of S. Michele, Nos. 35 and 38 come from S. Giorgio.

At the head of the fine staircase up which the glittering courtiers mounted to pay their homage to Elise Baciocchi is the picture-gallery. A door on the right opens into a stately hall, the guardroom in the days of the republic for the *targettini* and *swizzeri*. The initials S.P.Q.L. inscribed on its walls recall this proud past.

Sala I., modernised under Marie Louise and frescoed by Luigi Catena, contains a small collection of primitive works, beginning as usual with one of those repellant *Crucifixes* of the thirteenth century that so depress the spirits. This one, No. 39, is by Berlinghieri Berlinghiero, a Milanese, who was father of a family of painters working in Lucca from 1200 onwards. His three sons, Barone, Marco, and Bonaventura, born in 1212, the painter of the Pescia portrait of S. Francis, seemed to have worked as mosaicists, painters, and miniaturists.¹ Ugly though their works may be, they yet show traces of a desire to see things as they are, and not through the Byzantine formula. In this case the figure of the Crucified is of fairly good proportions and free from the more hideous deformities and distortions of many of the kind. The face is perfectly serene and emotionless. It is surrounded by figures of the Madonna and S. John, and the symbols of the Evangelists. Above is a praying figure between two angels, and a little coffer for relics. At the foot is S. Peter and the Maid-Servant, and the signature, *Berlinghieri me Pinxit*. Looking from this to No. 40, a *Crucifix* by Orlandi Deodato, we see how much lower it is

¹ See the *Opusculo* of Telesforo Bini (Lucca), 13, 18.

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possible to fall into the slough of decay and hideousness. Deodato, who died in 1337, was a pupil of the Berlinghieri, and was working in Lucca in 1288, as is stated at the foot of this work. The inscription says, A.D. MCCLXXXVIII. *Deodatus Filius Orlandi de Luca me pinxit.* Originally in the church of S. Cerbone near Lucca, Duke Carlo Ludovico took this crucifix first to Marlia and thence to Parma. Nos. 41 and 42, parts of a *Triptych*, are also attributed to Deodato, but are evidently Sienese, and of the school of Duccio, possibly by his own hand. Glancing at No. 43, part of the *Predella of an Altar* in the Sienese manner of the fourteenth century, we come to No. 44, a Sienese *Madonna and Child* on a gold ground. It is attributed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to Simone Martini, but is more in the manner of the Lorenzetti. Both Mother and Child are burly figures, with a certain majesty of bearing and purposeful hands. The shadows are brown, the half tones greenish, the gold-work diapered. The child's shot pink and ultramarine robe, and touches of greenish-blue in Madonna's drapery, are certainly suggestive of Simone.

No. 45, a *Triptych* representing in the central panel the Mystical Marriage of S. Catherine, in the right panel SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and in the left SS. Peter and John the Baptist. It is signed, *Angelus · Puccinelli · de · Luca · Pinxit · A.D. M. CCCL. Questa Tavola · Fu · Facta · Al · Tempo · di · Ser · Neri · Vanucci · Per · Remedio · delle · Anime · di · Coloro · che · Hanno · Facto · Bene.* At first sight it is impossible to believe this charming work to be by any but the hand of a Sienese painter of the school of the Memmi. The composition of the central panel is very fine. A straight and devout S. Catherine standing low down on the left holds out her hand to the earnest little Child Christ, who is leaning forward to place the

ring upon it, with all the intensity of expression and movement peculiar to the Sienese school. Her diapered gold dress and old-rose draperies, the greenish dress of the Child, and the exquisite gold-work of the nimbus and background are all very Sienese. Madonna is an ample and splendid figure with narrow Sienese eyes in her motherly face, and the head of S. Catherine is very stately. Barna has been suggested as its author. The inscription, however, leaves no doubt that it was painted by Angelo Puccinelli.

No. 46 is a feebly-sweet *Triptych* of the school of Filippino, representing *Madonna and the Child* with SS. John the Baptist, Matthew, Frediano, and Pellegrino, dated 1487, and perhaps based on sketches by Filippino. Next to it, No. 47, a *Virgin and Child* with SS. Mary Magdalene, Bartholomew, Martin, and Anthony of Padua, by Zanobi Macchiavelli, dated 1487, is a characteristic specimen of this master of the strange blonde Madonna and the artificially curled bambino. The background is gold and grey with curtains looped back on either side. Then comes a strange hard picture, No. 48, *The Visitation*, by some unknown fifteenth-century painter of Lucca, who like Puccinelli had come under Sienese influences. In spite of the solid crudity of manner and colour there is something fascinating in the grim embrace of the two women. Behind them is a landscape with fantastic rocks and architecture, and two rather Botticinesque angels drawing back the curtain at each side. There is indeed a Botticelli strain running through it all. No. 50, a small panel of the *Trinity*, belongs to the Tuscan school of the fifteenth century. In No. 52 we have another *Crucifix*, but of a later and more vigorous period than those we have already seen, the Tuscan school of the fourteenth century.

Sala II. begins badly with a *Triptych*, No. 55, by

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Raffaello di Croli, of Madonna and Child surrounded by SS. John the Baptist, Catherine, Luke, and Joseph, the Almighty and angels above. It is very much restored and very tiresome, a kind of mixture of Benozzo and Filippo with not a little imbecility. Near it is No. 56, a *Madonna and Child* by Pier Francesco Fiorentini, which is nothing more than a rather abject imitation of Filippo's Uffizi Madonna. A "vigorous" restoration in 1729, as recorded in an inscription on the back, has not improved it. No. 57, *S. Barbara*, figures as a Botticelli, but is by a many times watered-down imitator. It is, however, a graceful little picture with beautiful hands, but insensitive yellow and green drapery. No. 58, *The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin*, is the picture already spoken of in connection with Francia's altarpiece of the same subject in S. Frediano, from which it only differs by the addition of a mass of symbolical detail in the background. The painter is unknown. No. 59, *The Madonna and Child*, with SS. Stephen and Jerome, is by a heavy-footed follower of Francia. Our Lady sits against an intarsia screen with an airless version of a Perugino landscape beyond it. The hands are suggestive of the school of Bologna. Above this is No. 60, a small *Madonna and Child* with SS. Catherine of Alexandria and Louis of France, by Filippo da Verona.

The attribution of No. 61, *The Madonna and Child*, with SS. Augustine, Monica, Anthony of Padua, and Jerome, to Cosimo Rosselli, is too definite, although his influence may be traced in it. There are some curious, wild-looking candelabra ornamented with sea-monsters, on the balustrade which separates the Virgin from a mountain landscape. Beneath her feet is a gold and black brocade carpet. A gaudy, crude, fifteenth-century *Triptych*, No. 68, is by Del Castelletto Bernardino, who was born in Massa and

was working towards the close of the fifteenth century. It is said to have been dated 1492 on the *gradino*, which has disappeared. The Almighty in a lunette above has the grey curled ringlets and smooth pink cheeks of an elderly spinster.

The first picture in Sala III. is No. 69, a small and rather poor *Holy Family* with S. Catherine, by Polidoro. Lorenzo Zacchia, author of No. 71, a large and not very notable *Nativity*, seems to have been born in Lucca about 1524, and to have been the disciple, if not the relative of Zacchia da Vezzano, one of whose pictures hangs in the same room. This *Nativity* is a kind of dull *pasticcio* of the styles of many painters, but not bad in composition and sincere in sentiment. Next to it, No. 72, is one of Amico Aspertini's rather lovable if badly drawn works, a *Madonna* with SS. Joseph, John, and George. The colour is rich, but the modelling and drawing have his usual eccentricities, not least in the ears. S. George is a romantic and fantastic figure in armour, with a most wonderful plumed hat that makes him look rather like Ancient Pistol. This picture is of the same period, more or less, as his S. Frediano frescoes.¹ Zacchia da Vezzano's *Assumption of the Virgin*, No. 73, is so unpleasant a picture that one does not care to let one's eyes rest on it longer than necessary. It is dated 1527.

With pleasure and relief one turns from these more than mediocre works to a really beautiful picture, No. 75, Pontormo's *Portrait of a Boy*, perhaps Giuliano de' Medici. The small-headed, delicately featured lad with a shock of dusky gold hair flowing out from his black cap is represented in half length, right hand on a table, the left on his hip. He stands well, with an air of young vitality. His

¹ A. Venturi, Amico Aspertini, in *Archivio Storico dell'Arte*, a IV, 254.

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gown is ample and of a delicious old-rose colour with transparent madder shadows. There is a touch of the fantastic about it. Mr Berenson sees in it a suggestion of Rosso's hand. Filippo da Verona is responsible for No. 77, *The Madonna and Child*, with SS. John the Baptist and Joseph, and Beccafumi for No. 79, a fresh and vigorous sketch of the *Continence of Scipio*. It belongs to the same set as Nos. 2, 6, and 20, in the Martelli collection at Florence. There is nothing else that need detain us in this room.

Sala IV. contains some of the unpleasantly rhetorical and academic works of certain Lucchesi worthies, Pompeo Batoni—1708 to 1787—who succeeded in Rome for a time as a fashionable portrait painter; Pietro Paolino—1603 to 1681—who worked out the dregs of the Caravaggesque tradition, and others equally uninteresting. They merely form a kind of troubled background for the two great Fra Bartolommeos, one of which, No. 82, *The Almighty with SS. Mary Magdalene and Catherine of Siena in Ecstasy*, is among his very best pictures. Enthroned above on a cloud of little angels, His footstool a cherub, God the Father is majestically robed in Indian red. His head with a venerable beard is of the type usually painted by the *Frate*. Beneath Him is a great stretch of blue-grey sky, and low down an enchanting landscape. Relieved against the sky are the kneeling forms of the two saints, both nobly dignified women with simple flowing draperies. The ecstasy of their worship has lifted them from the ground, above which they float on grey filmy clouds of shadowy cherubs. S. Catherine gazes upward with a rapture of devotion, S. Mary Magdalene bows her head in the humility of her worship. She wears a rich, reddish-brown mantle and red tunic, and holds the vase of spikenard in her hands. S. Catherine's black and white draperies are of a perfect simplicity. Above the heads of the two saints float two *putti*

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holding a chain of jewels. Higher still are two more floating *putti*, again with flowery garlands. The composition is charmingly completed by one long drooping lily propped against a book. Both the spirit and treatment of the landscape, a quiet Tuscan homestead with haystack and flights of birds, suggests Lorenzo Lotto in his Asolo and Naples work. The whole impression is of great peace and dignity, and of wide, quiet spaces. The sky is a good deal repainted. Near S. Catherine is the inscription: *Amor languet*, and by the Magdalene: *Nostra conversatio in Cielis est*, while on the base of a column to the left we see the painter's appeal: *Orate p. Pittore*, 1509. By thus intreating a prayer from the celebrant during the *Memento* in the Mass, the *Frate* reminds us that the picture was originally an altarpiece, painted for the church of S. Romano in Lucca. Mr Berenson thinks that this work must have been Beccafumi's inspiration for his S. Catherine of Siena in the Accademia of Siena.

At the opposite end of the hall is the other picture by Fra Bartolommeo, No. 91, the *Madonna della Misericordia*, a heavy and confused composition, inferior in every way to the one just described. The upper part of the picture is particularly unpleasing with its figure of Christ borne up on inflated, red wings formed by the drapery of His mantle, while three theatrical young angels surround Him with restlessly waving scarves. Below stands our Lady surrounded by a dense mass of shadowy figures. She extends her arms with a gesture that is both unrestrained and theatrical, and two cherubs spread out her dark-blue mantle till it looks like the wings of a gigantic bat. On either side of her are groups of mothers and children. The girlish figure kneeling on the left in a pretty, short-waisted gown is good in design. The crowd almost entirely surrounds the platform on which the Madonna

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stands, and the tiers of faces looming out of the shadow of her mantle are the best part of the picture. Her purplish, wine-coloured dress with luminous shadows is beautiful, but her face and all the figures in the foreground are heavy with repainting, and nearly all the shadows are much blacker than in No. 82.

Six years separate the two pictures. This one was painted in 1515, as we learn from the very small inscription on it: M · D · XV · F · BARTHOLOMEVS · OR · PRE · (*ordinis prædicatorum*) PICTOR FLORENTINVS. It too was painted as an altarpiece for the church of S. Romano, in the convent adjoining which the painter was living at the time. Sketches for it exist in the Museum at Weimar, and in the Uffizi.

Ranged along the walls beneath the pictures are some *Choir Stalls* of the fifteenth century. They are the remains of those made by Leonardo Marti for the great choir of the Duomo, and were brought here when the rest were replaced in their original positions.

Between the windows on the opposite side of the hall is another series of *Choir Stalls* dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century. These formed part of the furniture of the former chapel of the Anziani in this very palace. They were described by Baroni while still *in situ*, when he read an inscription on them to the effect that they were the work of Ambrogio and Nicolao Pucci in 1529. In the reign of Elise Baciocchi they were transferred to the church of S. Giustina, and when that was pulled down in 1876 to build the hospital, they wandered back here to their old home. Ambrogio and Nicolao were brothers and natives of Lucca who carried on the traditions of the Civitali school, and the school of the Canozzi of Lendinara. A very interesting series of intarsia panels forms the backs of the stalls. Their pictures of old Lucca are in some cases recognisable,

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especially that of the Piazza S. Maria Forisportam, with the church and the antique column that still stands in the square.

Sala V. The first picture that demands even a moment's attention is No. 108, a small *Adoration of the Magi* by Palma Giovane. It shows the facile mastery of this painter, but is empty of sincere feeling. No. 116, *S. Mark liberating a Slave*, by Tintoretto, is a large and masterly sketch by his own hand for the great Miracle of S. Mark in the Accademia of Venice. It is very close to the finished work, and suggests his extraordinary power of visualising an idea. It was among the pictures brought here under Leopoldo II. from the Villa of Poggio Imperiale. *The Crucifixion*, No. 124, by Guido Reni, more than ever makes one wonder what his contemporaries could have seen to admire in a man who represented such a scene in the spirit of private theatricals. It was originally in the church of S. Maria in Corteorlandini. No. 120, *Peter the Hermit before the Venetian Council*, attributed to Paolo Veronese, is a large capable composition, hardly more than a sketch, thinly painted and much darkened. Large energetic figures in the foreground are relieved against a background of the Lagoon and the Riva. Just below it is No. 129, *The Portrait of a Young Musician*, a pleasant little genre piece attributed to Terburg, with harmonies in grey and brown, lutes and velvet. Nos. 132, 133, and 134, are all by Vasari. No. 133, *The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin*, is an unpleasant allegorical representation of a doctrine treated with such dignity and simplicity by earlier masters. This is a mere ferment of squirming figures beginning with Adam and Eve, and ending with Madonna bruising the serpent's head. Vasari himself describes how he came to paint the picture for the church of the Carmine in Lucca.¹ In No. 135,

¹ Sansoni's *Vasari*, vii. 672

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Portrait of a Boy, we have perhaps another Terburg. In any case we have a charming, soberly painted harmony, in browns and greens, and a finely posed figure. The flesh tints are a little dirty, especially in the hands. Bronzino's head of *Ferdinando de' Medici*, son of Cosimo I., No. 44, is an attractive portrait of a pale, delicate-looking lad, with a strong likeness to his mother, Eleanor de Toledo. He wears a buff jerkin with red sleeves and a dainty, gold-embroidered collar. Sustermann gives us in No. 148, *Portrait of Maria Maddalena of Austria*, one of his usual official portraits—and perhaps not even by his own hand. In No. 149, *Portrait of Cardinal Leopoldo de' Medici*, also by him, the decadent type of the later Medici is portrayed with great candour, as again in No. 156, his *Portrait of Cardinal Giovan Carlo de' Medici*. The ascription to Rembrandt of No. 150, an opaquely painted *Head of a Young Man*, can be confidently dismissed. One of the best pictures in the gallery is No. 159, the small portrait by Bronzino of *Don Garcia de' Medici*. Bronzino evidently loved painting this handsome child, and did so several times. The two in the Uffizi will be remembered, one as quite an infant standing by his mother's side, the other as a lusty little fellow of two or three clasping a bird with glee to his breast. Here he seems about four years old, and is dressed in a delicious red velvet doublet embroidered with gold lace, and finished round the neck with a blue and gold collar. The hands are repainted. No. 160, *Portrait of Cosimo I. as Duke of Florence*, by Bronzino, is supposed to be the portrait mentioned by Vasari: "The Signor Duke," he says, "perceiving that Bronzino was particularly successful in paintings from the life, which he executed with the utmost care and fidelity, caused his own portrait to be taken. . . . The Duke, then young, was represented in white armour, and with one hand on

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his helmet.”¹ Milanese supports this view.² If this is the picture referred to, Bronzino was working very badly. It is a pale cold version of his usual style.

The *Portrait of a Man* by Tintoretto, No. 163, is one of his finest portraits and belongs to his early period. It represents a sturdy, middle-aged man with short, iron-grey hair and a small beard, homely features, and expression of quiet determination. The flesh is golden and luminous. There is still apparent in it the careful handling of the student, while in his other picture, No. 164, the *Portrait of a Venetian Senator*, painted much later, we see the fluent and accomplished work of a man with confidence in his own powers, and even inclined to use them a little cavalierly. The senator is a man of about thirty with a refined face and small, pointed beard, wearing the crimson and ermine of his office. His right hand, resting on a table, holds the jewel of some order. A very exquisite and luminous picture. A large, full-length *Portrait of a Little Boy*, by a Flemish painter of the seventeenth century, No. 162, is hard but amusing. Ligozzo's large *Apparition of the Virgin to S. Dominic*, No. 167, is divided into two parts, heaven and earth. Heaven, with the Madonna and Child and angels, is unpleasant, waxy, and affected. Earth, with a dignified kneeling figure of the saint and background of the Veronese country, is a capable and beautiful arrangement of black, ivory-white, and blue. Hung high up is Susermann's large portrait, No. 171, of *Vittoria della Rovere with her son Cosimo III. de' Medici*, as a child, an official portrait not unlike a photograph in conception, but at least more dignified, and a not disagreeable harmony of black and white. The boy's head, prophetic of its future decadence of feature, is well painted. A lively picture of the horrors of a siege is given in No. 174, *The*

¹ *Vasari's Lives*, Bohn's edition, v. 471.

² Sansoni's *Vasari*, vii. 598, note by Milanese.

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Assault on a Fortress, by Reschi Pandolfo, who was born in Danzig about 1643, and died in Florence in 1690. No. 178 is a small *Landscape* by Paul Brill, and just above it, but without a number, is a small *Head of a Young Man* by Domenico Tintoretto. No. 188, a *Winter Landscape with Peasants*, of the school of the Bassani, is one of the curious links which the works of those masters form between the Italian and the Flemish schools. Most of the other pictures can be neglected with a quiet mind.

In this room is a small collection of prints by Lucchesi masters, and of coins and medals struck in the mint at Lucca, which, as early as the seventh century, claimed the right of coining money, a right successively recognised by Charlemagne, Otho I., Henry II., and Conrad "*il Salico*." There exist coins of Dukes Hugh I. and Hugh II., struck before the year one thousand, and the activities of the mint lasted till 1826, with a short interval from 1810 to 1813, during which the Bacciocchi coined their money in Florence.

Sala VI. has the entire fittings from the choir of the church of S. Agostino, removed when it was taken over by the military authorities. They are by Leonardo Marti, but less charming than his Duomo choir-stalls.

In Sala VII. is a small collection of the sculptures of Civitali and his school. No. 208, a *bas-relief* of the *Madonna and Child* in a contemporary frame of carved and gilded wood, is a pleasant work of the second or third rank by a Tuscan sculptor of the fifteenth century. It composes well and is a pretty piece of decoration with its blue background and golden garland. The faces are rather insipid, and the Madonna's forearm and hand are large and ungainly. The *Pieta*, No. 210, is an undoubted work of Civitali's, and one of his finest and most characteristic. This almost morbidly

delicate bust of an agonised Christ is refined and exquisite in workmanship and type. The face, convulsed with an agony greater than the artist could understand, is a little thrown back, the eyes strained upwards, the mouth half-open to give utterance to the irrepressible anguish of the spirit. The beard is small and fine, curling inwards in two points. It probably belongs to much the same period as the Madonna del Latte at the church of the SS. Trinita. The back of the head and shoulders being left in the rough, it was probably intended to stand on the top of a monument or in a niche. Dr Bode thinks that this work and the relief in the Bargello are unsurpassed by any Florentine works, whether in nobility of form or in expression. It comes from the convent of S. Ponziano. A comparison of this exquisite work with No. 211, *The Annunciation*, a relief for an altarpiece, makes it immediately apparent that the latter is largely by another hand. Possibly the design is Civitali's, and even the execution of some part of the angel and the vase containing the lily, but the whole of Madonna's figure is by a poor, clumsy sculptor whose whole method of work is inferior to Civitali's. The relief is much higher than his, the face coarse and broad, with a heavy chin instead of the pointed oval that is characteristic of him. Nor is there any trace of his sharp edges and deep undercutting. The whole of the *gradino* is detached from the rest, and probably belonged to some other monument in the church of S. Ponziano, whence the Annunciation comes, possibly the one of which the Pieta also formed a part. This *gradino* is in Civitali's best manner. The two delightful *putti* with little flames or clouds clinging to their feet sustain a wreath of fruit, and show, together with the other details, that wonderful sense of significant decoration Civitali understood so well. The whole *gradino* seems very closely allied in treatment to the relief from a monument, with a profile portrait and clasped hands,

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in the South Kensington Museum. Can that too have formed part of the same monument?

The painted wooden relief of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, No. 213, is by Masseo Civitali, a nephew of Matteo's. He was working at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, and was a pupil of Jacopo da Villa. Works of his formerly existed in the Duomo, S. Michele, and the Annunziata. The only surviving one is in S. Frediano, whence the relief under discussion also came. The figure of the dead Virgin is dignified, her risen image sweet and graceful, but rather disproportionately long.

Matteo Civitali was formerly considered the author of No. 215, *S. Silao*, a full-length effigy of an aged saint vested as a bishop, but it is now more wisely recognised as the work of one of his followers. It is sincere and simple but has none of Matteo's characteristics. It comes from the demolished church of S. Giustina. Like other Lucchesi saints, Silao, whose real name was Sillan, was an Irishman of royal birth, a contemporary of S. Patrick's. He seems to have been a born saint, and performed a miracle while yet in his cradle. Indeed, miraculous adventures followed him his whole life through. In his boyhood he was found copying the Scriptures in the dead of night, lighted by the fingers of his left hand, miraculously converted into tapers. A little later S. Patrick sent him up a high mountain to rout the demons who inhabited its caves. The demons in the guise of wild beasts tore him limb from limb, and left him dead. S. Patrick, while Sillan's friends mourned his loss, gathered the scattered fragments of his body together, and, praying over them, miraculously restored him to life. After many such picturesque adventures in the realm of fantasy Sillan became a priest, and later a bishop, and distinguished

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himself as much by loving care of the suffering as by stern denunciations of the sinful.

One of the prettiest stories told of him relates how his mother had "grown so old and decrepit that she feared to go to church. The holy saint lamented the weakness of her body, but still more the loss to her spiritual life. He went to her and gave her a ripe apple; while she was thanking him for this, it slipped from her fingers and fell upon the ground. The enfeebled woman was enticed to follow the fruit, which rolled along the road to church on and on before her, while she at intervals stopped, striving in vain to catch it. It still rolled on, until it led her to the church door."¹ The saint's beneficent career went peacefully on until war broke out, and his sister Mionghar, or Mingarda, having been wounded in the head by a battle-axe, was healed by his prayer. Out of gratitude for this miracle she went on pilgrimage to Rome. But she never got further than Lucca. There she was wooed and won by a certain Soffredus or Godfredus, and there, after years of happiness, she died and was buried in the church of S. Giustina. Her brother Sillan meantime was forced to flee from Ireland owing to troublous passages with the half-heathen kings around him. He too resolved to go to Rome, and pausing to visit his sister in Lucca, was greatly overcome with grief on hearing of her death. After his pilgrimage to Rome was accomplished he turned back to Lucca, was taken ill on the road and died soon afterwards in the sanctuary where his sister lay. His tomb was erected by her side.

Miss Stokes tells the story of her vain search for the church of S. Giustina, already when she wrote transformed into the Civic Hospital. She did, however, find the saint's oratory and cell transformed into a dispensary.²

¹ Margaret Stokes, *Six Months in the Apennines*, 102 and 103.

² *Op. cit.* 106, 107.

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The present writer, following in her footsteps, was not so fortunate. The dispensary has been recently rebuilt, and every trace of oratory and cell have disappeared save one of the inscriptions mentioned by Miss Stokes, the tenth-century sepulchral one to Ermengard, daughter of Lothair, which is now (1912) built into the wall of a staircase near. The memory even of the saint's oratory has passed away save in the heart of the ancient maid who waits on the *Curato* of the hospital. She beamed all over at the mention of S. Sillao, and described the little oratory with great enthusiasm. The bones of the saint are still in the care of the Servite Sisters.

Above the tomb of S. Sillao hangs No. 216, a pretty relief of S. *Martire*, intended for an altar frontal. This is ascribed to Nicolao Civitali, the master's son, whose works were greatly admired in Lucca in the sixteenth century. In feeling and arrangement this reminds one very strongly of Matteo's S. Romano relief, the treatment of the hands particularly. It is graceful, and sweet in feeling.

In Sala IX. are cases containing ancient vestments, embroidery, and brocades, the latter from the looms of Lucca, and some fine lace, of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

Sala X. has several pieces of Pisanesque sculpture. No. 221, a statuette of the *Madonna and Child*, is attributed with some reason to Giovanni Pisano himself. It is an exquisite little work with the significant action and poise of that master. Mother and Child gaze at each other with mutual adoration, and the draperies have all the dignity of a great school. It has unfortunately been damaged by restoration. The pedestal on which it stands is a curious twelfth-century capital from the Pieve at Brancoli, a rude mediæval version of the Corinthian style. From the same church is another interesting capital, No. 227, ornamented with eagles

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and winged masks. One wonders why this perfectly preserved object should have been torn away from its legitimate home. Next to it, No. 228, is a third capital belonging to the twelfth century, decorated with human-faced dogs. The four pilasters, No. 229, with *Reliefs of the Twelve Apostles* in the manner of the Pisani, are from the church of S. Agostino. No. 230, a carved and painted *Polyptych*, belongs to the fourteenth century. The clumsy statues all echo the manner of the Pisani, but belong to no fewer than three periods. "The archangel with the book is contemporary with Niccolò Pisano, the Madonna and Child is of the school of Giovanni Balducci, and the saintly bishop on the left from the *bottega* of Jacopo della Quercia."¹ The paintings are poor. The fragment of an ancient *Altar* from S. Frediano, No. 231, has some very long figures under Gothic canopies. No. 233, *The Virgin and Child*, attributed to Nino Pisano, used formerly to stand in a tabernacle at the back of the Palazzo Ducale. The rest may very well be Nino's work, but the Bambino and the Virgin's right hand are much later additions.

THE BIBLIOTECA CAPITOLARE

The fine collection of manuscripts and early printed books belonging to the Chapter of the Duomo is rather unworthily housed in the *Guardaroba*, a large room over the *Archivio Capitolare*, which it shares with the cathedral vestments. It is sometimes spoken of as the Biblioteca Feliniana because it was bequeathed to the Duomo by Bishop Felino Sandei, a famous canonist, who occupied the episcopal throne from 1499 to 1503. A brief of Pius III., by which the gift was formally conveyed to the Chapter, expressly stipulates that the collection is to be kept in a suitable place, where it

¹A. Schmarsow, *S. Martin v. Lucca*, etc., Breslau, 1890, 144.

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could be used by all, so that it is to be hoped that before long it may be transferred to some worthier habitation.¹

Among its chief treasures is the Caroline Codex, a manuscript of 780 in various kinds of lettering, including some beautiful cursive uncials. It contains chronicles and short works by Eusebius, S. Isidore, Anastasius Bibliotecarius, S. Augustine, Alcuin, and others. The *Passionarium* of the twelfth century, which includes the Acts of the Translation of S. Regulus, is very important. There are besides five others ranging in date from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries. A codex of the ninth and tenth centuries contains notes by S. Ambrose. Of S. Augustine there is a commentary on the Gospels with an inscription showing it to have belonged to the Duomo since the twelfth century. Another Augustinian codex dates from the twelfth century and is very prettily written. In an eleventh-century collection of Canons there is a curious picture of the Council of Nicea and Byzantine initials, with notes referring to Lucca. A picture of some interest is a fourteenth-century miniature of Bologna with the Garisenda towers, which appears in a book of the *Feodi* of Frederick II. The tenth-century codex of the Gospel of S. Matthew, with Celtic-looking letters, is probably of local origin, as is a rather later missal with pictures of Lucchese saints. A book of Gregorian chants, and an Antiphonary, both of the twelfth century, are noteworthy. In a missal of the fourteenth century occurs a rather clumsy Adoration of the Magi in the manner of the Lorenzetti. Besides the manuscripts the library is rich in Incunabula.

The books fill the cupboards on one side of the

¹ Application to see it should be made to Canonico Pietro Guidi, under whose courteous hand the cumbrous cupboard doors spring open, and whose learned and delightful conversation is very illuminating.

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room. Those on the other side contain the vestments. Not only are many of the copes and chasubles very beautiful in themselves, but to a visitor who is unfamiliar with the dignity and ceremony with which such things are surrounded in Italy, it is an interesting experience to visit them under the care of the *Guardarobiero*, who displays the ranges of gorgeous stuffs with gentle pride, handling them affectionately, as if he loved them. Everything that appertains to the clothing of the ministrants is here, down to the gorgeous scarlet breeches and buckled shoes of the beadle, and the magnificent crimson brocade hangings that entirely clothe the inside walls of the Duomo at festive seasons. There is even a cupboard full of the most enchanting scraps and fragments of cloth of gold, brocade, lace, silks, and satins, with which this careful artist-tailor repairs the time-worn vestments. Nothing earlier than the fifteenth century is to be seen. If Lucca, as one would suppose probable, ever possessed any of the famous *Opus Anglicanum*, she has it no longer. But her own silk-loom is well represented, and the best thing is a fifteenth-century chasuble woven in Lucca of gold and crimson silk, beautiful both in pattern and workmanship. Another fine set of Eucharistic vestments of the same date is of purple silk shot with gold. Several seventeenth-century Eucharistic vestments are rich and gorgeous, notably one of cloth of gold and silver with raised gold orphreys.

In one of the end cupboards the Cosimo Rosselli fresco, described in chapter VII., languishes, waiting for a deliverer.

The Archivio Capitolare, a collection rich in imperial diplomas and papal bulls, is in the rooms immediately under the Guardaroba. Here is to be found one of the most precious possessions of the Duomo, known as the *Ivory Diptych*. Swathed in silk and carefully locked in a casket, this treasured object is handled with



THE DIPTYCH

[Signor Bertini

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the utmost reverence. It consists of two ivory panels each $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$, fastened together with brass hinges. The outer surfaces of both are carved with exactly similar patterns of crossed cornucopias wound round with trails of ivy which branch out at the top, baskets of fruit below, and inscribed tablets above. In the centre of each is the curiously interwoven monogram of Areobindus the donor. The style is half-Roman, half-Byzantine. When expanded, the inscription on the tablets reads so:—

“Flavius Areobindus Dagalaifus Areobindus Vir Illustris ex Comes Sacri Stabuli et Magister Militie (aut Militum) per Orientem Ex - Consul Consul Ordinarius.”

Areobindus died in 545,¹ and the diptych having been made for him, must belong to the first half of the sixth century. So far, nothing in the modest appearance of this little object explains the veneration in which it is held. Turning to the plain inner surfaces of the panels for explanation, they appear at first sight to be perfectly blank. A closer examination of the left panel reveals traces of ancient writing. For a century and a half these baffled every scholar who attempted to decipher them. Donati,² writing in 1753, believed the writing to be a barbaric form of Greek, and declared it quite illegible. Padre Garruci got a little nearer the truth in discovering that the words were in the Latin cursive character, similar to that of the Ravenna papyri, but was still unable to decipher them. It remained for the learned Canon Pietro Guidi³ of Lucca to do this. With the help of

¹ Th. Mommsen, *Chronica minora*, iii. 541.

² Sebastiano Donati, *De' Dittici degli antichi profani e sacri*. Lucca, 1753.

³ From whose admirable paper, “*La Liste Inédite des Diptyches de la Liturgie de Lucques à l'époque Lombarde*,” in the *Revue Bénédictine*, most of the above details are taken.

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photography he was able to detect twenty-six lines of writing, three only of which escaped him. What he read was this :—

1. petri
2. paul[i]
3. andr[e]a[e]
4. luce
5. thome
6. math[aei]
7. [i]ohannis
8. [i]ohannis
9. sthefani (sic)
10. marcellini (?)
11.
12.
13. corneli
14. cipriani
15.
16. felicis
17. pancrat[ii]
18. alexandri
19. ambrosi
20. uitalis
21. tor[petis ?]
22. prosecti (? Proiecti)
23. namoris (? Naboris)
24. torme (? Cosme)
25. gaiani (? Damiani)
26. frigiani

Canon Guidi is unable to decipher any of the words on the right panel. D. G. Morin, the editor of the *Revue Bénédictine*, conjectures that they include the names of the Virgin and those of the apostles missing on the other list. The conclusion arrived at is that we have here in this string of names the list of dead

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saints recited during the Eucharistic office in the cathedral of Lucca at a very early date.

"The word Diptych," says Principal Lindsay, "has a very old ecclesiastical use. It originally meant a tablet, no doubt two-leaved, on which were written the names of persons, living or dead, which were to be recited during the Eucharistic service. The word has other ecclesiastical meanings, all implying lists of names, and takes the sense of an official catalogue. There is the *Diptych of the Bishops* or official list kept in the cathedral church, the *Diptych of the Living* (*Diptycha Vivorum*) or catalogue of persons alive, whose names are to be recited during the Eucharistic service; the *Diptych of the Dead* or catalogue of persons who were dead, and whose names were to be recited during the Eucharistic Service, etc.

"The list of names discovered at Lucca is supposed to be a Diptych or list of the third order.

"The liturgical use of such a list requires a little explanation. The Eucharistic service in the Roman Church falls into four parts or actions—

"i. The introduction of the elements on the patten and in the chalice.

"ii. Their consecration.

"iii. Dispensing them to the Communicants.

"iiii. Thanksgiving.

"The Diptych or list of names is made use of during the second action (the consecration). This Act is divided into three, technically called the *Salutatio*, the *Prefatio*, and the *Canon Missæ*. The *Prefatio* ends with the Sanctus—'Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriæ tuæ. Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Domini.' Then between the Sanctus and the recitation of the words *Hoc est Corpus Meum*, five short prayers are inserted, and these are known by their first words. They are called *Te igitur*,

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Memento, Communicantes, Hanc igitur, and Quam oblationem. The first is a prayer for the whole Church; the second, a prayer for certain living persons named (probably a survival of the early custom of mentioning in prayer those members of the congregation who had furnished the Bread and Wine for the service). The third, *Communicantes*, is the prayer in which the Diptych, or list of names referred to, is recited. In the Roman Mass, which is now universal, the prayer is as follows:—

‘Communicantes et memoriam venerantes imprimis gloriosæ semper virginis Mariæ, genitricis Dei et Domini nostri Jesu Christi: sed et beatorum Apostolorum ac Martyrum tuorum Petri et Pauli, Andreæ, Jacobi, Joannis, Thomæ, Jacobi, Philippi, Bartholomæi, Matthæi, Simonis, et Thaddæi; Lini, Cleti, Clementis, Xysti, Cornelii, Cypriani, Laurentii, Chrysogoni, Joannis et Pauli, Cosmæ et Damiani: et omnium Sanctorum tuorum: quorum meritis precibusque concedas, ut in omnibus protectionis tuæ muniamur auxilio. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.’

“This prayer . . . has no doubt been subjected to changes in the course of the centuries. But the idea underlying it is very old indeed and comes from the early centuries. It is meant to express the Communion of the Saints as the early Christians conceived it. They took the words in Hebrews xii. 1: ‘Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses (martyrs),’ to mean that in every act of public worship Jesus and His faithful martyrs were present with them in the spirit; and they recited the names given as examples of those who were present in the spirit. The list of names goes back to the third century. This usage of the Roman church was adopted by other churches; but these churches did

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not necessarily recite the same names. . . . The ancient church of Milan recited the following: Peter and Paul, Andrew, James, John, Thomas, James, Phillip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Simon, Thaddeus: Xystus, Laurentius, Hippolytus, Vincentius, Cornelius, Cyprian, Clement, Chrysogonus, John and Paul, Cosmas and Damian, Apollinaris, Vitalis, Nazarius, Celsus, Protastius and Gervasius. The old church of Gaul recited the names of Peter and Paul, Anacletus, Hilarius, Martin, Augustin, Gregory, Jerome and Benedict.”

The discovery, then, of Canon Pietro Guidi is an important one, as it proves this diptych to be perhaps the last survivor of these once numerous ecclesiastical tablets. It has a special interest in connection with Lucca in that it includes the names of S. Frediano (frigiani¹) in the list of saints commemorated. From this fact he rightly concludes that the diptych must have been in Lucca from a very early period, and that it was probably intended by Areobindus as a gift to some inhabitant of Lucca.

Areobindus, so Procopius² tells us, having married Præjecta, niece of Justinian, was made exarch in Africa, and treacherously murdered in 545 by Gontharis, the Roman general in Numidia,³ during a revolt of the Vandals. The Vandal persecution of the Catholic Church was so bitter that many African bishops, like S. Regulus, were forced to flee to Europe, and it is not improbable that Areobindus confided this diptych to one of them for transport to Lucca. Mention is made of certain *tabula eburnæ* in an ancient inventory of the treasures belonging to the

¹ Canon Pietro Guidi notes that the name Frediano is most variously spelt in documents of the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, in which it appears as Fricianus, Frigidianus, Frigidianus, as well as Frigianus.

² *Bello Vandalico*, c. 24.

³ *Op. cit.* c. 25, 26, 27, 28.

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bishopric of Lucca, still in existence in the Archiepiscopal Archives. The inventory is not dated, but the writing proves it to belong to the eighth or ninth century.¹ It is not unfair to conjecture that the diptych under discussion may have been among them.

Here, too, in the *Sala delle Adunanze Capitolare* is the interesting drawing of the *Volto Santo* to which reference has been made above.²

The *Archiepiscopal Archives* are of some importance, and include 1750 documents anterior to the year 1000, two of them dating back to 685 and 686, one to 713. All these have been published by Bertini and Barsocchini in the invaluable *Memorie e Documenti per servire all' istoria di Lucca*, one of the great achievements of the Academy of Lucca.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of the cathedral the *Opera del Duomo* should be visited. The house in which it is installed, No. 2 in Piazza Antelminelli, is interesting in itself as incorporating some remains of the great *Campo Santo* that was so ardently begun and so suddenly abandoned during the misfortunes of the Republic in the fourteenth century. Parts of such buildings as were completed were converted into store-houses in the sixteenth century, and other portions were incorporated into the convent of S. Giuseppe. The main door is to be seen in the wall of the house of the *Opera*, facing the north side of the Duomo.

A few very beautiful jewels belonging to the Duomo are collected here. The most important is the *Croce dei Pisani*, a silver-gilt crucifix of elaborate design, much in the manner of the Pisani. At its summit is the pelican in her piety. The ends of the four arms have Gothic canopies with figures of the Almighty and SS. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and at the foot are the usual figures of the Virgin and S. John, all en-

¹ *Memorie e Documenti*, etc., vol. v., part iii., 629.

² See page 160.

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twined with foliage. The back is even more intricate. Out of the foliage spring twenty-four lilies in whose calices are figures of prophets and apostles, each displaying his name on a scroll. A rather curious feature is the base, which appears to be earlier in date than the rest, and is very different in style. The history of this beautiful thing, which appears on the high altar at the Feast of the Invention of the Cross, is obscure. It is usually said, on the authority of Trenta,¹ to be the work of Bettuccio Baroni, a Lucchesi goldsmith living about 1350, but it does not appear in an inventory of the contents of the sacristy made in 1424. The first mention we have of it is in 1439, when the commune of Lucca had it in pawn for monies due to them from the Canons. It was evidently regarded as very precious, for the Senate ordered its restitution, and decreed that it was never again to be sold or taken from the Duomo.² It must, then, have been acquired by the chapter between 1424 and 1439. That it was known almost from the first as the Cross of the Pisans we have the evidence of a note in the inventory of 1492. The meaning of the name has been variously interpreted, but the most probable solution is that the cross was made by one of the Pisan craftsmen settled in Lucca at the period.

Next to it in interest is a fourteenth-century *Pastora. Staff* with a finely modelled group of S. Martin and the Beggar in the crook, and rich Gothic canopies beneath, which, according to the inventory of 1492, were once enriched with tiny statues. It bears the arms of Felino san Dei, but was given to the Duomo by Archdeacon Lorenzo Trenta.

Two silver book-covers in high relief, an *Evangelario* of 1566 with figures of S. Martin and the *Volto Santo*, and an *Epistolario* of 1567, are worth notice,

¹ Tommaso Trenta, *Guida di Lucca*, 1820.

² State Archives, *Consiglio Generale*, 15th July 1439.

but far more interesting is a most curious embossed leather coffer or casket for holy oil. It is covered, inside and out, with coloured reliefs from the Life of Christ, beginning with the Annunciation, and ending with the Descent of the Holy Ghost. The Crucifixion is particularly dramatic, but all the scenes are rendered with amazing force, considering the material and the small scale. There are many realistic figures of peasants and animals. The work is not Italian in character, and the costume of the soldiers suggests a German origin. The name Balduccio occurs in connection with this casket, but whether he was the artist or the donor is unknown. It belongs to the fifteenth century, and is included in the inventory of 1492.

A jewelled *Mitre* of the sixteenth or seventeenth century is very gorgeous, and lovers of lace will rejoice in an *Alb* trimmed with exquisite Venetian point, and three with Flanders lace; but when one reads the list of splendours that choked the treasury of the Duomo from the fifteenth century down to 1798, one realises what poor remains are these. There was a head of S. Regulus, all of silver, and covered with enamels, weighing over ten pounds, and another of S. Agniello, still more rich in enamels. A great frieze for the high altar included twenty-seven silver statues. Of chalices, thuribles, crosses, there was no end, and innumerable silver candlesticks, two of them weighing sixty pounds. Of the many reliquaries one contained the arm of S. Biagio. The ornaments for the bishop were most varied in character, and included, besides rings, mitres, embroidered gloves and what not, three silver pins "for the use of Messer the Bishop, for the *palio*," which sounds mysterious. Until the middle of the eighteenth century the number of these lovely works of the goldsmith's art was continually augmented. But the "elegant" taste of that period considered them barbarous, and no fewer than six hundred and

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forty pounds of silver plate was melted down and converted into colossal candelabra. Fortunately, and one says it with a certain glee, these no longer exist, having been included in the vast booty extorted from the treasury of the Duomo by the rapacious French soldiery in 1799. They unfortunately took the beautiful as well as the ugly, and destroyed it all alike. One must be thankful anything escaped them.

The Regia Biblioteca, or Public Library, is worthily housed in the Casa di S. Maria Corteorlandini, behind the church of that name. The nucleus of the present rich collection was made by the learned Giovanni Domenico Mansi, and was taken over by the Commune in 1877, when the building was adapted as a Public Library. Previous to that year the former monastery of S. Frediano was its home, and there it had been gradually augmented by the acquisition of private libraries, until it attained considerable importance. A disastrous fire in 1822 caused the destruction of the most precious manuscripts and of ten thousand books. The Bourbon government did what it could to repair the loss by buying up collection after collection, but the chief sources of its present riches were the libraries of the suppressed religious corporations. In 1866 the *Regia Biblioteca* took over the books and papers belonging to S. Maria in Corteorlandini, S. Romano, S. Maria Forisportam, to the Franciscan and Capuchin Friars, to S. Agostino, S. Andrea at Viareggio, to Borgo a Mozzano, and the Carmelites. With these and later additions the library now contains above two hundred thousand volumes. Among its special treasures is a remarkable collection of Bibles in all languages, and a great mass of Incunabula. Of the three thousand volumes of MSS. the earliest is a curious herbal of the eighth century, and there is a Latin poem in Tasso's own handwriting. Under the present learned and indefatigable Librarian, Cavaliere

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Eugenio Boselli, the vast mass of uncatalogued matter is being systematically examined, and the library made attractive and useful as few are anywhere. A charming collection of old paintings, prints, and maps of Lucca is being formed, and some of the more important of the illuminated choir books are now disposed in cases where they can be seen.

The *Archivio Di Stato*, or State Archives, has dignified quarters in Palazzo Giudiccioni, home of an ancient race of poets, including the famous Giovanni Giudiccioni, who, while imitating Petrarch, contrived to be original. The building in its present form is the work of Vincenzo Civitali. Lucca is justly proud of the magnificent array of historical documents contained within it. The collection of parchments relating to the republic, of which the most ancient is a mortgage in favour of Pietro, Bishop of Lucca, dated 903, is extremely rich. Some of the most interesting and beautiful of the deeds are exhibited, and present a curious array of the signatures of mediæval Popes and Emperors. The Emperor Henry IV. had a splendid handwriting, but the great Countess Matilda's looks somewhat illiterate. The original manuscript of Ser-cambi's *Chronicle* is here, and is full of charming illustrations, sometimes said to be by his own hand. They are curiously free in manner and full of character. Here too is an early codex of Leboin's history of the *Volto Santo*. A delightful book of architectural designs, drawn in the sixteenth century by Puccini and Marcantonio, throws light on the architectural history of Lucca. Equally interesting in another way are the pattern-books of the silks woven in the factory of Bartolommeo Talenti from 1774 to 1778.

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One of the most charming features of Lucca is the persistency of its family life, as witnessed by the

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collections accumulated in the course of centuries by the patrician races of the republic. The palaces are family museums. With characteristic generosity they are thrown open to the traveller, who in wandering through hall and gallery is able to reconstruct for himself life as it was lived in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the cultured inhabitants of what, though a remote and old-fashioned city, was always a home of good manners and gentle living. With few exceptions the galleries no longer contain works of first-rate artistic importance. The collections are interesting rather as the natural growth of time, and include not only pictures, but furniture, tapestries, and wonderful works of the needle that prove the ladies of Lucca to have had nimble fingers as well as considerable taste in design. Most delightful of all are the rare accumulations of bygone costumes, uniforms, and armour, which show us how the nobles and citizens of Lucca walked abroad in ancient days.

Palazzo Mazzarosa, in Via S. Croce, is a fine, rather heavy building with a rustic portico and a pretty cortile. In this are displayed various pieces of Roman and mediæval sculpture collected by Marchese Antonio Mazzarosa, a learned antiquarian and historian of Lucca, who died in 1861. Besides one or two interesting sarcophagi, there is a remarkable relief by Biduino, an *Entry into Jerusalem*, which evidently formed the architrave of a doorway, and is identical in subject and very near in treatment to another of the master's works at S. Cassiano, near Pisa. The subject is treated with spirit. Christ riding upon an ass is followed by the apostles. The movement of the figures is vigorous, and there is an attempt at characterisation in the heads, remarkable for so early a period. Ridolfi conjectures that it may have come from the church of S. Angelo in Campo,

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near Lucca.¹ It is signed *Hoc Opus Peregit Magister Biduinus*.

The collection of pictures, also brought together by Marchese Antonio, includes two interesting panels by a Lucchese painter who is so much in sympathy with Filippino that one at least of the two works, SS. *Blaise and Lucy*, might almost be his. The two saints stand in niches, with kneeling portraits of a male and a female donor. Both figures are very beautiful, but especially that of S. Blaise. He is habited as a bishop with staff and mitre, and in his right hand holds a wool-comber's iron comb, with which cruel instrument he was martyred under Diocletian. The donors are charming and lifelike portraits. The hands are especially Filippinesque, the colour a little cruder than his. The other work of this unknown master is a little *Tondo* with the Virgin and Child, SS. Barbara and Helen, and two angels drawing aside a curtain. It is not so good as the first, but evidently by the same painter, though here he inclines a little to the Botticellesque.

Some of the vaulted living-rooms are frescoed or hung with *arazzi*, and contain some fine furniture. The state bedroom has hangings of crimson and gold damask, with a mosquito net of silk gauze to match. One small cabinet is decorated with curious architectural pieces worked in coloured silks, the lines of the architecture picked out with coral beads. Their date is about 1650.² Another charming interior is the billiard-room, with white panelling, oval portraits and blue and green tapestries. There is also a great wealth of china, costumes, lace, and drawn work.

Palazzo Mansi, in Via Gallatassi, like all the

¹ *Op. cit.* 85, 86.

² This art of working in coral beads is a Lucchese specialty, and has been lately revived by the admirably managed local branch of the *Industrie Femminile*.

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Lucchesi palace, is older than it looks, having been refaced in the seventeenth century. It is the home of a family known as early as 1068 as nobles of Magonza. They held the right of coining money from the Emperor Frederick I., but ceded it to the republic of Lucca in 1182. Their palace, besides containing a remarkable collection of Flemish and Dutch paintings, presents a perfect picture of an eighteenth-century interior. The state apartments stand to-day as they were refurnished for the Mansi-Santini marriage. All rich in tapestries and silk hangings, the state bedroom is quite amazingly gorgeous with lemon-coloured, brocaded canopies, bed furniture, and really exquisite needlework hangings, and the series of seventeenth-century tapestries with the story of Zenobia and Aurelian, by G. Peemans of Brussels, is amusing and rather grotesque.

Of the pictures it is a little difficult to speak. The attributions are more or less haphazard, and great names are freely bandied about. They were a heritage from the Parenza family, one of whom made a Dutch marriage.

Nos. 1 to 7 are *Conversation Pieces* by C. J. van der Laenen, very amusing in their wealth of detail in architecture, costume, manners, and the arts of the garden. Very minutely finished, but with little significance in the hands and heads, the crowded compositions are dexterously managed. The colour is heavy. The gardens in which the various games, picnics, and flirtations take place are extremely attractive. No. 11, *Christ in Benediction*, orb in hand and red robe, by an unknown Flemish master of the fifteenth century, is interesting. No. 20, a skating scene, is attributed to Breughel, but is really by H. Averkamp. Pieter Claez de Haarlem signs and dates Nos. 17 and 18, large *Still Life* compositions. No. 22, by J. Weenix, is another large *Nature Morte* with a mass of dead game

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tumbling down the steps of a terrace. Four graceful Nicholas Poussins, Nos 27 to 30, are a pleasant relief. They are decorative views of ancient Rome, with ancient Romans doing nothing in particular in large open spaces. One of a bath and a pyramid, with a glimpse of blue mountains, is quite charming.

No. 33, a *Triptych*, the Adoration of the Magi, is attributed to Lucas van Leyden, but looks like a copy. It is an interesting picture. The old Magus, in cloth-of-gold dress, looks up at Madonna with a strange intensity. His head is bald, the face very Jewish, with a long pointed beard. Behind him the second Magus, in a three-cornered hat, bears his gift in a rich gold vessel. One of the two attendants wears a pink turban, the other a tall hat over a gay cap. The ears are all curious, sloping back very much, and showing a large piece of the back in the side view. Madonna wears a plain blue dress, opening in front over a pink vest. Her long hair is simply parted, and flows down almost in ringlets with sharp, metallic lights on it. The background is a mountain landscape, with a town on a conical hill. The black Magus is in the left panel, wearing a pink cap, and over it a crimson tam-o'-shanter. There are ruined arches behind. In the right panel a very old and bald S. Joseph, with a fine head, leans on his staff. Behind him are the ox and the ass, and more Renaissance columns.

Vandyke is here made responsible for a *Holy Family*, No. 31. It is cold in colour, over-facile in treatment, and entirely without any reality of feeling. No. 34, one of Melchior de Hondcoetter's farmyard scenes, a heroic combat between a cock and a turkey, is just the reverse, and is brimming over with passion and conviction. Nos. 37 and 38 are two good portraits of the Van Diemen family, to whom the collection originally belonged, attributed to Terburg, but too hard and opaque for him. The man in black wears a tall

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hat and plain collars and cuffs ; the woman, also in black, has a white feather in her hand and a tippet trimmed with lace. No. 35, attributed to Rubens, is a vulgar picture. In 48 *bis* we have one of the few Italian pictures in the collection, a small *Madonna and Child* by Francia. The Child stands on a parapet, enveloped in the rich, blue-green, Umbrian atmosphere.¹ One cannot feel much interest in No. 78, Guido Reni's *Martyrdom*, with its crowds of little figures. Nos. 65 to 68, by Pieter Breughel the younger (called Pieter Breughel d'Enfer), are some of the most interesting pictures here. In No. 65 we have a wild scene in a cottage or inn kitchen, with the entrance of a band of mummers. Much eating and drinking, cooking and screaming goes on, all expressed with character and vivacity: snowy landscape without. Signed and dated 1620. The next of the series, No. 66, is an inexplicable scene. Can it represent a pawnshop, or some sort of tax-collecting? A crowd of people stand round a counter with large dishes of money, pewter, vessels, and piles of napkins on it, great copper pots beneath. The same signature and date. No. 67 is a quite delightful representation of the dinner table at an inn. The guests are all crowded together at one table, as motley a crew as the Canterbury pilgrims. A great lady sits in the centre, her armorial bearings duly displayed on the wall behind. Near her is a knight and a priest, and a bag-piper and learned doctor are among the rest. Great bowls of yellow porridge are being carried round by two men. No spoons are provided, and the the porridge is sopped up with pieces of bread. The scene takes place in a barn, and is presented with a keen sense of humour. No. 68 is a Fair scene, with musicians on a barrel and

¹ Milanesi, *Vasari*, vol. iii. 555, says of it, "A most graceful little picture, with our Lady and the Child very finely executed."

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crowds of white-capped women on the rush-strewn dancing-floor. The artist has a plain and unvarnished vision of life.

No. 62, a *Classical Landscape* with nymphs bathing, by Gaspar Poussin, belongs to a gentler and more mellowed world. No collection seems complete without a *Landscape attributed to Rembrandt*, and one is duly found here in No. 98. Its wide plain and brooding sky is quite pleasant, though far from the master. Gasparo Vanvitelli's picture of the *Pantheon*, No. 82, is heavy. No. 120, *S. Jerome*, by Mannis van Roemerswaele is attractive. Jean Vermeyen in Nos. 106, 107, and 108, three scenes from the campaigns of Charles V., gives us amusing birds'-eye battle pictures, one showing the sack of Rome.

Palazzo Mansi a S. Maria Forisportam, with a façade by Ammanati, was the home of an extinct branch of the Mansi family, but is now let out in apartments. The picture-gallery has been broken up and sold. Its chief treasure, a *Tondo* of Madonna and Child with two angels by Granacci, is now in America.

Palazzo Guinigi Magrini in Via Fillungo, the present home of the Guinigi family, formerly belonged to the Micheli. It is a sixteenth-century building with a cortile and garden, and besides a few interesting pictures has one of the richest collections of costumes in Lucca. Among the pictures is a portrait of Castruccio attributed to Bronzino, and the only known portrait of Matteo Civitali, by Sirani. A large *Madonna and Child enthroned*, with SS. Lucia and Francesco, and an angry God the Father above, is by Agostino Marte, a member of the same family of artist-craftsmen that produced Leonardo of the Duomo choir-stalls, and Francesco the goldsmith and a friend of Civitali. Agostino's works in Lucca include a Panel with Saints in the sacristy of S. Paolino, and the *Sposalizio* in S. Michele. The picture under discussion was formerly in the Oratory of S. Lucia

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in S. Francesco of which Count Niccolo Guinigi was the patron. It is signed and dated 1526. A relief of Paolo Guinigi has historic if not artistic interest.

The most beautiful object in the palace is a fine *Urbino plate*, with a Last Supper in the manner of Raphael. Like the bulk of the collection, it comes from the old Palazzo Guinigi in Via S. Simone. The Flemish tapestries of hunting-scenes form a pleasant background for the ancient *cassone* and other fine furniture. There are also specimens of rich Lucchesi silks, and a magnificent array of costumes relating to the history of Lucca, as interwoven with that of the Guinigi family.

Apart from their museums the palaces of Lucca have no very special character. They are all surpassed in beauty by the two splendid structures raised by the great family of the Guinigi, who were fortunate enough, besides being men of culture, to be building at a moment when a beautiful form of Gothic was the prevailing style. Unfortunately, the other palaces of that epoch perished, or were transformed into Renaissance dulness in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The wealthy merchant princes of Lucca abandoned their former thrift, transferred their money from commerce to agriculture, and instead of saving, spent vast sums in remodelling their Gothic palaces. Under the uniform coating of stucco and behind the dull square windows that disfigure the streets of the Lucca of our days are hidden many beautiful Gothic features. All the more valuable are the two great surviving examples of that style. The most important of them is *Palazzo Guinigi* in Via S. Andrea and Via Guinigi. There are in truth two palaces here, standing one on each side of Via Guinigi, both in the same style and both belonging to the same family. One of them has lost its tower, but they are otherwise almost exactly alike. Alike, that is as a copy is to an

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original, and it is hardly necessary to say that the palace with the tower is the original. The beautiful red brick of which they are built, and the almost Venetian touch in their style, both lend themselves very happily to domestic architecture. Neither fortresses nor palaces, they combine the massiveness of the former with the splendour of the latter. Both are approximately square, and originally followed the mediæval Lucchesi custom of making the ground floor an open loggia where the inhabitants of the palace took their meals and conversed with their friends in the cool of the evening, but the arches of these loggias are now built up. The second and third stories are composed of a series of beautiful windows with ogival arches and slender columns. The exterior of the original palace is surrounded by stone sedilia, and has some fine torch-irons and *stemme*, while the interior belongs to a sixteenth-century reconstruction. It appears that the fine machicolated tower is older than the rest and belonged originally to the Benettoni family. At the summit there is a little room to rest in before going out to the platform, among the trees and flowers of the garden that blooms miraculously up there. The views of the city and mountains, framed in ilex and laurel boughs, are both beautiful and singular.

This great palace was built by Michele, Francesco, and Nicolao Guinigi, sons of Lazzaro, not long before 1384, in which year it was spoken of by Francesco as the "new palace." The palace on the opposite side of the road was built a few years later by another branch of the family.

Villa Guinigi in Via S. Francesco is in the same style as these two palaces, but is a lower building as befits a country villa in comparison with a town house. Again the fine loggia on the ground floor has been built up, greatly to the detriment of the

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general effect, and there is the same fine arcade of windows. Inside on the right is a magnificent Gothic staircase with chamfered beams and a central column.

Paolo Guinigi built this house. Magnificent in all his ways, he bought a vast domain outside the city walls for the purpose of making himself a villa such as Lucca had never seen. The house alone cost him forty thousand gold florins, and the garden was beautiful and richly adorned. Within, the walls were hung with richest stuffs, a fine library was formed, and the furniture and jewels of which we read were of almost fabulous splendour. Perhaps with a view of increasing his popularity Paolo seems to have thrown open the gardens to the people and entertained them there with theatrical performances. He was already meditating the marriage of his son Lancislao, and at the same time his own fourth marriage, and both events were celebrated with great rejoicings at the new villa. Sercambi, who never missed an opportunity of belauding his benefactor, describes the double function with his usual delight in detail. Lancislao's bride was Maria, daughter of Gentile Rodolfo of Camerino, and Paolo's Jacopa, sister of Nicolò da Foligno. The villa being richly adorned for the festival, the two ladies were escorted thither by a great band of gentlemen sent by Paolo to meet them. "And then," continues Sercambi, "they made a great supper for the two brides on the seventh of August 1420 . . . in the new palace, at which supper were present Signor Nicolò da Foligno, a son of Rodolfo da Camerino, and one Ser Pietro di Ser Pasquale d' Argillaia, with some twenty in their train. And the chief guests at the supper were Nicolao Guinigi, Bishop of Lucca, together with Signor Paolo and about seventy of the citizens and eighty honourable ladies, all richly decked in cloth of gold and pearls. At the feast were many strangers and many trumpeters and pipers, buffoons and

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jugglers. And the preparations were made in the cloister or garden of the said palace, in the open air at night, and it was five of the clock before they sat them down to eat. After supper and after much dancing each person, whether male or female, returned to his lodgings, and the feast was over." It does not seem to have been an entirely successful entertainment, for the old chronicler continues with a touch of acerbity: "And if the said supper was ordered to take place at a certain hour, and did not, it was the fault of those to whom Lord Paolo gave the order. There were truly provisions enough, but they were badly served."

The *Palazzo Pretorio* in the Piazza S. Michele is a good example of early sixteenth-century Renaissance, with a beautiful loggia at the corner. It was originally built in 1370 as a tribunal or Hall of Justice for the Podestà, and in 1492, it being found inconvenient that he should lodge elsewhere, a dwelling-house was added to it and finished about 1509. Further additions were made in 1588 by Vincenzio Civitali, who left it in its present form. It is now occupied by the courts of civil law.

Of the other palaces brief mention only need be made. Among the most interesting is *Palazzo Bernardini*, in the piazza of the same name, with a fine rusticated façade in the Tuscan style which gives it the air of a miniature Palazzo Pitti. The pillared cortile has its walls encrusted with fragments of Roman and mediæval sculptures. Nicolao Civitali was the architect, and the date 1512. Until 1785, when the piazza was enlarged, the houses of the Castracane, in one of which Castruccio was born, were still standing. *Palazzo Bottini al Giardino* is chiefly remarkable for the beautiful rusticated garden wall and gate, said to be the work of Buontalenti. The house itself has a good painted loggia. *Palazzo Cenami* in Via S. Croce is in the Florentine rusticated style, with

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a fine façade and admirable cornice. The cortile is large and has good columns. *Palazzo Orsetti* in Via S. Giustina and Via del Loreto has two fine Renaissance doors with fantastic ornaments and shield supported by mermaids. *Palazzo Controni-Pfanner*, close to S. Frediano, has two magnificent staircases in the cortile that look as if they had come straight out of one of Paolo Veronese's most gorgeous pictures, and the whole palace is a fine specimen of middle Renaissance. The pleasant garden at the back, with a fountain and statues, reaches down to the city walls near S. Frediano. *Palazzo Trenta* in Via Fillungo is a fine building of the fifteenth century, where, according to tradition, S. Richard of England died. A better-founded story asserts that Charles VIII. of France lodged there in 1494. *Palazzo Micheletti* in Piazza del Duomo has a charming, walled garden surrounded by a beautifully proportioned, rusticated wall and gate of Bartolommeo Ammanati's design.

Many other palaces and houses in Lucca have details of great interest in their architecture or history, and we would gladly dwell on them. But the call of the fields is imperative, and we must fare out beyond the gates to explore the plain and the mountains that surround the city.

CHAPTER XI

Beyond the Walls of Lucca

“I’ prego la divina maestade
Che la nostra ciptade
Ci Guardi Santa Zita e San Frediano
Le chastella col piano
Da ongni rubatori falsi e ingrati.”

The Chronicles of Giovanni Sercambi,
vol. i. 202. Rome, 1892.

“NEVER,” writes Montaigne in 1581, speaking of Lucca, “did I see a town in a more pleasant site, surrounded as it is by a most beautiful plain two leagues in extent, and beyond this the lovely mountains and hills, which for the most part are cultivated to the very tops.”¹ Every word of this is true to-day, and is it with wonder and gratitude that one records the fact. The scene has an added beauty in the twentieth century that Montaigne was unable to enjoy. In his day the bastions were encumbered with pieces of heavy artillery, whereas we see nothing but the boughs of noble trees. Lucca is now a green-girt city. The Pisans encircled their Duomo with a jewelled swaddling band, but the Lucchesi have planted a living girdle of green about their city, while God Himself, says an old writer, has compassed it about with His eternal hills.

Northwards of the city range after range of the Apuan Alps lead the eye onward to the great wall of the Apennines from out of whose heart flows the

¹ *The Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy* (translated and edited by W. G. Waters), iii. 35.

Beyond the Walls of Lucca

river Serchio, speeding almost in a straight line southward towards the walls of Lucca. Since the days of the merciful saint who forced its waters obediently to follow the leading of his little rake, it stops short in its tumultuous rush a mile or so from the city, and turning to the south-west, flows harmlessly into the Mediterranean midway between Viareggio and Bocca d' Arno. From the south to the west rises the barrier of the Pisan hills, behind which there ever lurked danger to the peace of the little republic. Ripafratta, the frontier fortress that separated the rival states, is almost due west from Lucca. West again of that is the lake of Massaciuccoli and the sea. The second great Tuscan lake, that of Bientina, lies on the south-east confines of the level tract on which the city of Lucca is built, while its eastern boundary is formed by the hills which culminate in the noble peak of Monte Pizzorna.

Between the verdant ramparts and the serenely noble line of mountains the plain holds many charming surprises hidden in its undulations, while the lower slopes of the hills are dotted with churches, with castles, and above all with villas, everyone of them possessed of some individual charm. The details of the plain itself are very pleasant and homely. Its air of peaceful retirement recalls the words of a seventeenth-century traveller, who says that it "sleeps quietly within the Bosome of the Great Duke's State."¹ Great dukes have passed away, the state is swallowed up in a greater one, but quiet sleep still holds the plain enthralled. Green and fresh beyond the wont of an Italian landscape, its waving hayfields extend to the city walls, invading even the bastions and the curtains of the wall itself. The lanes wind hither and thither through the level

¹ *The Voyage of Italy* (Richard Lassels, Gent. Paris, 1670), 225.

The Story of Lucca

meadows with capricious irregularity, and many of them seem to be triumphal avenues, decked out for some bacchanalian feast by the festoons of vines garlanded from one to another of the great wayside elm trees. Perhaps the happiest moment to explore its recesses is in the warm days of the latter part of May, when all the air is heavy with the sweet scent of hay, and the swishing of the scythe is constantly audible. Audible too the lively chatter of the haymakers and their songs. Every man, woman, and child is out in the fields, and to the passing wayfarer they all seem gay and happy. Towards evening long lines of them may be met trudging homewards with vast bundles on their heads. These bundles are mysteries until the process of their formation is seen. They are simply the ample family bed-sheets of stout, home-spun linen stuffed full of hay with the four corners knotted together. In this primitive way the hay harvest is carried home. All is prosperous and peaceful, the people healthy, comely, and law-abiding, the landscape orderly, and obedient to the hand of man. The villages are embowered in roses and trim box-hedges. It is all reminiscent of the kindly paternal government of Lucca *P' Industriosa*, the happy little republic whose acres were so few that each one had its individual importance. No element of the scene is grand or fierce, but many are beautiful. The very start from the city gates, through which the carriage rumbles with an old-world sound, is a delight. We pass at once from under their dark archways into the heart of the country. It is just a question whether we are in a mood for saint or warrior, hermit or lady, as to whether we turn our horses' heads to church or castle, hermitage or villa. Perhaps, seeing that the very existence of the city has sometimes depended on it, the castle of Nozzano should be the first excursion outside the walls.

Beyond the Walls of Lucca

THE CASTLE OF NOZZANO

With thought of the great Countess Matilda, genius of Dante's Earthly Paradise, in our minds, we swing out through the Porta S. Anna, and turn to the west. Matilda it was, according to tradition, who founded the castle we are going forth to seek, and a learned chronicler of the seventeenth century records having found her portrait there, and being awed by its majestic aspect. "[Matilda] left her portrait in the Podesteria which, about the year 1640, I accidentally discovered. In pulling out a stone a very majestic eye and part of a cheek were disclosed, and urged by curiosity, with the point of a pen-knife I gradually removed a thin incrustation of whitewash . . . and laid bare to the waist an awe-inspiring woman's figure clothed in the Ducal habit, sitting on a Ducal throne."¹ This is the image that we take with us as we cross the river and pass through the pleasant lanes and meadows. Villages speed by us, Porta S. Quirico first and the Villa Paolina, then S. Alessio and the Villa Orsetti, and still Matilda haunts us. Conscious that the known facts about Nozzano do not, as we shall see, bear out the possibility of her being its founder, any more than that she was the founder of fifty other castles or churches ascribed to her, we yet feel that it is fitting and inevitable to recall so vital a memory in a country steeped in her tradition.

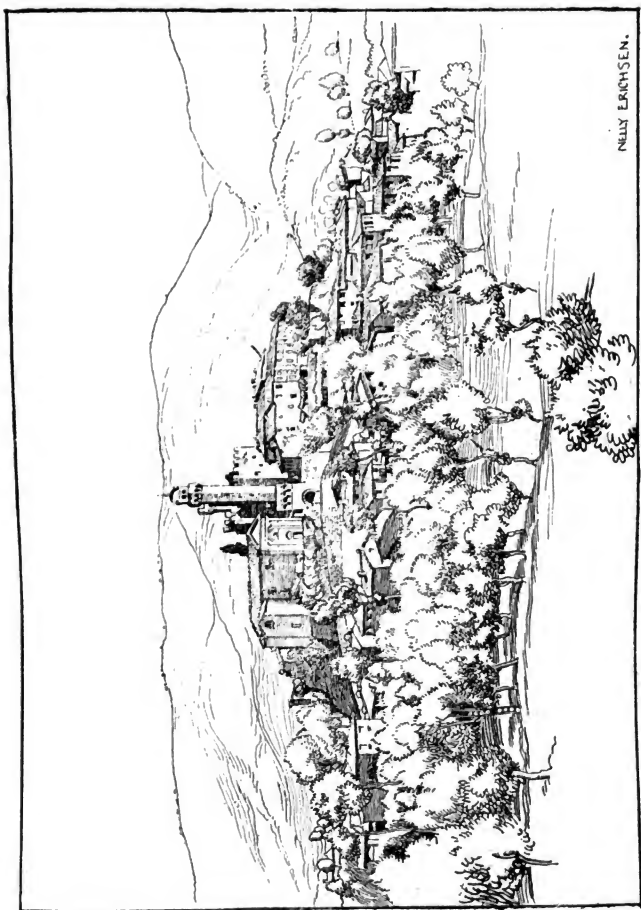
We are passing more villas meantime, among them Villa Marrazi di Livorno, once the property of the Empress Maria Teresa. The whole land is dotted with trees and villas. To the right of Marrazi is one belonging to Conte Sardi. Further on at Carignano is the *Villa del Real Collegio di Lucca*, a rather gaunt building finely placed on rising ground.

¹ *Cronica di Lucca. Rifatta ed accresciuta, dal Canonico Leonardo Dalli*, i. 475.

All along the horizon on our left is barred by the bulky mass of Monte S. Giuliano, barrier between the rival republics of Lucca and Pisa, and inseparably associated with an over-much quoted line of Dante.¹

After passing the village of Ponte S. Pietro we get our first sight of the *Rocca di Nozzano* with its two dignified towers sitting astride, as an Italian writer says, on a rocky mount, not far from the Serchio, just before that stream begins to irrigate the Pisan plain. Of all the castles belonging to the republic of Lucca, Nozzano is the best preserved. Architecturally the present structure belongs to the very end of the fourteenth century, with no vestige of anything earlier. It is a perfect *Rocca*, or fortified village, whose defences are formed by the walls of the houses themselves, built for that purpose in an uninterrupted circle round the castle proper, and originally no doubt with few, if any, windows facing outwards. Within this ring of houses is a circular court, at one side of which stands the picturesque keep with lofty, machicolated towers. Even now the encircling houses are teeming with human life. Children pour out of every door, women hang out of every window, and though the great gate is open to the outer world, there is an uncomfortable feeling of overcrowding. What life must have been like there in the Middle Ages during a siege, imagination can hardly picture. The central green packed with cattle, horses, and war material, the *débris* and confusion of pent-up life, fierce sounds and pungent odours, the rushes of fighting men from side to side—all these must have been elements in the scene. One almost hears the women screaming to each other from window to window, or praying in the close, crowded little church. One sees the hungry children swarm-

¹ *Inferno*, canto 33, 25.



THE CASTLE OF NOZZANO, NEAR LUCCA

NELLY ERICHSEN.

ing everywhere, the sick, the dying, and the dead: pestilence and famine within, and the Pisans without.

Mounting up into the keep, one can look straight past Ripafratta¹ with its great fortress and flanking watch-towers, down the long vista of a narrow valley, to the domes and towers of Pisa itself. On such a spot one realises the importance to the military engineers of the Middle Ages not only of being able to guard the passes, but of being able to see the enemy, and one recognises the consummate skill with which they placed their castles.

A steep incline leads up to the *Rocca*, which is entered through a fine machicolated gateway, so placed as to defend the only gap in the wall of houses. Inside it is an inscription recording the names of the *Operai* who were charged with the rebuilding of the castle in 1396. Close by is the little church of SS. Pietro ed Acconcio, without architectural interest, except that there is incorporated into it a tower which originally formed part of the *Rocca*, on which is an inscription recording its erection in 1458.

The castle, or keep, itself, is an irregular polygon built of the local red brick, and bears the date of its reconstruction, 1394, on the architrave of one of its round-headed windows. Traces of machicolations have survived upon the walls, which are both high and strong. Within the keep, whose towers are open on the inner side, are the irregular ruins of what seems to be a large underground reservoir for water. On the inside the walls have suffered from a recent restoration, but the wild caper clothes the greater part of the ruins, which form a happy combination of dignity and picturesqueness.

Nozzano seems to be a Roman name, derived most

¹ See our *The Story of Pisa*, J. M. Dent & Co., 389-390.

Beyond the Walls of Lucca

probably from Nautianum,¹ but of Roman memories connected with the spot there are none. Nor do we know anything certain about the origin or the date of the castle in spite of the legends that connect it with Matilda. These are rooted so deeply as to have affected not only the country people, but grave chroniclers and historians, who one after another repeat the tale.

Franciotti, writing in 1613, without hesitation says: "Nozzano is a walled castle . . . built by the Countess Matilda, who ennobled it with her presence by making a palace for her dwelling-place, and where are seen ancient remains of her palace, as in the *Podesteria* her likeness in an old picture."²

Dalli (1640), the Lucchese chronicler whose romantic account of the discovery of Matilda's portrait we have quoted above, indulges in similar flights of fancy about the great countess and her connection with the castle; while Fiorentini asserts that the hill and lands of Nozzano belonged to her, and that the castle was called *Castellare Comitissæ* in an old Pisan chronicle in his possession.³ Even the accurate Repetti has fallen into the same error, and asserts that a castle existed at Nozzano before the year one thousand.

In this case the error has arisen from Repetti's assumption that the allusion to Nozzano in the documents of the ninth and tenth centuries, which he quotes, refers to the castle, whereas it evidently refers to the lands alone.

In consequence of his endorsement of the story,

¹ *Atti della R. Accademia delle Scienze di Torino* (Flechchia), x. 79 et seq., anno 1874.

² *Historie del'e Miracolose Imagine e delle vite de' Santi i corpi de' quali sono nella citta di Lucca* (C. Franciotti, Lucca, 1613), 495.

³ *Memorie della Gran Contessa Matilde* (F. M. Fiorentini, Lucca, 1756), 135 et seq.

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nearly all later writers have accepted the castle as a work of Matilda. The most recent authority, however, in a pamphlet that is a model of lucidity and erudition, brushes away all the cobwebs.¹ His chain of reasoning is too long to follow in detail, but he makes it clear not only that it is absolutely impossible Matilda should have raised the innumerable buildings attributed to her, but that she had no reason, either military or political, for building Nozzano, whose *raison d'être* was to keep out the Pisans, a people, who far from being her enemies, were greatly beloved by her; pointing out also how full of inaccuracies are the words of the writers who uphold her cause. Not one of them can quote an original document in support of his theory, nor even an ancient chronicler. The earliest mention of the castle, as distinguished from the lands, is in the important chronicle of Tolomei Fiadoni. Under the year 1263, he says that the Pisans, after having taken the castle of Cotone, "*descenderunt ad obsidendum Nossanum, quod expugnaverunt sed male cessit eis: apposerunt machinas nec sic perfecerunt castro bene munito et in plano existente sic que adveniente etiam inundatione aquarum, recesserunt de loco.*"² The oldest document relating to it is a parchment of June 18, 1288, concerning the sale of a piece of land made to Palma, abbess of the nunnery of S. Giustina, by Ricconius quondam Passavantis de Castro Notham, and others.³ The castle must then have been already in existence in 1263, and the history of the wars between Lucca and Pisa makes it probable that it was built about 1223. In that year the Pisans changed their tactics. Up till then the usual order of things had been that the Lucchesi attacked the Pisans by land, pressing onward to the very gates of Pisa, while the

¹ *Studi Storici. Estratto degli, Periodico Trimestrale diretto da Amadeo Orivellucci*, vi. Livorno, 1897.

² *Lucensis Annales* (Tolomei), 82.

³ *Parchments of S. Giustina*. Archivio di Stato, Lucca.

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Pisans retaliated by attacking the sea-coast of Lucca. A new period of the war was now inaugurated by the Pisans. They joined forces with the rebellious *Cattani* of Versilia and the Garfagnana, and descending from the mountains upon the city of Lucca the attacked became the attacker. Under the pressure of this new danger, the Lucchesi discovered that neither the mountains nor the river could any longer keep out their foes, and began to build castles. That same year Rotaia and Castiglione were both completed. Meantime Ripafratta had fallen into the hands of the Pisans, who with this as their base pushed forward into the territory of Lucca, where three fierce engagements were fought on the slopes of Nozzano. It seems therefore very probable that this was the moment when a castle was built there to bid defiance to the fortress of Ripafratta.

Of its subsequent history we see only fitful gleams after the attack made upon it by the Pisans in 1263 under Count Guido Novello, when, as we have already seen in Tolomei Fiadoni's account, they were forced to retire, owing to the strength of the position and an opportune flood. Less than fifty years later the Pisans returned in force, and after a desperate defence the castle fell before them and was totally destroyed.¹

For nearly a hundred years the wind whistled through the abandoned ruin on the hill-top, and then Nozzano, owing to its commanding position, again became of importance to the Lucchesi. The master mind of Castuccio Castracane recognised this, and in 1394-5 he built the strong castle whose ruins lie before us. It will be observed that the total destruction of the earlier structure renders it impossible that the portrait of Matilda, if it ever existed, could have been earlier in

¹ *Breve Vetus Antianorum*, 1289-1407, reg. I., c. 21, t. R. Archivio di Stato di Pisa. See also *Cronica*, G. Villani, ix. cap. 68, t. vii. (p. 72 of the edition of Florence, 1832.), etc.

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date than the year of the reconstruction, and a most careful examination of the ruins fails to disclose any trace of it. One is forced to conclude that the vivid imagination of Dalli saw a majestic eye where no eye was.

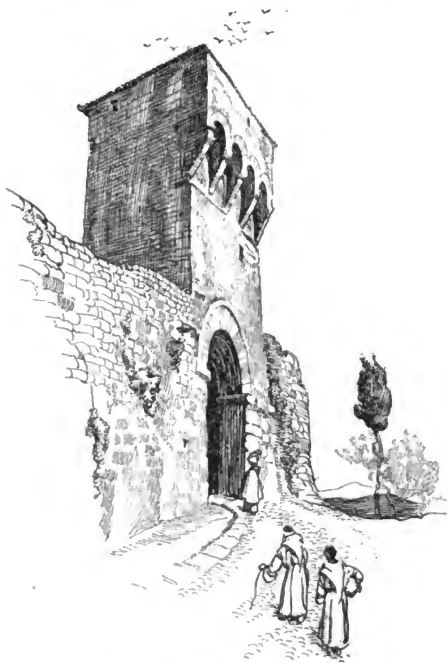
THE VILLAS OF LUCCA

In escaping from the city one's longing for refreshment takes two forms. There is the longing for wild nature, and the longing for gardens and their ordered peace. Both can be gratified in full measure in the surroundings of Lucca, but the many beautiful villas that dot the plain and the slopes of the hills bring the garden mood to the front. From Collodi to Marlia there is a whole string of them, each one enchanting, each individual. The charm of a garden is illusive, hard to express, though easy to enjoy. No catalogue of fountains and terraces, pleached walks and clipped box-trees, gives the slightest impression of it. The only way to understand it is to spend long hours and days in letting it soak into one's being. Whether it is the contrast between the rigid formulas of the garden architect and the encroaching lawlessness of nature, or the sight of nature subdued to the hand of man—whatever it is, the mood is always adorable. It may be argued in the verdant plain of Lucca, that it is lost labour to seek for a garden within a garden. And yet it would be almost impious to leave the city without having seen the surrounding villas.

Though perhaps only one of them, the Villa Garzoni at Collodi, is of the first order, the whole neighbourhood ranks as an important centre for smaller villas. Beside the great Roman villas, the Genoese, the Florentine, or the Venetian, those of Lucca are modest in dimensions. Their origin is ancient. When, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Republic destroyed the great castles of the nobles, the craving for country

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life was satisfied by the building of hunting-lodges, and at the dawn of the sixteenth century many of these had developed into villas. The mild climate of Lucca,



GATEWAY, CASTLE OF NOZZANO

her stable government, and pleasant alternations of hill and dale, all encouraged a taste that is deep-seated in the Italian nature. Before the close of the sixteenth century, villas were already numerous. Montaigne, writing of Lucca in 1581, says, "We rode into the

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country with certain gentlemen of the city who had lent us horses. All round about I saw a vast number of delightful Villas for the distance of three or four miles, built with porticos and loggias, which add greatly to their beauty.”¹ He goes on to describe a feature never absent from Italian villas, the *uccellatoio*, or places for snaring birds, and on a later excursion he continues: “We saw on our way a vast number of Villas belonging to the gentle folk of Lucca, handsome, neat, graceful houses, with an abundance of water.”²

A living Italian writer³ tells us that these sixteenth-century villas of Lucca were centres of a keen intellectual and artistic life. We have already referred to the literary circle that held its meetings in the city palace of the Buonvisi, a family famous even in Lucca for its culture and enlightenment. Their country villa at Forci was one of the finest in the neighbourhood, and we find it celebrated by that graceful poet of gardens, Count Antonio Cerati of Parma, whose enthusiasm knows no bounds:—

“Diletta Forci, in mezzo all’ ombre dense
Degli alti pini, de frondosi ulivi,
Delle querce antichissime io sentii
In un suoave fremito di gioja
E di occulto timor l’ invito spirto
Aggirarsi invisibile del Lando
Di cui la bella età, sacri agli Estensi
Sacra a’ Medici, a’ Roveri, a’ Farnesi,
Lessegli aurei volume, e a lor cortese
Colla lode sorrise: ei qui felici
Quieta giorni menò tra stuol famoso
D’ amici eletti, a cui qual fido stella
Un Buonviso splendea col suo favore.”⁴

¹ *The Journal of Montaigne’s Travels in Italy* (translated by W. G. Waters), iii. 135.

² *Op. cit.* iii. 137.

³ Count Cesare Sardi, *Dei Mecenati Lucchesi nel secolo XVI.*

⁴ Count Antonio Cerati (*Filandro Cretense*) Parma, 1783.

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The circle of "elect friends" which met there in the golden days of Martino and Ludovico Buonvisi included everything that was great in the State of Lucca, and Ortensio Lando the novelist speaks of the learned conversations with which they whiled away the happy hours under the dense shade of the lofty pines and tufty olives. The guests included Giovanni Guidiccioni the poet, Girolamo Arnolfini, Bernardino Cenami, and Martino Giglio from Lucca, a chosen band from the Bagni di Lucca, and many gifted ladies. Lando himself was there for a month, and the result of his visit was the publication of the celebrated *Forciane Questiones*,¹ to which the conversations at the villa had given birth. It appears that such erudite *Villegiatura* was not confined to Forci, but was rivalled in many other umbrageous gardens in the Lucchese hills. The second villa belonging to the Buonvisi at Monsalquilici was famous as the meeting-place of Charles V. and Paul III. in 1541, and was another hospitable haven for the learned and the witty. Villa Cenami at Saltocchio, Villa Santini at Camigliano, Villa Mansi at Segromigno, as well as Villa Garzoni at Collodi and Villa Orsetti at Marlia, carried on the traditions of cultured leisure in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as some of them still do to this day.

Villa Collodi, with Altopascio and Pescia. Of all the villas in the State of Lucca the Villa Garzoni at Collodi is the queen. Like all great queens she is easily accessible, and may be visited in a long spring afternoon, together with the pleasant little city of Pescia. This can be reached by train in forty minutes from Lucca, passing on the right *Altopascio* with a fine campanile like those of the Duomo and

¹ *Forciane Questiones in quibus varia Italorum ingenia explicantur multaque alia scitu non indigna, Auctore Philaeto Politopienae.*

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S. Frediano, reminder of a time when the surrounding country, now so fertile and well drained, was a marshy forest in which men went astray and were only saved by the booming of a big bell from this tower. The bell of the *smarrite*, or the lost, as it was called, still hangs there. For the further comfort of the bewildered wayfarer the famous hospice was founded in the eleventh century by the Knights of Altopascio. Half-monk, half-knight, these devoted men gave hospitality to wanderers, succoured the numerous pilgrims to the *Volto Santo*, mended the roads and bridges, and escorted the traveller through the labyrinth of treacherous bog. Countess Matilda took the institution under her special protection, and is said also to have been the founder of the church of Altopascio, once a glorious pile, but now left mourning with nothing but its ancient façade left, still rich in black and white marble arcades and rude statues. It was at Altopascio that the Lucchesi gained their great and glorious victory over the Florentines in 1325, under Castruccio, greatest of their captains. But the Florentines none the less became the masters of the little town and its territories only thirteen years later, and it never afterwards formed part of the State of Lucca.

Pescia lies snugly in an amphitheatre of fertile hills, wooded to the summit with olive groves and fruit trees, so that in the springtime she wears a lovely garland of white blossom. And, all around, the plain is thick with mulberry trees, first introduced into Tuscany by Francesco Buonvicino, a native of *Pescia*, and one of the greatest sources of the prosperity of the place. Among the hills and the fruit trees little white villages lie hid, betrayed sometimes by their tall *campanili*. Right through the middle of the town there rushes a brisk little mountain torrent, showing by the width of its stony bed and the strength of the

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bridges that cross it what force it can summon up after storm-showers in the hills. This is the Pescia di Pescia, so called to avoid confusion with the Pescia di Collodi, which we shall encounter later on. This idyllic scene has not, however, escaped the finger of fate. Silk factories, tramways, and *Villini* are springing up on every side, and as elsewhere in Italy it is necessary to close one mental eye in order to see the essential beauty of the scene. Within the city itself there is little space for commercial developments, and such industries as are carried on, like ropemaking and papermaking, are peacefully and picturesquely pursued on the broad quays of the river. Pescia has lost her ancient walls but has still one fine baroque gateway. Of the churches, the *Duomo* is chief, with a decorative campanile and some remains of early Romanesque arcading to leaven the dulness of the rest, rebuilt in 1693. Besides remnants of a *pulpit* of the Pisano school, now in the Museum, and a *S. Giovannino* of the school of Luca della Robbia, now in the Biblioteca Capitolare, there is little to detain us. Two facts in the history of the *Duomo* are interesting, the first being its foundation by S. Frediano, the other that until 1697 Raphael's *Madonna del Baldacchino* hung here.

A more remarkable church is *S. Francesco*. In his many wanderings S. Francis may well have passed through Pescia, as a local tradition maintains, resting for three days in the house of Venanzio Orlandi on his way to Pisa in 1211. Then it was that he is said to have founded this church, once splendid, now forlorn and debased, rebuilt in the worst style of 1720. Here is still treasured one of the earliest of his portraits, painted, as the inscription tells us, by Berlinghiero Berlinghieri of Lucca in 1235, a very few years after the saint's death. Unfortunately the wretched Berlinghiero was incapable of painting a portrait with

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any sort of individuality, and this representation is purely conventional. On either side of the figure are small episodes from the life of S. Francis. This childish work is over the third altar on the right. Above the first altar on the same side is a very interesting *trptych* of the fourteenth century in the original frame. In the centre the Madonna and Child are seated on S. Anna's lap, and to the right are standing figures of SS. Laurence and Dominic, to the left SS. Simon and Thaddeus. Above, there is a Crucifixion and an Annunciation. Agnolo Gaddi is the name that springs to one's lips at sight of this picture. There is much that points to him in the personality of the whole, and the figure of S. Laurence is almost identical with one of the same saint in the altarpiece by Agnolo at S. Caterina Antella near Florence. It may be that he painted this triptych when he was working at Prato in 1393. Remains of fourteenth-century frescoes are visible all over the choir, and there is a large *Death of the Madonna* by some rustic follower of Giotto in a chapel on the right of the high altar, which has escaped the whitewasher by having had a huge baroque altarpiece hung over it. The poverty of the church forbids the uncovering of the frescoes that reveal themselves wherever the white-wash falls off.

The little church of *S. Agostino*, only a few steps away, has been more fortunate, and has recently laid bare a whole series of frescoes in the choir, which may be by a follower of the Gaddi. One of them gives an attractive picture of Pescia in the beginning of the fifteenth century, with walls and many towers. And now with barely time for a glance at the beautiful little Renaissance oratory of the *Madonna di Pie' di Piazza*, we must hurry off to Collodi.

After a brief drive through the mulberry groves

Beyond the Walls of Lucca

the great Villa Garzoni¹ bursts upon our view, dominating all the country side. It lies on the precipitous spur of a hill densely overgrown with great, untrimmed olive trees, and crowned with a castle from which the closely packed houses of the village seem to flow down the steep hillside like water on to the palace, while below the palace the gardens ripple down to the plain. Leaving the high road, the villa is approached by a country lane with the Pescia di Collodi meandering along by its side. The great gateway is in the plain, and the whole garden lies before one immediately on entering. First there is a great level circle enclosed in fantastically cut box hedges, with two round *vasce*, out of which spring great jets of water. Between them a magnificent double staircase mounts from terrace to terrace up the steep slope with its massive crown of *ilex bosco*.² In the centre of this *bosco* is a narrow glade that mounts yet higher till it ends in the great fountain of Fame, with a gigantic white figure that flings its column of water up into the heart of a splendid cypress thicket.

The palace stands on the level of the highest terrace in the north-west corner of the garden. Its fine rococo façade is pierced by a tunnel that goes right under the house, and recalls the fact that before it was a palace it was merely the gateway of a fortified

¹ It is necessary to explain that the word *Villa* is used throughout in its proper sense, meaning the whole property, with its gardens, olive groves, dwelling-house, and farm buildings. The house belonging to a villa was usually called the *casino* or *palazzo*, according to its size and importance.

² No English word exactly renders *bosco*, and we have therefore retained the Italian name for the dense thickets of *ilex*, box, or other evergreen trees that are common in Italian gardens. They are very closely planted, and generally pollarded for the sake of providing impenetrable shade in summer.

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castello. The road under the house is indeed the only entrance into the village, and the rumbling of waggons or the clicking of the shoes of mules break the slumbers of those within. And the houses of the cramped village seem to be tumbling over each other in eager anxiety to get as near to the shelter of the palace as they can. The narrow street is so steep that one may call it a precipice, but is sweet and clean, and at the top, beyond the church and castle, one suddenly finds one's self in the silent, verdant country. So the great Italian nobles lived in the old days, cheek by jowl with their serfs, who huddled as closely as possible up to them for protection, but there are not many surviving examples of a *palazzo* with its adjacent *rocca* as perfect as this.

Nor are there many Italian gardens so splendid and characteristic as these. Dating only from the middle of the seventeenth century, they are typically baroque in design and detail. Nowhere do we see finer terraces or staircases, and nowhere a greater unity of effect. At a first glance from the entrance gate the whole garden lies before us like a map, but every *bosco* yields up its surprises of theatre, aviary, bathing-place, labyrinth, or grotto. In topiary work the garden is rich, and the *rocaille* grottoes and facings of the terrace walls show great fancy. The sculpture has just the touch of flamboyant exaggeration that is necessary to carry out the entirely artificial and rhetorical spirit of the whole garden, but by a lamentable error of taste all the statues and vases are white-washed, their shining white the only discordant note in the harmony of the scene. The fountains and waterworks are perfect and intricate. All the accumulated waters of the mountain side, after being blown upwards in a mighty blast by the trumpet of Fame, gush from basin to basin, again and again flung up in jets of fantastic form until they reach the great *vasce* in the plain. Mazzarosa says

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that all these marvels were created by Ottavio Diodati, a nobleman of Lucca and a capable engineer, in the middle of the eighteenth century. But as the fountains are spoken of in grandiloquent phrase in a poem called *Le Pompe di Collodi*, or the Splendours of Collodi, written about a century earlier,¹ we can only suppose that Diodati's work was limited to repairs or reconstruction.

“Tatte l' acque su l' alto accoglie insieme
Pargoletto ocean limpido lago,
Ch' orgoglioso e tranquillo, orrido e vago
Con diletto e timore ondeggia e freme,”

says the poet. There is indeed no detail of the villa which he does not celebrate with ode, with sonnet, or with madrigal. Of the palace he says :—

“Quivi per sempre dominai fastosa
Di soggette campagne immenso giro
Sovra 'l trono d' un colle ergersi ammiro
D' una regia magion mole famosa.”

And he is not the only poet inspired to high-flown numbers by this garden. A century later our friend, Count Antonio Cerati, sums up the beauties of the villa very happily :—

“Sale il vasto Giardin dal basso piano
Su la docile schiena ingentilita
Di un verde monticello, e salgon seco
Le maraviglie di natura e d' arte.”²

The return to Lucca can be made by electric tram. Some ten minutes' walk from the villa is a little café where the lane joins the Pescia road, and there the cars stop.

The Villa Reale at Marlia, and the Pieve of Lammari. Marlia is the rival of Collodi. It lies three miles to

¹ By the Lucchesi poet, Francesco Sbarro, in 1652.

² *Le Ville Lucchesi di Filandro Cretense* (Count Antonio Cerati), Parma, 1783.

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the north-east of Lucca in a smiling plain at the foot of the Pistoia mountains, a region thickly strewn with villas, lakes, and streams. After leaving Lucca by the Porta S. Maria a turning to the right some little distance beyond the wall leads into Via del Poggio. This road follows the course of the Serchio until S. Piero a Vicoli is reached. The Via Fraga should then be taken, named after a little tributary of the Serchio, which soon brings us to the old entrance of the Villa Reale, with its two guardhouses, and to the new gate behind the palace. Neither that nor the long sloping lawn in front are very remarkable. They bear too plainly the traces of a prosaic age, the early years of the nineteenth century, when the house was remodelled and the garden anglicised. But there are fortunately sufficient remains of the garden of an earlier date, when the villa must have been very beautiful. A baroque nymphaeum immediately behind the palace, and another on the right, with fine rusticated walls, and a large balustraded pool, guarded by river gods, remind us of what we have lost.

But quite the most remarkable relic of the past is an enchanting theatre of topiary work, one of the most perfect of its kind in existence. The *coulisses*, prompter's box, footlights, and all other appurtenances of a theatre are cunningly wrought in clipped yew, as well as the great walls that enclose the auditorium. The seats are formed of turf banks. On the stage and in niches at either side are Watteau-like statues of Arlequino, Columbina, Pantaleone Bolognese, Notaro, and Pulcinella, the eternal characters in the earliest Italian comedy. The date of this delicious creation is the late seventeenth century, and it does more than any imaginable description to recreate the artificial and courtly 'delights of *villegiatura* in the baroque age.

Another legacy of that period is a curious *rocaille*

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cottage with a dark grotto and a leering statue of Pan. On anything but a blazing summer day this weird place strikes a deadly chill, and is full of those devices for deluging the unwary that gave such unfailing delight to the mind of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The history of Marlia goes back to a remote past. The name is first mentioned in documents of the ninth century. It was originally Marilla, meaning a little sea or lake, and recalls a very ancient time when all the plain was a great series of marshes. As early as the tenth century there was some kind of palace belonging to the Marquess Hugh of Tuscany, in which he entertained the Emperor Otho III. in 996 and again in 998, but the domain seems originally to have been in the possession of the bishopric of Lucca. Early in the fourteenth century it passed into the hands of Bonannus Orsetti, Paladino, dei Conti di S. Donnino,¹ from which time onwards we have frequent mention of the Orsetti. They were called the Paladins of Marlia, a delightful title, and their tenure of the villa lasted until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the family became extinct. They rebuilt the palace more than once, for the last time at the end of the seventeenth century. Among their many generations more than one of the race distinguished himself in Lucchese history, besides the heroic Stefano of whom we have already spoken.

In 1806 Élise Baciocchi was looking for a country seat, and fixed her affections on Marlia. Of the three sisters of the great Napoleon, Élise resembled him most in face and character. She had all his energy and love of splendour, with much of his genius for government, while the littlenesses of his disposition reappeared in her in an exaggerated form. Her youth was not brilliant. She had then at least little beauty and no *dot*, and the overtures of marriage made

¹ See MS. No. 1124, Regia Biblioteca, Lucca, Recto 389.

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on her behalf to a soap-boiler of Nice were rejected. Her later career, however, compensated for this early fiasco. When Napoleon in 1805 conferred on her and on her husband Felice Baciocchi the little principality of Piombini, she was greatly dissatisfied. Instead of visiting her new domain, she dispatched her obedient husband thither, and flew off to her brother at Milan to beg some greater dignity of him. In this she was successful, and returned as Duchess of Lucca. On July 14 of the same year Élise and her husband made a characteristically magnificent entry into the little State. With the family command of detail, she had brought with her twenty-five state coaches from France, and as Napoleon had given her a team of four splendid horses, she was able to muster up a showy pageant. Felice, her husband—his name was really Pasquale, but as that is a synonym for fool in Italian she made him change it—dressed as a French prince, rode on a superbly caparisoned charger, and one can imagine how Lucca opened its sleepy eyes at the glittering show. Every imaginable ceremony was performed, and Élise—for Felice was a negligible quantity—set to work to transform Lucca into a little Paris.

After rebuilding the palace and turning it into a habitation fit for the great court she gathered round her, she remodelled the charitable institutions of the city with a high hand, tore down houses and churches to form the great Piazza Napoleone, and even found time to invent a gorgeous green and gold costume for the senators. No activity came amiss to her restless temperament. She founded an academy, encouraged the marble quarries of Carrara by ordering innumerable statues and busts of the Imperial family, and struck medal after medal. On one, in flattery of her brother, she proposed to substitute for the old legend "*Dieu protège la France*," "*Napoleone protegge Italia*," and

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was only stopped by the command conveyed in a letter in which he wisely said, "*Ce qu'on veut mettre est indécent.*"

She flung herself with ardour on her new villa at Marlia. While complaining of poverty, she spent over half a million francs in transforming it, with the help of the architects Bienaimé and Lazzarini, into a modern palace in the midst of a park over ten miles in circuit, and in the process destroyed most of its charm. English gardens were the rage, and she swept away much stately beauty to attain a dull stretch of lawn and shrubbery. She turned the course of the Fraga to obtain water for her fountains, planted rare trees and shrubs, installed a menagerie of wild beasts, and scattered statues and vases with a liberal hand.

The palace thus transformed was her favourite retreat, and with Felice she spent the spring and autumn of every year there. On the third of June 1806 a daughter was born to her at Marlia. Disappointed in her hopes of an heir, she did what she could to make the poor baby as masculine as possible by giving her the name of Napoléone, and providing her instantly with an almost royal household.

In spite of great popularity and constant adulation Élise found Lucca dull. A tame eagle was sent to her from Corsica, a deluge of poems and epistles rained ceaselessly down on her. Fêtes were multiplied and grew constantly in splendour. Each successive victory of the grand army was celebrated: the bells of Lucca pealed continuously. But it was all in vain. She longed for a larger world to conquer, and when in 1808 the Tuscan State became incorporated into the French Empire, she adroitly wrote to Napoleon begging his permission to "*fixer ma résidence à Florence.*" As usual, she got what she wanted, and in 1809 became Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Lucca heaved a sigh of mingled regret and relief, and returned in

great measure to her ancient ways. Marlia was, however, not deserted by Élise until her abdication, when Marie Louise and Carlo Ludovico, succeeding to her affection for it, made frequent visits there. In 1859 it became the property of the crown of Italy, and Victor Emanuel II. lent it to the widow of the Prince of Capua, who remained there until her death. It is now the refuge of her invalid son.

In returning from Marlia, by taking a slightly longer road the interesting old *Pieve of Lammari* can be visited. This was one of the twenty-eight churches founded by S. Frediano. It stands in a quiet little hamlet among the level fields, and has curious fragments of twelfth-century sculpture built into it. Within is a remarkable half-length *figure of Christ*, holding a chalice into which the blood flows from His wounded side. Both the figure and the *tempietto* in which it stands are so perfectly in Civitali's manner, that one has little hesitation in numbering it among his works. The combination of physical suffering and divine radiance is beautifully expressed in the face of the Saviour. Like the Christ in the *Pietà* of the S. Romano monument, there is something Mantegnesque in the feeling of the whole.

Villa Mansi, Villa Mazzarosa at Segromigno, and Villa Torregiani at Camigliano can be visited together, as well as the Pieve of Segromigno. Half an hour's drive to the north-east brings one to the Villa Mansi. It is a symmetrical, dignified white house, with stone dressings, broken pediments and antique busts over the windows. The garden façade has a fine open loggia of three arches approached by a double staircase, together with many statues and medallions, and the combination of creamy marble, grey stone, and white-wash is very pleasant to the eye. The family *stemma* with its eight balls, indistinguishable from that of the Medici, crowns the whole. In such

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a house one imagines the della Porretta family of Sir Charles Grandison fame must have lived, and the date, 1730, is just right for them. The blight of the English garden has unfortunately fallen upon the immediate surroundings of the house. But the great lawn with vast sweeping tulip trees is nevertheless very fine, and has just the right touch of a *décor de théâtre*. At the end of the lawn is a fine ironwork gate with truculent lions, half-overgrown with creepers. Near this is a charming *Bagno di Diana* with marble nymphs disporting themselves in the water, and Diana fiercely defending her chastity. Another balustraded pool with more nymphs and heroes, and a thin jet of water, is surrounded by clipped hedges. Beyond is a lovely formal garden, quite in the Grandisonian taste, and everywhere are wandering waters and fine timber, with a view of the Lake of Sesto as an added charm. The full glory of the old garden can be best appreciated by studying the prints of it by Francesco Lucchesi which hang in the house.

A near neighbour to this villa is the *Villa Mazzarosa*, a typical early nineteenth-century house, with a look of comfortable family life about it, and many fine trees and shrubberies. It was built by Marchese Antonio Mazzarosa, the well-known historian of Lucca, and was his favourite home. The collection of sculpture and pictures that we have already visited in his palace in the city was originally formed here.

Just above lies *S. Segromigno in Monte*, a beautiful twelfth-century *pieve* with an unusually tall and majestic campanile and a simple but fine façade. Matteo Civitali loved the village of Segromigno, and more than once spent happy months there in *villeggiatura*. Traces of his presence are to be found in the church as well as in the village. For the church he carved a *Christ* that is closely allied to the one at Lam-mari, but inferior in beauty. The motive is different

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too, the Saviour here displaying His wounds, as if to the unbelieving Thomas, and the face has less significance. Trenta asserts that this work belongs to the earliest period of Matteo's career before he went to Florence. But the presence of Domenico Bertini's *stemma* on a house near the church combined with the date 1482, makes it more probable that the Christ was done in that year at his commission.

The Villa Torrigiani, formerly Santini, is at Camigliano, about a mile from Villa Mansi, and is approached by a magnificent cypress avenue, and enclosed in a massive wall with rusticated gates. The house is perhaps the finest of all the Lucchese villas, and the garden front with many statues, balustrades, and busts in niches is really beautiful. The loggia is decorated with rough frescoes, and from the steps there is a wonderful view through the cypresses towards Monte di Vorno and Pisa. On the north front there is another great loggia with architectural frescoes and statues of Roman Emperors. On either side of the house are lawns with circular basins of water, fountains, and clipped hedges. To the right is the well designed formal rose garden with lemon trees in fine old vases. A long oval sheet of water with statues is bounded by a terrace with a complicated double stairway down to a lower level, beneath which is a grotto and dark cool passage with river gods. Beyond this is another formal parterre and more fountains. At the farther end of this low-lying garden is an elaborate terrace with curving balustrades and a fine *rocaille* grotto, with many statues and strange mermaids made of shells.

By far the most remarkable feature of the whole garden is the perfection and number of its *Giuochi d'Acqua*, or water sports. Our ancestors had a strange love for this primitive form of wit, and none of the great villas of Italy were without elaborate devices for drenching the uninitiated with water. The memoirs

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of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries abound with descriptions of the misfortunes that overtook unwary travellers, of which perhaps the most amusing is that of the *Président de Brosses*, who, when he visited the villas of Frascati, was so fascinated by the foolish sport that he allowed himself to get drenched to the skin again and again, returning to his inn to change after each fresh disaster, until his whole wardrobe was saturated and he had to sit down to supper very scantily clad. In most cases the pipes and machinery for producing these unexpected deluges have been allowed to fall into decay, and it is a rare good fortune to find them so well preserved as here. The writer, having long nourished a foolish curiosity with regard to *Giuochi d'Acqua*, resolved to sacrifice comfort—and a nice white dress—and investigate them in person. They are very curious. There are wetting places everywhere, but by standing on a prescribed spot pointed out by the gardener one avoided the full force of the stream. One suddenly found oneself surrounded by jets of water. They shot from beneath one's feet, formed a cupola over one's head, rose out of the very seat one sank into in dismay, and out of every separate step of the terrace stairs. The gardener manipulated the hidden taps so cleverly that each time, though on the alert, one was taken by surprise. In the *rocaille* grotto was the worst trap of all. It rained down from the roof, water spouted violently out of the mouths of the statues, and from bouquets of metal flowers, squirting in every imaginable direction. Then, when goaded to despair an effort to flee was made, a curtain of water rose up out of the floor, effectually blocking up the doorway, and the gardener laughed with sardonic glee. Glad at last to escape with one's life, the glorious view from the terrace compensated for these farcical sufferings.

For sheer rural beauty an expedition to the *Pieve*

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di Brancoli is unsurpassable. This time we turn our faces to the north after leaving the city by Porta S. Maria. Passing by Marlia and Ponte a Moriano with its stately bridge over the Serchio, the road goes straight on into the Monte di Brancoli. Pretty hamlets smothered in roses remind one of England. The river is on the left, the hills on the right, with their spring-decked woods and olive groves. At Finchiana the road bears round to the right into a wooded gorge with a stream like a Yorkshire beck. At the end is a craggy hill, after passing which we seem to be transported into Dovedale, only a Dovedale on a larger scale. It is a delicious land of running water, sloping meadow, craggy hill-top. The road narrows abruptly and begins to zigzag upwards. Suddenly we hear the bell of a hidden church high above our heads, and know that it sounds from the belfry of Brancoli. From this point the gorge gets lovelier every moment, rich with the luxuriant green of chestnut and grey of olive. Up, up, up, with the bells above clanging and clashing, and every pretty flower that grows at our feet. Past the Villa Sardi, home of an ancient Lucchese race of which the present representative is a well-known writer on the antiquities of his city, and on to the little church of S. Ilaria di Brancoli. A brief pause here to rest the horses and glance at the church, which has nothing very remarkable to show. Some slim, grave boys were making a bonfire of the grass that they had just cut from the lawn in front of the church, and explained to us that grass grown on holy ground must never be given to the beasts—a pretty enough fancy.

Soon we look down on the Serchio and Ponte a Moriano, and see the whole road back to Lucca lying far below, the plain dotted with white houses shining in the sun. Then, looking upwards, the Pieve of Brancoli rises dark against the sun, right overhead. The air is mountain air. We are nearly there.



THE PIEVE OF BRANCOLI

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Another short halt at the little old church of *S. Lorenzo* to see a figure of *S. Lorenzo*, by the school of *Andrea della Robbia*. And then—a sharp bend of the road—and the *pieve* we have come to seek appears at last. *Firs*, cherries, limes, and chestnuts give up their fragrance, and the cool air is enchanting after the suffocating plain.

This is quite the best of all the country churches of this district. It is in the simplest and purest *Pisan Romanesque* style, a perfect basilica of the middle of the eleventh century. The façade, partly overlapped by the campanile, has few and simple ornaments, but very fine capitals on the central door. The sides of the nave are plain; the round apse, all encumbered with sacristies, has a plain corbel table. The door on the right has a comic male figure rudely carved above it, perhaps as an indication that this was the door by which men entered the church. This figure is locally beloved, and known by the name of *Brancoli*. Beautiful though the church is in its setting on the steep hill-side, it is the interior that is really remarkable. Hardly any church of the twelfth century has preserved its original form so well as this. Round apse with lancet windows; piers and arches, columns and capitals, are all perfect. The high altar stands upon the string of the apse, raised unusually high, which almost certainly shows that it once had a *confessio*, or subterranean chapel, under it. The altar is a plain slab supported on columns, very like that of *S. Apollinare in Classe* at *Ravenna*, and like that intended for the priest to officiate at facing the people. These two are said to be the only surviving instances of the type. On either side of the altar are tables (*mensole*) for offerings, also supported by columns. They are so rude in character as to give rise to the conjecture that they belonged to an earlier church.

The fine square *Ambo* or *Pulpit* belongs to the



[*Ed^{ne} Alinari*]

S. GIORGIO, ALTARPIECE BY ANDREA AND GIOVANNI DELLA ROBBIÀ,
PIEVÈ AT BRANCOLI

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eleventh century, and is one of the only four of the kind in Tuscany. Less magnificent than that of Barga, it surpasses those of S. Gennaro and Diecimo. It stands oddly, partly resting on the lower level of the nave, and partly on the higher level of the chancel, the columns supporting the front standing on splendid lions, one of them struggling with a knight in Norman armour who plunges a dagger into its breast, the other entwined with a dragon. One of the capitals carved with four doves is very intricate and lovely, and so is the frieze of interlaced vines that runs round the top. The body of the pulpit has an arcade with round arches, and the eagle of the reading-desk is supported by a crowned figure popularly known as the Countess Matilda. At the corner is a smaller desk resting upon a crouching man.

The Holy-water Stoup, with heads of a king and two rams, and carvings representing a serpent, a tree, and a flower, is interesting. It is signed on the king's crown: RAITVS · ME · FECIT, and dated, somewhat indistinctly, 1099.

The Font, a large one for immersion, belongs to the eleventh century also. It is octagonal, with heads of men and beasts at the angles, some of them broken off, and bosses on the top rim between each corner, four only remaining. The sides are panelled, and decorated with vine patterns.

Over the altar on the right is a lovely *relief of S. George slaying the Dragon*, by Andrea and Giovanni della Robbia, which is thus described by Miss Cruttwell:—"The romantic scene—I had almost said painting—S. Giorgio slaying the Dragon, . . . is one of the best pictorial works [of Andrea and Giovanni]. M. Raymond speaks of it with hesitation as a genuine work of Andrea, and feels bound to justify the attribution by noting the resemblance of the dragon to that in the Arezzo Crucifixion. But this S. Giorgio

seems to me to have more of Andrea's personal work than the Crucifixion itself. There is something of his inimitable grace and charm in the figure of the boy knight, with so much good drawing and freedom of action as to leave no doubt in my mind that much of the relief is by his hand, though it is probable that the rather ponderous figure of the princess, as well as the landscape, are the work of Giovanni. That the horse is stiff and weakly modelled is not surprising, for it is the only instance known to me of any attempt by Andrea to represent one."¹

The *capitals* of the piers and columns are varied, some of them pseudo-classical, and some frankly Lombard in character.

A Byzantine *Crucifix* of the early thirteenth century by an unknown hand should be noticed.

The foundation of this ancient church is attributed somewhat uncertainly to S. Frediano, though it cannot have been one of his twenty-eight *pieves*. It is at least very old, and by the second half of the eighth century already had a monastery attached to it. Various documents prove that it was originally dependent on the *Pieve* of Sesto, but this subjection ceased in 1062, when Anselmo Badagio was Bishop of Lucca, and when he made it a *pieve* and put it into the hands of a body of Canons Regular. It seems uncertain when the church was first rebuilt, but probably about 897, and very likely by the Marquesses of Tuscany, who had a property at Brancoli and sometimes resided there. As late as Countess Matilda's time this was the case, and we have a document signed by her there in October 1079. There is a persistent legend that the present fabric of the church is her work, but no evidence to support it, though the style of the architecture would fit in very well with the story.

¹ Maud Cruttwell, *Lucca and Andrea della Robbia and their successors*, Dent, 1902.

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More probably it was rebuilt by Badagio, when he created the Canons Regular in 1062.

About two hours' mountain walk up a steep mule-track leads to the *Croce di Brancoli*, a vast cross recently placed on a spot whence a very extended view of the country from the seaboard to the Apennines is to be seen.

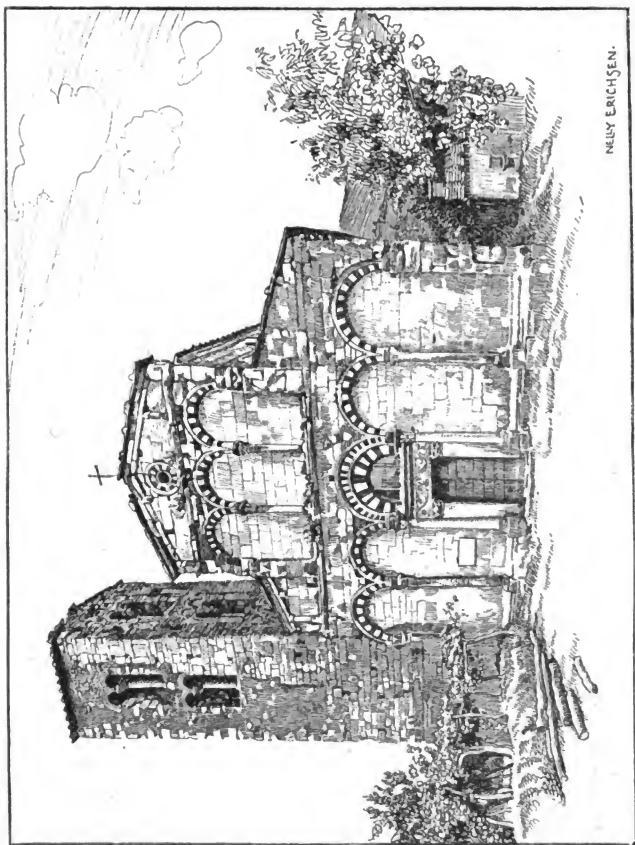
A whole ring of watch-towers on the mountain sides surrounded Lucca with signals conveyed by cressets of fire in the night and by columns of smoke in the day. The warning of danger to the city was given on the highest tower, and passed along in this manner from height to height by way of Bargiglio, Vecoli, Nozzano, Porcari, and Brancoli. This set in movement all the armed bands of the republic, who hastened down to the defence of the city. Vestiges remain of the Brancoli tower on one of the highest points of the surrounding hills. With the decay of the republic it fell into disrepair, and every effort to maintain it was abandoned in the eighteenth century.

The Pieve of Gattaiola, and S. Maria del Guidice. After so long an excursion as that to Brancoli, a shorter one makes an agreeable change. The church of Gattaiola is little more than two miles from Lucca, a pleasant enough walk or drive through fields. The city should be left by Porta S. Donato, and then by bearing generally to the south-west through the straggling village of S. Donato, with many rose hedges, the church will soon be reached. It stands to the left of the road on a little raised terrace, just under Monte Pozzuolo. This primitive-looking basilica was founded in the eighth, and restored in the twelfth century. The campanile overlaps the west front as at Brancoli and elsewhere, a curious custom for which no adequate explanation seems forthcoming, and the four windows of the nave are very like those of Brancoli. The pilastered apse has a pretty corbel table with rude

carvings of preening peacocks, and one of the pilasters a curious relief of a man with birds perching on his shoulders. It has a charming basilica interior with all the proper characteristics, and some very rude and simple carved ornaments.

By taking a cross road from here to Pontetetto, and then turning to the right, the high road is reached, which leads direct to S. Maria del Giudice. A little farther on the picturesque Cistercian monastery of S. Cerbone is passed, and soon afterwards, enclosed in high walls, Villa Borbone, the ancient villa of the Antelminelli, where in 1355 Arrigo and Valeriano, sons of the great Castruccio, murdered Francesco Castracane. Passing the early Renaissance church of S. Giovanni and the village of S. Lorenzo a Vaccoli with a fine Byzantine stone beast carved on the last house, we finally reach the church of SS. Giovanni Battista e Cristina, or the old *Pieve*, as it is called, which lies in a lane a little to the left of the highroad. The country round is undulating, with a clear stream running through it, and craggy limestone cliffs on either hand. With its rugged campanile built into the left side, and the black and white arches of the two arcades, the façade is one of the most attractive we have yet seen. The stone with which it is built is so very friable that the surface of column and capital has long since flaked away. On the left side the wall bulges out alarmingly and has been buttressed up for safety. The apse and eastern wall have flat pilasters and a plain corbel table. No other interior conveys better than this the peculiar solemnity of these early basilicas. It is small, with six arches on each side, the nave high and narrow. Twilight reigns, broken only by spots of rich red and blue in the fragmentary windows of the apse. Two of the capitals are ancient, the rest mediæval.

From here the church of S. Maria del Giudice or



NELLY ERICHSEN.

CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEL GIUDICE, NEAR LUCCA

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the *Chiesa Nuova* in the village of Massa Pisana is reached in a few minutes. Here again we have a very imposing and unusually wide façade with a carved lintel to the central door, and a very massive arcade. The interior, if less attractive than that of the old *Pieve*, is not without its own charm.

These two churches have a common history. The *Pieve* of SS. Giovanni e Cristina already existed in 918, and was probably built and endowed by the Christian Lombards who settled in this and the neighbouring villages in large numbers. These singular people did not mix with the Italian population but obeyed their native lords, and retained their national peculiarities long after the decline of the Lombard dominion. Their descendants became powerful in the neighbourhood, and for some time maintained an absolute control over the church. Their power, however, was finally broken in 1088, when the commune of Lucca declared war upon them and tore down the castle of Vaccoli, the last symbol of the Lombard dominion. The church then passed into other hands, and in the second half of the twelfth century was rebuilt as we see it now. The document of 1199 from which we learn this fact, contains the first mention of the church at Massa Pisana under the name of S. Maria Lei Giudicis. This disproves Sercambi's story that in 1274 the Lucchesi built the fortress of S. Maria del Giudice to oppress Pisa, and gave it the name in honour of the Judge of Gallura, which story has been blindly repeated by all writers on the church. It is an old church, is mentioned in a document of 935 as S. Maria Pisensis, in one of the eleventh century as S. Maria in Massa Pisana, and finally in 1199 the village in which it is situated is called S. Maria Lei Judicis, and it and the church have still kept the name. There is no certainty as to the identity of the Leo Giudice who

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gave his name to village and church, but we know that he lived in the tenth century and owned much property in the neighbourhood. In all probability he must have been the builder or restorer of the church. When Uggucione burnt down the village of Massa in 1313 S. Maria seems to have suffered very greatly, and was in consequence rebuilt in its present form in 1375 by the *Operai* Cecco and Jacopo, as we learn from an inscription on the façade.

At Massa Pisana we are in the heart of the hermits' country, and energetic walkers will find remains of the monastery of S. Pantaleone—built on the site of S. Antonino's cell—and of the hermitage of Spelonco, as well as the oratory of S. Giuliano, on the neighbouring hills.

And then whither shall we turn our footsteps? It is hard to say. The whole State of Lucca is before you, or you may even penetrate into the enemy's country behind the barrier of that huge Monte di S. Giuliano. Better stay in gentle Lucca and court the sea-breezes and the mild sunshine at Viareggio, or if you will leave the Republic, scale the heights of Garfagnano and the not inconsiderable peaks of the Apuan Alps beyond, where real alpine climbing is to be found. But first you must come with us up the lovely valley of the Lima to that happy vale in which lies hidden one of the sweetest places in the world, the Bagni di Lucca.



THE GATEWAY OF BARGA

CHAPTER XII

The Bagni di Lucca

“Oh, where in the world is a valley so sweet,
Loved Bagni di Lucca, as thy cool retreat,
Where Lima in haste rushes down to the sea,
And trouble is drowned in a sweet reverie,
Of lasting contentment 'neath ever blue skies
'Midst beauties unrivalled, earth's sweet Paradise?”

IT is difficult to speak without exaggeration of the Bagni di Lucca. The little cluster of villages of which it is composed nestles very sweetly in a secluded valley from which the sound and fret of the world are shut out by the green mountain slopes that enclose it, and where the only voice uplifted is the gentle murmuring one of the river. Neither the villages nor the country that surrounds them have any very sensational feature, but they have so happy a personality, so benign an influence that one recalls them with the most vivid pleasure.

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Although it is now possible to reach them prosaically by rail from Lucca, it is foolish to do so, for the drive thither is so delightful an experience. The path goes northward across the plain, following the meanderings of the rivers Serchio or Lima all the way, along an excellent road constructed by Élise Baciocchi, before whose day the villages were only accessible by perilous mountain tracks, over which visitors were carried in chairs by the stalwart peasants. At Ponte a Moriano the open country narrows gradually into a mountain valley of extraordinary charm, and the road mounts gently all the way. Leaving the heights of Brancoli on the right, Diecimo with its splendid campanile is passed, and Borgo a Mozzano, where the Serchio is spanned by the *Ponte Maddalena*, or Devil's Bridge. This picturesque mediæval structure is indifferently attributed to the Countess Matilda and to the devil, who, it is said, built it on condition that he might claim the first living creature who passed over it. As usual he was outwitted. A dog was driven across, and the enraged fiend hurled it into the river bed with such force that the chasm it made has never closed again. The memory unfortunately exists of an old inscription on the bridge which stated that it had been repaired by Duke Boniface, Matilda's father. So the truth lies midway between the two reputed architects. The bridge is not quite so old as the devil, but a little older than Matilda, and was rebuilt as we see it by Castruccio Castracane. It is a dream of a bridge, very narrow and sinuous with four irregular arches, the chief one rising in a perfect curve to a great height. On a distant peak to the left glimpses are caught from time to time of the ruined castle of Bargiglio, the loftiest of the many fortresses with which Castruccio crowned the heights of the republican territory; a splendid wreck, standing over three

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thousand feet above the sea-level. A little way beyond Chifenti is a great clashing of waters where the mountain-born river Lima falls into the Serchio. Here we desert the latter stream, and bear to the right along the banks of the Lima, a rushing, sparkling torrent with frequent tiny falls. The heights on the right are crowned with the walls of Lugliano, a fantastic mountain fastness. It stands like the gateway of a Valley of Peace. Passing beneath it the world disappears and our haven is reached.

It would be idle to define the charm of this drive. All the way from Lucca, especially if the start is made on a winter afternoon, the road increases in beauty, every turn giving up some new delight. As the sun declines the Garfagnana peaks turn from burnished gold to the colour of blood, change slowly to a transparent and living rose-red, and finally take on a mantle of imperial purple. Then aerial mists, wan and blue, rise from the valley, mount stealthily, eat up the colour, and in a moment all is livid and dead, with a pale moon riding in the infinite space.

Of the valley itself Heine speaks with perfect truth. "The chief charm of this valley," he says, "consists in being neither too large nor too small. One is not suddenly astounded, its wonderful beauty is borne in upon one's mind; the mountains do not tower in majestic, wildly Gothic deformities, like the caricatures we see, even in mankind, in Germanic lands. Their finely rounded tops and tender green slopes seem almost to speak of an artistic civilisation, and to harmonise with the pale blue sky." And again he says: "On the road between the Baths of Lucca and the town . . . I went on foot, skirting the beautiful hills and the groups of trees, where the oranges, like day stars, shine out from the dark foliage, whilst the vines hang in festive garlands for mile after

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mile. The whole country is like a garden decked with flowers in a scene in one of our theatres. Even the peasants resemble the gaily-dressed, smiling figures who amuse us with their songs and their dances. No Philistine faces are to be seen." Of the villages his description does as well for to-day as for the time in which he wrote, so little do things change here. "The houses," he writes, "lie either in the village which is surrounded by high mountains, or on the hills near the principal spring, where a picturesque group of buildings overlooks the lovely valley. A few are scattered here and there on the hillsides, and to reach them one has to climb through vineyards, myrtle bushes, honeysuckle, oleander, and laurel groves, geraniums and other southern plants, a wild paradise. . . . On looking down from the terrace of the upper bath, where stand the stately dark green cypresses, on to the village below, one sees the bridge spanning the streamlet called the Lima, which divides the village in two. At either end the water splashes and foams over rocky barriers as though wishing to say something especially pleasant, but unable to make its voice heard on account of the ever-repeated murmur of the echo."¹

Ponte a Serraglio is the first of the three villages which together are called the Bagni di Lucca. It lies on either bank of the river, the two parts united by a fine bridge. A few villas with gardens running down to the Lima, one or two clusters of houses, a dim baroque church, a few shops, and a gay piazza make up the village. On a summer evening the piazza is full of brightly dressed girls who promenade up and down to the strains of Donizetti and Rossini, or sit outside the café eating yellow ices. It is the fashionable resort for the inhabitants of the three villages. Ponte is the junction between the other two villages,

¹ Heine, *Reisebilder*.

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and you may either take a steep zigzag on the left up to Bagni Caldi, or the level avenue along the river to Villa.

Bagni Caldi, the highest of the villages, is also the most picturesque. The shady road winds up to it past the bathing establishment called Bagni Bernabo, the Lima valley gleaming through the trees from time to time. It is quite a mountain village in character, and mainly composed of the two former villas of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany (now the Hôtel des Thermes and the Hotel Savoia), and a little piazzetta and church, with the Stabilimento dei Bagni. Up here we are among the chestnut woods, and delightful sylvan paths lead in every direction, for one of the charms of the Bagni is the endless variety of the walks. From here we can stroll down to *Villa* by a pretty path on the eastern slope of the hill called Colle, which separates the two villages, but we shall choose to make our ceremonial entry by the high road from Ponte. The way is brief and pleasant, rising very slightly all the time. After the paper mills are passed and two or three small villas by the water side, we are soon there. *Villa*, with a population of some thirteen hundred, is, so to speak, the capital of the Bagni, and there is a certain air of Grand Ducal dignity about its white street, with the little classical theatre, and the strangers' club standing back in a green court on the right, the pretty shaded piazza higher up on the left, and the broad bridges that cross the Lima at the farther end. A turning to the left leads past the English church, and the hospitable Hôtel Continental, up a steep winding footpath to the *Bagno alla Villa*, the oldest of the existing bath-houses, with an inscription dated 1471, placed there by Domenico Bertini of Lucca. The beautiful old parish church lies at a higher level on the left of the main street, and is approached through a pretty little hamlet half-

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way up the hill, known as Corsena, which was the mediæval name for the Bagni in general. In this venerable church, a foundation of the eighth century, we have again one of those gracious and simple basilicas that are so moving in their appeal. Some remains of very early arcading are still distinguishable on the south side. The campanile, finely grouped with the priest's house and the church, was rebuilt in 1693, and betrays a clumsy effort to imitate the style of the Middle Ages. The interior, lovely by force of its sheer simplicity, is one of the most daintily clean and well-cared for in Italy. Its situation on the sunny slope of the hill with a little terrace on which the population suns itself while waiting for the hour of mass, is very attractive, and it is a spot that one constantly finds oneself haunting.

The waters of the baths of Lucca were apparently not known to the Romans, or at least there is no real evidence that they were. The picturesque fable of their discovery by a party of Roman soldiers on a hunting expedition in 90 B.C. can be quietly dismissed. The first mention we have of the name Corsena is in 983, but the document in which it occurs makes no mention of the waters. The next event in its history as we know it, was the visit of the Emperor Frederick II., *Stupor Mundi*, who spent several days at Corsena in 1245, in course of the expedition he made into Tuscany to secure and strengthen his power over the province. Hearing of the Emperor's intention, the commune of Lucca made haste to order the destruction of the strong castle which, until then, had dominated the heights of Corsena, fearing that it might be used against them by Frederick. At the same time they pulled down a number of houses, and the pretext they gave for doing so shows that the baths were already known, namely, that the constant influx of strangers, and especially Pisans, to the

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spot, for the purpose of taking the waters, might prove dangerous to the State, which had recently, *cum multa angustia*, bought the springs of Corsena, La Villa, and the Bagno Rosso from the commune of Corsena. Soon after this the name Bagni di Corsena is given to the villages by the Pisan chronicler, Guidone da Corvaja, who relates how a certain Bonifazio of Massa fell from his horse in 1284 on his way to the baths.

From this time onwards we hear constantly of the use of the waters. Early in the thirteenth century certain citizens of Lucca founded a Society of the Companions of the Baths of Corsena, and one of them, Jacopo Puccio, a worker in iron, bought a piece of land in 1291, *pro remedio et salute animorum eorum sociorum*, to build a hospital near the springs for the benefit of the sick and infirm. From the document relating to this transaction it appears that there were already separate baths for men and women, and that the commune of Lucca had erected small huts near by for the convenience of the bathers. There was always a great concourse of people in the month of March, owing to the belief that on the night of the first Thursday in the month an angel descended from heaven and blessed the springs. This was an enduring legend, as is proved by Bendinelli's statement, made nearly 300 years later, that it was difficult to provide baths on the following Friday morning for all who clamoured to be allowed to enter the newly blessed, health-giving waters. Finding that complaints were made of the bad arrangements at the baths, the Republic of Lucca transferred the whole administration into the hands of Puccio. He improved the bath-houses, restored the huts, and at his own expense built the little chapel of S. Martino that still stands on the hill above Bagni Caldi. He seems to have ruled the baths to everyone's satisfaction until his

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death in 1316, the year that Castruccio Castracane became Lord of Lucca. Finding in 1317, during his first visit to the waters of Corsena, that the Ponte della Maddalena was greatly decayed, Castruccio ordered it to be rebuilt, and later made three new bridges over the Lima, at Serraglio, Palmaia, and at Formoli. By thus improving the access to the baths he did them the greatest service, and continued as long as he lived to manifest an interest in their welfare. After Castruccio's death in 1328, Lucca became too much absorbed in her own unequal fortunes to attend to the administration of the baths. They consequently fell a prey to the first comer, and in the short space of three years they passed into the possession of Louis of Bavaria, of Marco Visconti, of Spinola, and of King John of Bohemia. Ceded by him to the Rossi of Parma, the poor little place at last became an appanage of the hospital of the Misericordia of Lucca, with the obligation of contributing a wax candle of ten pounds' weight annually to the *Volto Santo*. But in spite of political misfortunes the baths were becoming widely known, as we gather from the works of Gentile da Foligno, who, as early as 1340, wrote in high praise of the medicinal virtues of the waters; and when Lucca regained her liberty in 1371, she had once more leisure to attend to the affairs of Corsena, which she placed under the control of one of her citizens, with the title of Podestà, and the right of exacting fines for disobedience to his rules. The bathing season was divided into two, the first from Easter to the end of June, the second from August 15th to the end of November, an arrangement which remained in force until the end of the sixteenth century. During the government of the Guinigi the baths were again neglected, and by 1440 had fallen into so ruinous a condition that the Republic leased them to two barber-surgeons for the rent of twelve pounds of trout to be

sent twice a year to the hospital of the Misericordia, on condition that they restored the walls of the baths and the adjoining huts. But the barbers waxed rich and did nothing. The Republic tried to give a fresh impulse to things by appointing three councillors of the Guild of Merchants to superintend the rebuilding of the bathing establishments. Even then little was done until Domenico Bertini, the patron of Civitali, took the matter in hand. He was rich and energetic, and rebuilt and greatly improved the baths, made himself a house on the Corsena hill, and in 1471 placed in the bath-house of Villa the inscription which is still there, extolling the virtues of the waters.¹ He also built the little chapel which still exists near the baths of Villa, and adorned it with his device of the cock and a wheat ear, by which it is easily recognisable. Soon after this another impetus was given to the reviving baths by a book published in 1483 by Dr Bendinelli of Lucca, on the use and action of the waters, and in 1504 larger lodging-houses were built by the commune of Lucca. By this time the waters used to be sent far and wide. In a letter dated 1593, Duke Alfonso of Ferrara ordered ten mule-loads of the waters to be sent to him, and in 1570 Prince Ferdinand of Austria caused regular supplies to be forwarded to

¹ SACRI DE VILLA BALNEI HEC PRECIPVE SUNT VIRTUTES-CONFERT CUNCTIS CAPITIS MEMBRIS • CURAT OMNES STOMACI MORBOS-APPETITUM EXCITAT - DIGESTIONEM PROCURAT - VOMITUM RESTRINGIT - SANAT CUNCTA EPATIS VITIA-EPATIS ET VENARUM OPILATIONEM APERIT-COLOREM OPTIMUM FACIT-CONFERT PASSIONIBUS SPLENIS-SANAT ULCERA PULMONIS-MUNDAT RENES-LAPIDEM MINUIT-ARENULAS PROHIBET-MACROS IMPINGUAT-LEPRAM CURAT NON CONFIRMATAM • BIBITA ANTIQUAS FEBREM EXPELLIT-ET MATRICIS ETIAM ANTERIUS CRISTERIZATA-TRIGINTA BALNE-ANTUR DIEBUS-OCTO VEL DECEM BIBITUR PURGATIONE PREMISSA-A CONTRARIIS CAVEATUR-TOTO CORPORE ULCERA SANAT.

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VI

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The Bagni di Lucca

Innsbruck. In the second half of the sixteenth century a citizen of Pistoia named Bernabo, whose case was despaired of, was healed of a terrible skin disease by the waters of a hitherto unknown spring near Bagni Caldi, which has ever since been known by his name. This cure is mentioned by Montaigne, who visited the Bagni in 1581, and of whose caustic observations we shall have more to say.

After this the history of the baths was uneventful. Positively nothing important enough to mention happened until 1790, when the visit of Prince Ferdinand of Austria, Governor of Milan, brought new life into the stagnant little villages. They made a great effort, built a theatre, and decked themselves out in various ways. The nineteenth-century rulers of Lucca all loved its quiet bathing-place, and the government of Élise Baciocchi, especially, was a fortunate one for it. To the energy of this princess is due not only the road from Lucca but many improvements in the bath-houses. The residence she built resounded for several summers with the gaiety of her court, and when misfortune drove her from Italy it was often occupied by her successor, Marie Louise. Under this sunshine of royal favour the Bagni became fashionable, and remained so for at least fifty years. Carlo Ludovico enlarged the bridge at Ponte, and with what was then an almost unheard-of spirit of tolerance, gave permission to the English to build the queer-looking church that is locally known as the Palace of the English Nation. Carlo Ludovico spent every season here, and when the Grand Duke Leopoldo made it his summer residence, the whole Florentine court streamed up the Lima Valley year after year, and with them came politicians, wits, and artists, all bringing prosperity to the Bagni.

This quiet retreat has always appealed to famous men. From the early days of the Middle Ages they

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flocked here. Whether *Stupor Mundi* in his swift descent had leisure from his political preoccupations to feel the charm, we do not know, and Castruccio must have been too busy riding over the hills planning his castles and bridges; but when Franco Sacchetti, the poet and novelist of Tuscany, was there in 1390, he had no preoccupations. Michele Guinigi, who had then succeeded his brother Francesco as arbiter of the destinies of Lucca, was there at the same time, himself a man of letters who strung together very creditable rhymes. These two became great friends in the country quiet, and when Sacchetti returned to Florence, it was with his head full of memories which he made into a sonnet addressed to "Michael my dear," in which his friend, the beauties of nature, fair ladies, good food, and the healing waters are all celebrated with impartiality. It is rare enough to be worth quoting:—

"Michel mio caro, s' io ragguardo bene
Il loco, e la virtù di questo fonte,
I' credo, che giammai sotto Fetonte
Non fosse bagno di sì dolci vene.

L' aere fino questo loco tene,
Fiumi corsivi a piè di ciascun monte,
Vostri costumi, e vostre donne conte,
Con belli e dolci canti di sirene;

Vin, carne, pesci, ed ogni frutto sano
E ciascun' altra cosa che conforta,
Che pare il paradiso deliciano.

Qui si purga ogni morbo, o e' s' ammorta;
Ed oltre a questo quel ch' è piu sovrano,
Aver vostra virtù con amor scorta.'

Whether Lorenzo the Magnificent was ever really at the Bagni we have no evidence but legend, but his third son Giuliano took the waters in 1514, and went away no better than he came. A few years later the

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visit of Pope Pius IV. caused great excitement in villages which had probably never seen a Pope, and the Republic sent ambassadors to convey to him all fitting expressions of reverence. A visitor who did much to extend the fame of the baths was Gabriel Fallopio, a celebrated physician who died in Padua in 1563. In writing of the waters he exclaimed: "I thank God for many things, but more especially for having created the hot springs of Corsena. Indeed it appears that He almost made them with His own hands, for I, who was entirely deaf, have regained three-quarters of my hearing by the use of douches of these waters. Other deaf people I saw who were cured, and blind men whose eyesight was restored. Therefore it is not astonishing that I say figuratively that the baths of Corsena were made by God's own hands." "The Villa," he continues, "with its good air, excellent food, fine buildings, and gentle, amiable inhabitants, seems a veritable paradise."

But of all the invalids who used the waters, Michel de Montaigne interests us the most, because he has left such entertaining details of his stay at Villa. No one perhaps ever made such critical investigations into the bathing-places of Europe. He had a passion for baths, and spent a whole year in wandering all over France, Germany, Switzerland, and Tuscany, in search of new cures.

Early in May 1581, he arrived at Villa, and found there at his disposal some thirty or forty lodging-houses with pretty rooms. Like a wise man he went to see nearly all of them before making a choice. He decided on rooms with a charming view of mountain and river, and from whence "I heard all night the gentle voice of the river." His quarters included a *Sala*, three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a lodging for his people with eight beds—Captain Paulino, the landlord, undertaking to provide salt, a clean table napkin daily,

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and a clean table-cloth every three days, as well as candlesticks and all the metal utensils for the kitchen, for the not immoderate sum of one écu a day. Montaigne had to buy his own crockery, glass, and knives, and entered seriously into the question of expense. He found living very cheap. Meat was plentiful, but only veal and kid, a pound of tender veal costing barely three half-pence. The wine was not very good, but those who wished, and we are convinced he was among them, caused it to be brought from Pescia or Lucca. Trout, then as now, was plentiful and cheap.

His first impression of the place was favourable. He admired the pleached terraces and cool paths by the river, notes that the houses were nearly all new, and that almost all the inhabitants were apothecaries, which speaks well for the concourse of patients at the baths.

He then goes deeply into the bathing question. "You can either drink the waters or bathe in them," he discovered, and did both. The bath-house was covered, vaulted, and very dark, half as wide only as his great hall at Montaigne, the women's bath similar. When once he begins his cure he spares us no detail of his doses and their effects, and leaves us awestruck at a constitution that could survive such robust methods. On May 9, for instance, he rose before sunrise and, going to the spring, drank seven huge glasses of water, (he specifies their size), and this was a mere prelude to the day. His meals were startling too, and sometimes as heroic as the doses. Occasionally it pleased him to bathe immediately after dinner, and once at least he followed up this rash act by supping on a salad of sweetened lemons.

After some experience of his lodgings, though pleased in the main, he complains that they have neither shutters, chimneys, nor glass in the windows. He is very scornful of the beds, but then Frenchmen

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abroad must always feel that all beds are inferior to their own.

He notes the village politics: "The inhabitants are here divided into the French and the Spanish factions, and this sometimes causes quarrels, which break out even in public. The men and women of our party wear posies stuck behind their right ear, the Spaniards wear theirs on the other side. These peasants and their women are dressed like gentlefolks. You never see a *contadina* without white shoes, fine thread stockings, and an apron of coloured silk, and they dance very well."

He took means of testing their dancing powers by giving balls to the villagers. At the first he says, "I danced to avoid appearing peculiar." His second ball was a great affair to which ladies and gentlemen were invited as well as peasants. To the latter he offered prizes, for which he sent to Lucca. To avoid jealousy among the women he provided many more prizes for them than for the men. They included aprons of taffeta and lawn, papers of pins, dainty shoes, and slippers ("but one pair of these I gave privately to a lovely young girl before the ball"), crystal nets, garlands, and little necklaces. They were thriftily chosen, and cost him only a little over six scudi. The dancing began in the piazza, but when it grew too hot they adjourned to the Palazzo Buonvisi and continued there. Afraid of offending the pretty damsels, he delegated the office of judge to the greatest ladies present. It was a difficult task. A delicate adjustment of the claims of good dancing and of bright eyes had to be made, and, alas! it resulted in one fair creature being offended and refusing her prize. Montaigne could not bear this blot on his *festa*, and, kissing the gift, he implored her to accept it. She relented, and all was well. Then followed the supper, which was thrifty too and consisted of veal and chickens

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alone. After supper, the guests were entertained by one Divizia, an *improvisatrice* from the hills, who in spite of thirty-seven years, an ugly face, and a goitre, delighted them all with the nimbleness of her wit.

Altogether Montaigne's visit was evidently a great social success. The other guests at the baths gave balls and dinners in his honour, and he paid and received constant visits. On June 21st he left Villa. Every lady and gentleman in the place bid him farewell with "all the manifestations of sorrow I could wish." By the 14th of August he was back again, and "great was the welcome and many the caresses I received from all these people." The old life began again, the doses more vigorous than ever, but by the 12th of September he was once more on the road for Rome.

All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a phantasmagoric crowd of princes, cardinals, and great ladies flitted across the scene, increasing steadily in number. One of the most curious episodes in the whole history of the Bagni occurred in 1721, during the visit of James Stuart, the son of James II., and his wife Marie Sobieski. The melancholy career of the Chevalier de S. George had not weakened his belief in his divine right to the throne of England with all its attendant prerogatives, and while he was at Villa he gave a signal proof of this faith. The Countess of Cornwall, as Marie Sobieski chose to call herself, arrived on the 23rd of July with her train, and took up her residence at Casa Buonvisi, a fine house near the baths at Villa. A few days later she was followed by the Chevalier, likewise travelling incognito. They were welcomed as sovereigns by the simple inhabitants, and received numerous tokens of sympathy and respect. In the intervals of bathing they entertained with great splendour, and their popularity increased daily. Out of gratitude for this friendly reception,

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the Chevalier determined to reward the people by exercising one of the most specifically royal functions, that of touching for the king's evil. This ancient privilege of the English sovereigns accorded well with the Stuart ideals, so that it was no wonder poor James clung to it in exile, no doubt feeling that he was conferring the greatest imaginable benefit on his humble friends at the Bagni. The ceremony is described in a curious letter to the ambassador of Lucca from an official of the *Uffizio sopra le Differenze di Confini*. "On Thursday," he writes, "H.M. the King touched those who were suffering from scrofula, although, as he informed Senator Spada, it was not customary for the English King to do so abroad, yet out of the great affection he bore to the land of Lucca he consented to perform the ceremony every Thursday. H.M. knelt on a cushion, and all those present, including children of a tender age who wished to be blessed, knelt around. The Father Confessor recited some verses of the Psalms, to which the King responded, and the Father then read the Gospel in which Christ orders His disciples to go and preach His love in the world. After which the King rose and seated himself, and at the words *super egros manus imponent et bene hebeunt*, an aide-de-camp led one child after another up to him, and with clasped hands he touched them on the cheeks, and at each time of touching the Father repeated the words *super egros etc.* When the Gospel was ended the King knelt again and after certain prayers seated himself, and whilst the Father was reciting the Gospel according to S. John he hung round the neck of all who had been touched a silver medal, with S. Edward on one side and on the other three ships at sea. During this ceremony the King's modesty and sweetness of manner were so great that he appeared like one sanctified. Every day brings new visitors to the Baths so that there is not a vacant house; everything is

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orderly and quiet, and the example of so devout and well-regulated a court will be a lesson to all who are here. . . .”

The ambassador Fatinelli, in acknowledging the receipt of the letter, said that it had greatly interested him because he had never heard that the Kings of England had been possessed of such a prerogative, and after much pondering he had come to the conclusion that they exercised it by virtue of being Kings of France, although they no longer occupied that throne. The fact that the title of King was given to James, and his favourable reception, both at Lucca and the Bagni, offended the English government to such an extent that it was solemnly proposed to prohibit the introduction of Lucca silks and oil into England.¹

It becomes impossible to follow the streams of illustrious men and women who visited the Bagni in more recent days, but a few names must be recorded. Élise Baciocchi is so identified with the place that her memory is part of the heritage of the villagers, who still recall her doings. That she was popular is not surprising. She established rustic sports on every fête day during the season, with prizes on a more generous scale than those of Montaigne. Disguising herself as a peasant woman, she would join the reapers in the fields, would share their frugal meal of parched corn, and take part in their songs round the fire of sticks.

Heine made the Lima valley fashionable among the poets. Lamartine followed him, and Shelley in 1818 took the Casa Buonvisi, where Byron was his guest for several weeks. Wherever Byron went the English followed, and a whole population of Britons took up their abode by the riverside in the first half of the nineteenth century. Well known among them

¹ Baron Francesco Acton, *Giacomo III. Stuardo . . . a Lucca ed ai Bagni di Lucca*. Lucca, 1903.

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was Mrs Stisted, author of a charming, garrulous book,¹ and a devoted friend to the poor. She belonged to a type that no longer exists, the old-fashioned English gentlewoman with a simple evangelical piety and much rambling culture, who lived abroad for the greater part of her life, and took England with her wherever she went. The Villa Stisted, with a pretty garden by the riverside, lies just outside the village of Villa. The Brownings and their friends the Storys were there at a later date, as well as Tennyson and many other English notabilities.

The number of excursions from the Bagni di Lucca is very great. *A drive through the valley of the Lima to S. Marcello* should be the first. Not only is it desirable in itself, but it shows one quickly the position of the many interesting little villages that cluster on the mountain sides. The whole distance is only about fifteen miles, but is wonderfully varied in character. Sometimes the road runs through a wide glade, sometimes through a rocky gorge, with the tumbling river now on one side, now on the other. Every summit has its convent, church, or castle, and the villages are all different in character, but all remarkable.

At Benabbio the twelfth-century church, perched upon its steep flight of steps in the village piazza, has a very fine picture, by far the most important in the whole valley. It is a *triptych* by one of the later followers of Giotto, which has had the good fortune to retain the fine original frame. In the pinnacles are God the Father and an Annunciation, in the central panel the Madonna and Child enthroned, the Child recalling Zanobi Macchiavelli's manner, and the Mother that of Benozzo. In the right panel are SS. Sebastian and Peter, in the left SS. John the Evangelist and Paul. The Predella has a series of small saints with an Assumption in the middle.

¹ *Byways of Italy*, Mrs Henry Stisted. London, 1845.

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Considering the picture, the church, and the exquisite views over towards the Gallicano hills, an expedition to Benabbio should on no account be missed. Pieve di Controne on the left of the road has another venerable church, and fine views over the rugged heights of the Prato Fiorito, a peak whose further slope, as the name of Flowery Mead implies, is starred with jonquil, tulip, gentian, and peony, and where the sunrise on summer mornings is a thing of joy. Brandeglio, to return for a moment to the right of the valley, and Crasciana, are finely situated on the heights, their *campanili* cutting the skyline very beautifully. Brandeglio has preserved some quaint old customs connected with marriages, and Crasciana has a statue of the Virgin by the school of the della Robbia. A little farther on is Casabasciana with a church actually built by Countess Matilda, and a remarkable collection of old vestments. On the slopes of Prato Fiorito on the left lie Palleggia and S. Casciano di Controne, the latter a village with a church of the ninth century founded on the site of a temple of Diana, with very interesting reliefs on the façade. Another relic of paganism on this hill side is the annual procession from the church of S. Zita hard by, to the summit of Prato Fiorito—two hours' hard march—where once stood a temple of Æsculapius. Cocciglia on the same side has a vaulted street and an ancient castle, in the church a curious silver crucifix. Another of the kind is to be found at Casoli, on the right of the road. Limano, on the left, is a picturesque straggling village, and Vico Pancellorum has an unenviable reputation for wickedness. Its singular name is derived from the arms of the commune, the chalice and sacred wafer—bread of heaven or *panis calorum*. The inhabitants speak a curious dialect. Most beautifully situated of all these mountains fastnesses is Lucchio, high up on the right, a frontier fortress that guarded the State of

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Lucca from the Florentines, built during the twelfth century in the early years of the Republic. Its embattled brows rise finely on the horizon, and the steepness of the streets is disconcerting. This eagle's nest has sustained more sieges than we can count, and the walls look strong enough to resist many another shock. Crossing once more to the left we reach lovely Popiglio, a tiny town in the territory of Florence, with a peculiar charm of individuality and of situation. The tenth-century church with curious windows in the façade, and some fine vestments and early pictures, is well placed in a roomy piazza. Here the road divides, and the right fork soon brings us to the prosperous little factory town of S. Marcello in a breezy upland plain, and goes on, if you care to follow it, to Pracchia and Abetone.

Another inevitable expedition from the Bagni is a drive along the valley of the Serchio to *Ghivizzano* and *Barga*. The country is more open on this side, the valley a broad and shallow one, pleasant and rural all the way. Castruccio Castracane is in the air. At Calavorno we pass the picturesque old bridge built by him. Some six miles out, at Pian di Ghivizzano, a steep lane leads up to the *Gran Capitano's* charming little city which sits perched on a low hill to the right of the road. At the gate the carriage stops, for the arch is too narrow to admit it, and the streets are planned for men to go afoot or on horse back. The machicolations still cling to the gate, which is probably of Castruccio's making. It is a tiny, piled-up city, with strange spiral streets, some of them dark and vaulted, but all surprisingly clean. At the top of all is the tenth-century church, disguised beneath eighteenth-century abominations, but betraying its age on the south side by delicious scraps of corbels and doorways with stilted arches. It was once built into the castle—Castruccio's Castle of 1317, which in his day

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was a considerable stronghold, but is now a mere shell with a modern tower and a glorious view. The castle yard is a fruitful *podere*, watered by the deep well that formerly kept life in the besieged. As we stand looking down from the platform on the tower, the *Padrona* of the *Rocca*, a big, intelligent-looking, and merry woman grows talkative. She tells the wonders of the railway that spoils the valley beneath, and speaks of America, where all her men-folk are or wish to be. "Do they ever speak here of Castruccio the *Gran Capitano*?" we ask. "*Sisignora*, the *Forestieri* always speak of him, but then they get it out of books. Who was he?" And this in sight of Castruccio's own house in the narrow street by the gate—the house, at least, they say was his. But even that bears no trace of him on its modern stucco front. He is forgotten. And yet the people of his beloved Ghivizzano live as they did when he rode through her streets. They have changed neither their crafts nor their tools. The streets are full of women twirling distaffs. Home-woven linen lies bleaching in the sun on every side, and the toilers of the field trail homewards with their primitive spades and hoes just as when Castruccio lived. So he is after all not quite dead. The streets are the streets that he made, and as curious as any in Christendom. One of them runs round inside the walls and is roofed over all the way, and only lighted by narrow loopholes made for shooting from. At one point there is a strange contrivance for lowering ammunition to the level of this weird tunnel, and fantastic little flights of steps leading into yet narrower lanes and alleys. People live in this uncanny place, and open doors reveal glimpses of spotless chambers with some old beldame sitting on the threshold, spinning away for dear life as she mutters her prayers.

That Ghivizzano is very ancient cannot be doubted, but its records go back no further than 994, when the

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Bishop of Lucca signed a deed transferring the township to the Rolandinghi, a noble family of Loppia. Its one period of glory was during Castruccio's lifetime, when he built the walls and the castle and made it his home. In the church are the tombs of two of his race, Giovanna, wife of Francesco Castracani, cousin to Castruccio, and of her son Filippo.

After returning to the highroad at the bottom of



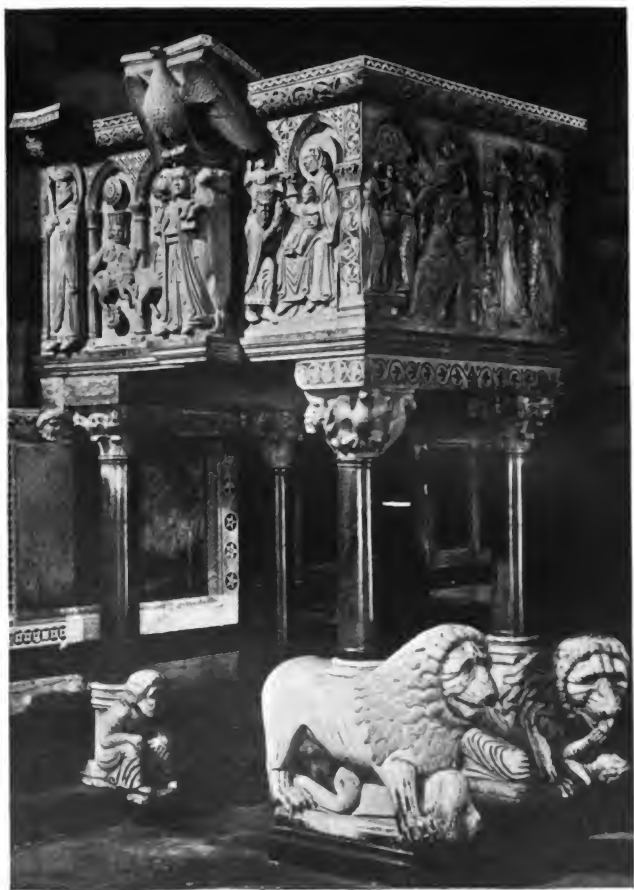
BARGA

the descent from Ghivizzano we soon leave the river and set our faces to the hills, mounting slowly up a long ascent to Loppia, where in a hollow below the road lies the *Pieve di Loppia*, a crumbling church with a grand façade and a campanile like that of Diecimo. Its hoary old age has been cruelly neglected. The spacious interior is rapidly falling into decay, and only a fragment of the high altar remains. The windows are broken, and the crumbling pillars have long since been robbed of their capitals. On the main door is one of those cryptic inscriptions cut by the Comacine

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Masters, containing, it is said, an invocation to avert evil from the church. This grand ruin belonged in the days of its glory to those powerful feudal lords, the Rolandinghi.

Another hour's uphill drive brings one within sight of the brown old mountain town of *Barga*, magnificently placed opposite the fantastically shaped Apuan Alps. Once again one has to enter the city afoot, and passing through the strong-looking, machicolated gateway toil up the narrow streets to reach the cathedral with its square bell-tower, which dominates the town. From the grass-grown terrace in front of the strange façade a splendid line of mountain peaks cleaves the sky, Monte Forato conspicuous, with a large round opening near the summit through which the blue sky shines like a great sapphire. At one's feet lie the weather-worn, grey-brown roofs of Barga clinging to the hillside and looking as though a puff of wind would send the whole place sliding down into the green valley below. The exterior of the Duomo is grim and strong rather than beautiful, more like a castle than a church, but has a finely carved doorway on the front, and another on the left side, with friezes in the pure Lombard style. A broad flight of steps leads up to the main door, and on entering a spacious interior meets the view, somewhat marred by being painted in imitation of black and white marble. Excepting this one defect all is harmonious and much is beautiful. But everything sinks into insignificance in comparison with the magnificent pulpit, the work of some unknown pupil of Guidetto of Como, the builder of the Duomo façade at Lucca, who must have been more or less a contemporary of Niccolò Pisano. The square body of the pulpit, coloured like old ivory, is supported on four orange-coloured marble columns, one of which has a plain base, while its companion rests



THE PULPIT IN THE DUOMO OF BARGA

[Ed^{ne} Alinari

The Bagni di Lucca

on the crouching figure of an old man. The two others are supported on lions, one of which is trampling down a winged dragon, the other a man who has put up his left hand to defend himself from the lion's mouth, while he plunges a sword into it with his right. The body of the pulpit is divided into panels by pointed arches in which are reliefs of the Annunciation, Nativity, Adoration of the Magi, and S. Joseph with the budding staff, the figures all very Byzantine in character. The background and the arches and columns between the figures are all covered with delicate inlay of black and white marble. A frieze of foliage crowns the whole. The reading-desk with its eagle rests on the figure on an angel supported on either side by an ox and a lion, which together form the symbols of the Evangelists. The whole work is a jewel of the first order.

Four steps lead up into the choir, which is enclosed within a marble parapet with inlaid patterns in black marble and slabs of red porphyry. The right side of this screen is ornamented with a row of curious heads in white marble. Behind the altar is one of those colossal paintings of *S. Christopher* that were once so common, imitated from a more ancient one by the Lucchesi artist Tofanelli. In the right aisle is a small *Tabernacle*, an atelier work of the school of the della Robbia, very like their Bolsena tabernacle.

Two other works of the della Robbia school are to be found in the convent of the Cappucini, a *Nativity*, and a *S. Francis receiving the Stigmata*.

Barga is first mentioned in a deed of 754. That it was subject to the Marquesses of Tuscany is shown by the records of Pisa and Lucca. But Barga was always rebellious, and rose against the power of the Marquesses in 1169, in defence of the neighbouring *cattani*, and as a punishment suffered the destruction of her towers. Her smouldering discontent broke out

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again in 1185, and then the Emperor Frederick I. removed the hated yoke from her shoulders and from the other cities of the Garfagnana, placing them under the jurisdiction of an Imperial Vicar. But Lucca still claimed lordship over Barga, whose warlike, mountain people found pretext after pretext for opposing their masters. Even her Churchmen were rebels, and the priest of Loppia, a dependency of Barga, incited his parishioners to defy the bishop and the government of Lucca. The bishop was stronger than they, and crushed them utterly. He put the inhabitants of Loppia in chains, and destroyed their village. When, however, in the following year Lucca was placed under an interdict by Gregory IX., Barga, assisted by Pisa and Pistoia, seized the opportunity to rise, and sustained more than one bitter siege. Lucca, tamed by the interdict, submitted to Gregory three years later, and ceded to him the whole province of Garfagnana, including the city and district of Barga. The inhabitants of that fiery little township seemed to be the sport of fate, and were once more handed back to Lucca by the Emperor Frederick II., not, however, without fierce hostilities and a long course of battles and sieges, ended in 1298 by the forces of Lucca sacking Barga and destroying her walls.

From this period the ruined city lay quiet under the hand of the conqueror—too exhausted to express her hatred of their yoke; but when the opportunity came on the death of Castruccio in 1328, she hastened to place herself under the protection of Florence. Once more in 1331 she was besieged by the Lucchesi, and again in 1332. This was one of the hardest trials she had yet endured. From July to the middle of October she resisted the assaults of the enemy. Florence did her best to support the besieged by sending cavalry across the Pistoia mountains, but the relievers were

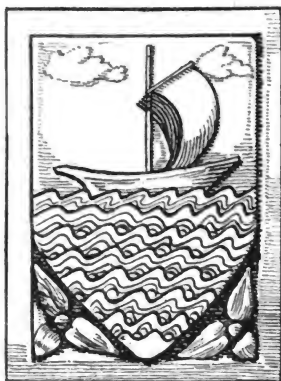
The Bagni di Lucca

intercepted and cut to pieces by the Lucchesi. Then she sent the Marquess Spinetta Malespina with forces to support the people of Barga. He met with no better fortune, and after successive efforts to break through the lines of the besiegers was beaten back and Barga surrendered to the Lucchesi on the 15th of October. It would be too wearisome to continue the tale of misfortune, suffice it to say that from 1340 onwards Barga again fell under the dominion of Florence and was in consequence attacked by the Lucchesi under Francesco Castracane in 1352, and then by Pisa in 1359 and 1363, but held out stoutly against these successive aggressions. No century in her history was without a siege. Picinnino tried to take her in 1438 but was beaten back, while Piero Strozzi's attempt was no more successful in 1554. Barga is, however, peaceful enough now, and looks as if no shock of warfare could ever wake her from her deep repose.

Besides being stalwart fighters the people of Barga have long been associated with a more peaceful occupation. Those of us who are no longer young will remember the Italian image-sellers who haunted the streets of London in our childhood with their pretty little figures of the Madonna and the infant S. John, busts of Garibaldi, and sentimental groups of sleeping children and dogs. We have probably forgotten or may never have known that many of these bright-faced men and lads came from Barga. The trade of *figurinaio* has always been followed by the Lucchesi, but Barga is especially known as the metropolis of the *figurinai*. Though passionate lovers of home, the citizens of this mountain fastness leave it to penetrate into the farthest corners of the world. They may be found anywhere from New Zealand to Copenhagen, but the United States is now their El Dorado. Since they have added some education to the characteristic energy of their race, they often go out at *figurinai* and

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return as men of substance. Of late years this is increasingly the case, and in Barga and the other towns of the Serchio and the Lima valleys the Americans, as they are always called, are among the wealthiest of the citizens. For however much they prosper they always come home to the fair city or province of Lucca, just as we strangers from the north, having once visited it, always feel a hankering after Lucca *l'Industriosa*.



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